Saturday Evening Post · November 19, 1966 · 35c

POST

Major report from Russia:
JEWS OF SILENCE

Los Angeles's
TEEN-AGE TRIBES

Mystery threat to babies:
CRIB DEATHS

TV star swirls onto Broadway
MARY TYLER MOORE

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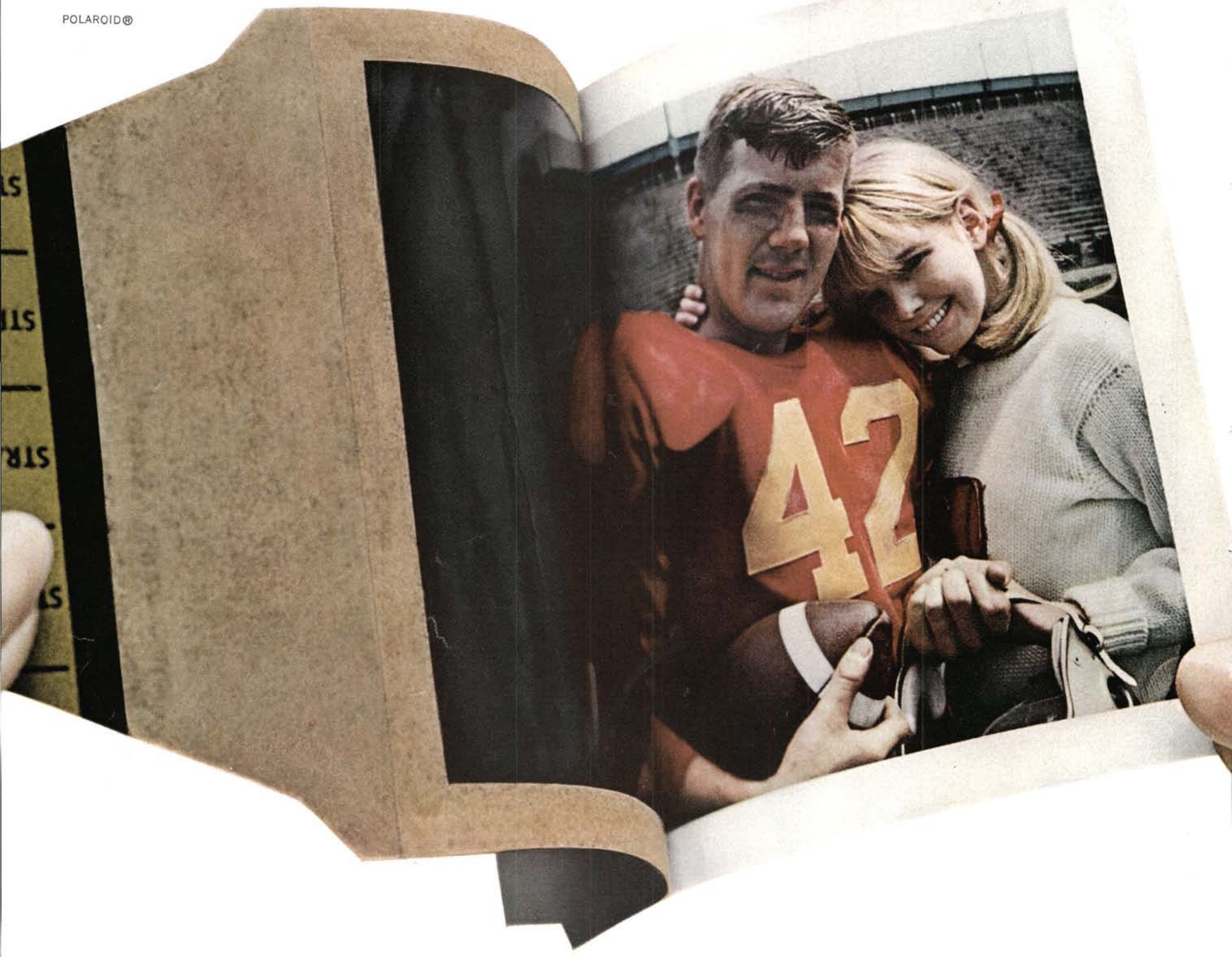

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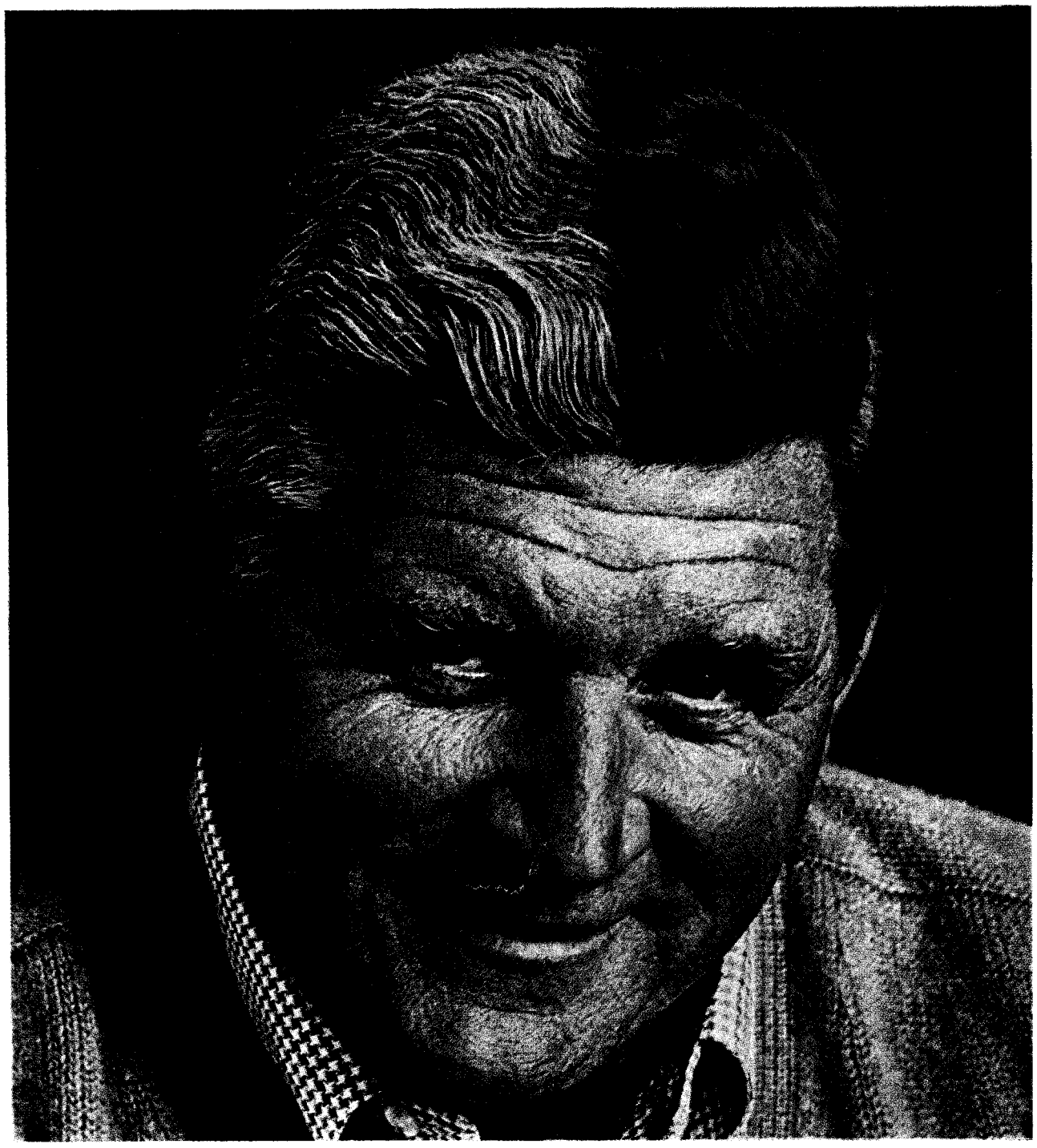
Put your hand over the gray half and see how much younger I look.



Cover the gray hair in the photo and the years go. Cover the dark hair and the years come clumping back.

Young/old/young/old/young/old young/old—it happens every time you shift your hand. Which goes to prove just one thing. Gray hair makes you look older. And dark hair makes you look younger.

But we suspect you've known that all along. Then how come you didn't do something about it before now?

We suspect you know the answer to that one, too.

The embarrassment.

The funny feeling that doing something to your gray was too flashy, too "show biz," not for a "regular fellow."

More Men Than You Think

It may have been true ten years ago that only a few actors colored their hair. But since then a minor, and somewhat surprising, revolution has taken place. Today it's estimated that over 2,000,000 men from all walks of life have broken with tradition and have done something about their gray hair—bankers, farmers, longshoremen, teachers and police officers do it. Without blushing.

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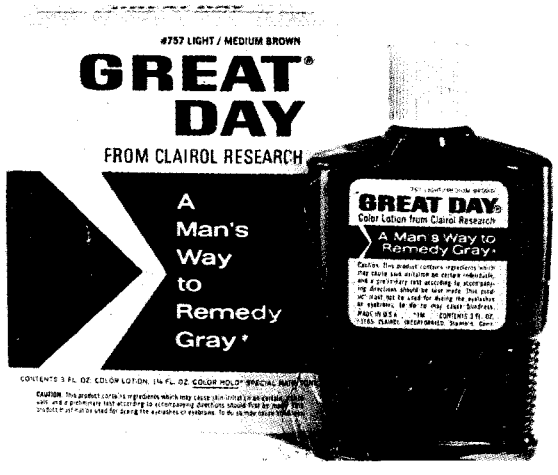
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Muster up your courage a little—and do something about your gray hair.

It's nice to look young.

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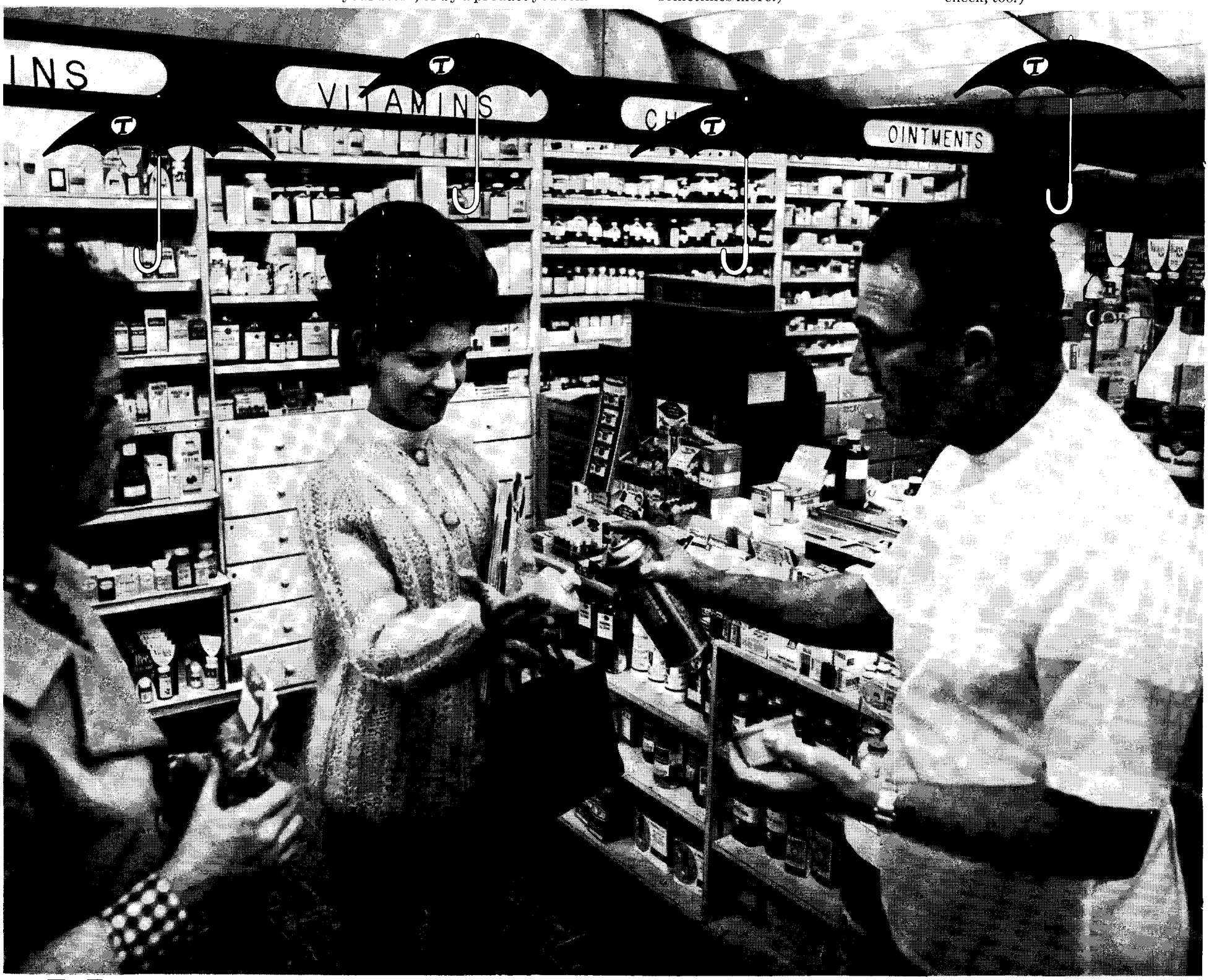

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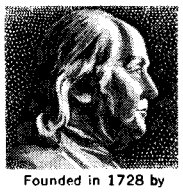
The Saturday Evening
POST



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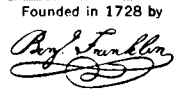

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS: With service adjustment requests send latest mailing labels, including those from duplicate copies, to Post Subscription Service, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19105. Allow six weeks for change of address.

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Elie Wiesel

John Bowers

ELIE WIESEL, author of *The Jews of Silence*, is a survivor of Buchenwald and Auschwitz. He is a novelist, a political correspondent for newspapers in Israel, and a contributor to *Commentary*. Born in Hungary in 1928, Wiesel now lives in New York. His article is drawn from a book that Holt, Rinehart and Winston will publish later this month. . . . JOHN BOWERS, while interviewing Mary Tyler Moore, used a technique he picked up from Truman Capote. The method consists of revealing facts about oneself which correspond to those one wants to elicit from the other person. For example, Bowers confided to the actress that he began his writing career to impress a girl. Miss Moore replied that she acted only to please herself. While becoming a writer, Bowers has worked as a taxi driver, a shill in a Las Vegas casino, and a personnel officer for the State Department. / Freddy Wittop, who designed all 160 costumes for *Holly Golightly*, finished Miss Moore's dress minutes before photographer PHILIPPE HALSMAN took the cover shot.

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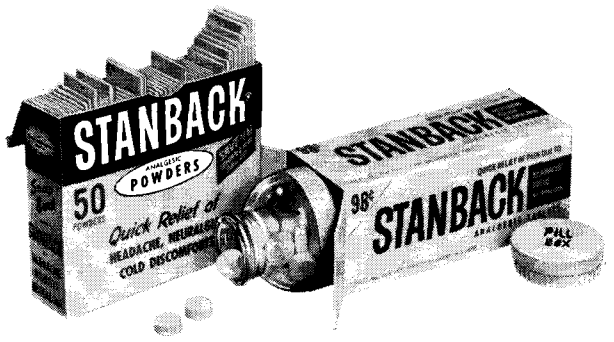
FEVER-BLISTERS, DRY LIPS

IN THE GREEN TUBE

What is the best product for your headache?



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Letters

Image of a President

Dear Sirs:

Every President has been concerned about his "image," so I can't understand why so much is being said about President Johnson's concern [L.B.J.: THE EXERCISE OF POWER, by Rowland Evans and Robert Novak, September 24–October 22]. The Kennedys did their image building too, and they are still trying to polish up their imaginary halos.

The image President Johnson has presented to me is that of a proud, hardworking, dedicated man, who just *had* to become President. No other job was big enough for him!

SARAH JAMES
Nashville, Tenn.

Gentlemen:

I have just finished your three-part article on Lyndon Johnson and was somewhat disturbed by what I read. Throughout these pages I kept asking myself, "Is this the candidate I supported publicly in 1964?"

All of this ought to remind us that there were many millions of Americans who supported L.B.J. because he was the lesser of two evils. Do you suppose the Republicans will get the message in time for 1968?

REV. JOSEPH M. BLACKNER
Philadelphia, Pa.

Gentlemen:

I am astonished that your publication would allow such an attack on the President of our nation. I wonder if it ever occurred to the writers or the *Post* to offer a prayer for a man who has the weight of the nation on his shoulders?

MRS. DAISY BAGWELL
Atlanta, Ga.

The great developers

Gentlemen:

We live in a rural township of great beauty. In the coming year the lovely meadows and woodlands will give way to whims of developers in three different locations. We cannot help but chuckle at John Skow's fine sense of satire [WHEN THE GREAT DEVELOPER BECAME EXTINCT, October 8], but we are horrified by the thought that there may be some truth in his predictions for 1979.

MERRELL D. FREY
Califon, N.J.

Fabulous fiction

Dear Sir:

Abortion, war, polluted air, frustrated females and power politics—but the delightful story THE FABULOUS FIFTY by Morton Grosser [October 8] made it all worthwhile. I read myself to sleep, knowing that the world cannot be all that bad.

ESTELLE MASON
Newtonville, Mass.

Dear Sir:

Thanks for introducing us espionage buffs to brother Derek Marlowe [THE ASSASSIN, September 10–October 8]! We hope we'll see more of his particular shadow world.

DON BARNETT
Levittown, Pa.

Whose right to life?

Gentlemen:

I can't tell you how much I look up to people like Dr. William Ober who can realize the needs of the present society—not a society that existed a century ago! [WE SHOULD LEGALIZE ABORTION, October 8.]

KATHLEEN B.
Cranston, R.I.

Dear Sir:

The decision to have or not to have an abortion rests squarely and only on the two people involved and their consciences. Nobody else has the right to prohibit such a personal decision.

HUGO KRUEGER
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Editor:

It is ridiculous to even consider legalizing the destruction of such innocent, helpless humanity at a time when we have almost succeeded in abolishing the death penalty—even for the most cruel criminals.

GENEVA CARMACK
Miamisburg, Ohio

Dear Editor:

Dr. Ober apparently hasn't given a thought to the thousands of couples in our country who are unable to have their own children. I am the mother of three adopted children, and I shudder when I think that they might have been candidates for abortions. Every child is born for a purpose—we think ours were born to fill our need, just as we were childless to give them a home and family.

MRS. JOHN LANGIEWICZ
Aberdeen, Wash.

Gentlemen:

I say if we're going to legalize murder, why not go all the way and allow annihilation of wives, husbands, parents, when we decide we no longer *want* each other?

MRS. GEORGE A. DAVIS
Pueblo, Colo.

Gentlemen:

The unwanted child, born into a hostile environment lacking in parental love and support, stands a much higher chance of being subject to neglect and abuse and is more likely to suffer mental illness or turn to crime as an adult. How does society benefit from forcing an unwilling woman to bear such a child?

MR. AND MRS. M. E. HOFF JR.
Mountain View, Calif.

Dear Sir:

Dr. Ober pretends that only Catholics and Orthodox Jews have religious objections to abortions. Countless others have far more reverence for human life than he dreams. Many atheists have quasi-religious objections to counting a human life at any stage as a thing that may be sacrificed to the personal aims of another human being.

RONALD D. LAWLER
Herman, Pa.

Sirs:

I would challenge those who advocate abortion in the face of possible birth defect to make a survey among the congenitally handicapped to determine how many of them would exchange the discomforts and inconveniences of their life for the complete absence of life.

NAOMI MOREHOUSE
Omaha, Nebr.

Continued on page 6

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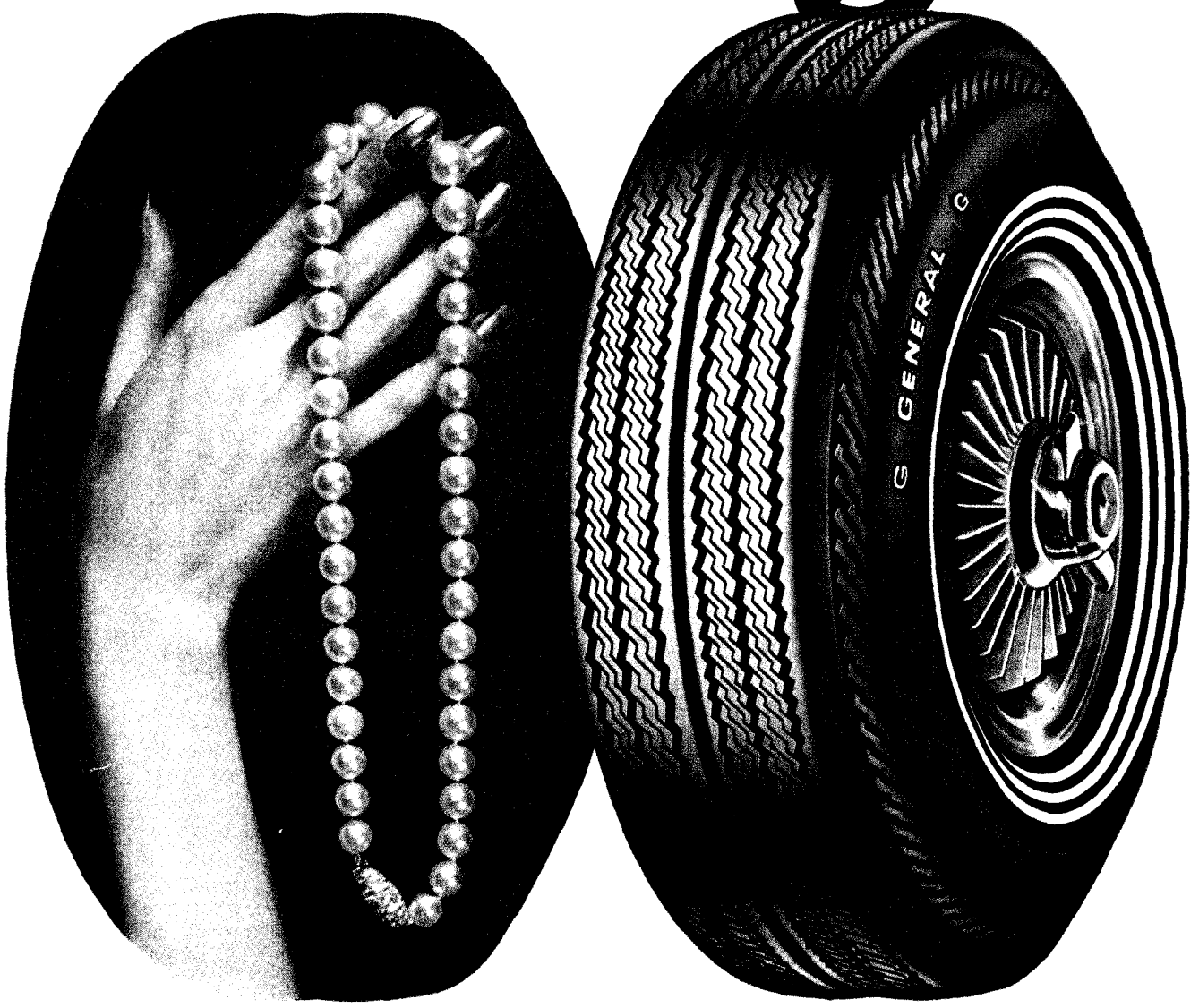
Not how much
But how good



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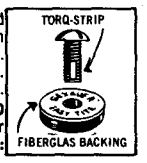

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Letters

Pollution plague

Dear Sir:

It is a pleasure to extend my congratulations to you and Mr. Ben H. Bagdikian for the article on air pollution in the October 8 issue of the *Post* [DEATH IN OUR AIR]. I am firmly of the opinion that great progress can and will be made toward control of air pollution when the American people fully recognize that the price we pay for polluted air is far greater than the price of effective prevention and control. Your article makes . . . a significant contribution to public understanding and acceptance of this critical fact.

V. G. MACKENZIE, *Chief*
Division of Air Pollution
Dept. of Health, Education and Welfare
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

DEATH IN OUR AIR continues the outstanding series the *Post* has been running on environmental health matters. Mr. Bagdikian's calm and careful appraisal of the air-pollution problem should serve to guide all who are truly interested in helping to improve the air we breathe.

KENNETH KOWALD
Executive Secretary, New York State Action for Clean Air
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

Your article on air pollution is most significant and most terrifying. Air pollution could conceivably develop into a more serious threat to mankind than the plague or the atom bomb.

D. E. KNIGHT
South Salem, N.Y.

Sirs:

Mr. Bagdikian neglects to point out what is done with filtered-out wastes that are *not* reusable. I hope they are not being dumped into the nation's harbors and waterways.

LEE GARDNER
Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

I shudder to think of men worrying about death from nuclear war, when all the time they are killing themselves with their own wastes. How can we sleep nights knowing that through our own greed and negligence all of life around us is dying now.

MRS. BRIAN P. BAUER
Charleston, S.C.

Foxhole lottery

Dear Sirs:

If Stewart Alsop's implication that it is unfair for the more intelligent boys to end up in the jobs requiring more intelligence is correct [HOW NOT TO GET SHOT AT, October 8], then lots could be drawn to see who flies the planes, who operates complex electronic equipment and who carries a rifle. But why not go one step further? Expand this theory to civilian life. Then the luck of the draw would dictate who would be the surgeon, the stevedore and the journalist. If we were lucky, we would get a better brand of journalism than, all too often, is in evidence now.

EUGENE L. NOTKIN
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

To me nothing would be more unfair than having "Big Brother" point a finger putting potential West Point heroes and research scientists in a foxhole.

ALDEN J. GRAY
San Diego, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I couldn't agree more with Stewart Alsop's views on the draft I see no difference between a scientist or a laborer giving his "last full measure of devotion." It is still the loss of a human life.

DAVID M. SMITH
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Sir:

What is going to happen to fragile college students a century or two from now when we run out of stupid, brave young men to fight our wars?

MARGARET REED
Bakersfield, Calif.

Dear Editor:

If we must have cannon fodder, I doubt that we can afford to keep the supply of Phi Beta Kappa quality. Our present system may be a "monstrosity," but Alsop's proposal is prodigal.

MRS. PHILIP S. VAN ORDEN
Albany, New York

Editors:

Mr. Alsop's article amounts to shameless slander of any member of the armed services. In his view, any serviceman not on the front lines is victimizing those who are, and the latter are "nice guys who finished last." But regardless of the part that any man plays in this war, regardless of his race and background, and regardless of whether he survives or dies, he is an American fighting side by side with other Americans for a common cause. And if he sacrifices his life fighting for our country, he has by no means finished last!

W. VERNON GRAY, USNR
Camp Springs, Md.

Where the boys aren't—and why

Gentlemen:

The article about girls in the Catskills ['MY MOTHER SAID I SHOULD GIVE IT A TRY,' by William Kloman, October 8] made it perfectly obvious to me why the girls pictured had to go to Grossinger's to "get a man." Every one of them is so artificial and made-up in appearance that no man in his right mind would dare touch one of them.

Unfortunately, what this present-day trend toward artificiality probably means is that we can't stand ourselves as we really are.

JESSE F. CLOVIS
Morgantown, W. Va.

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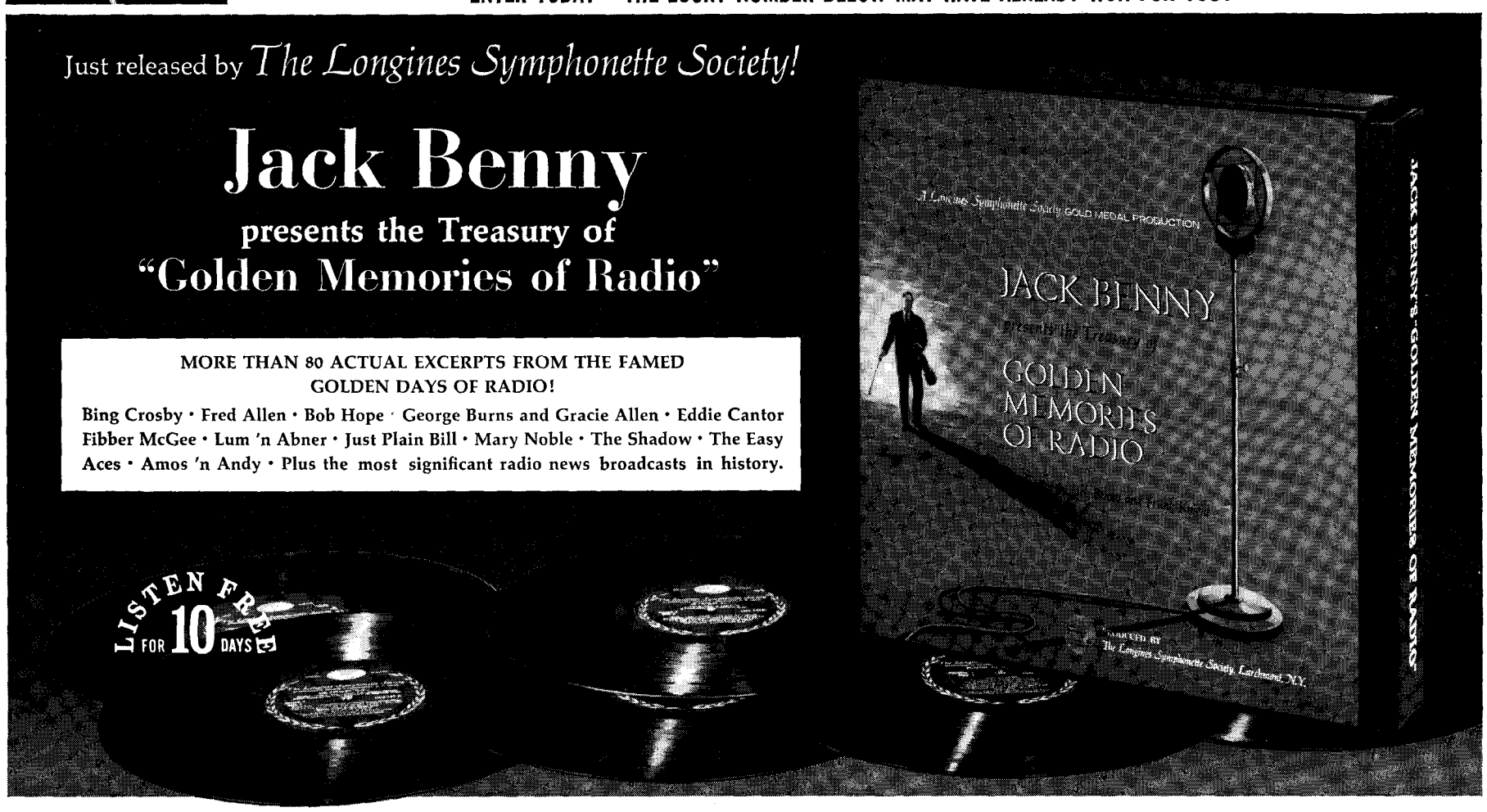
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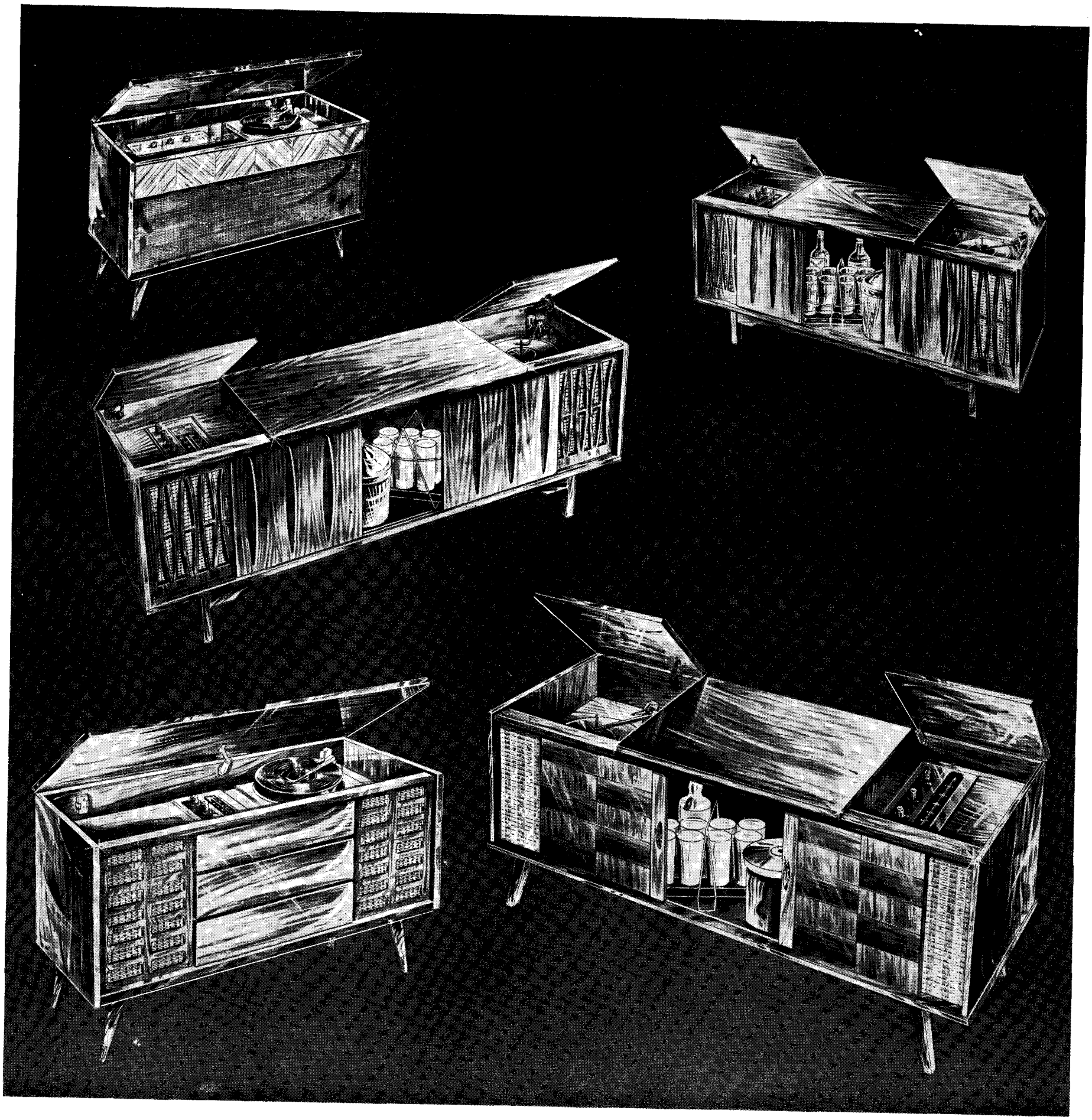

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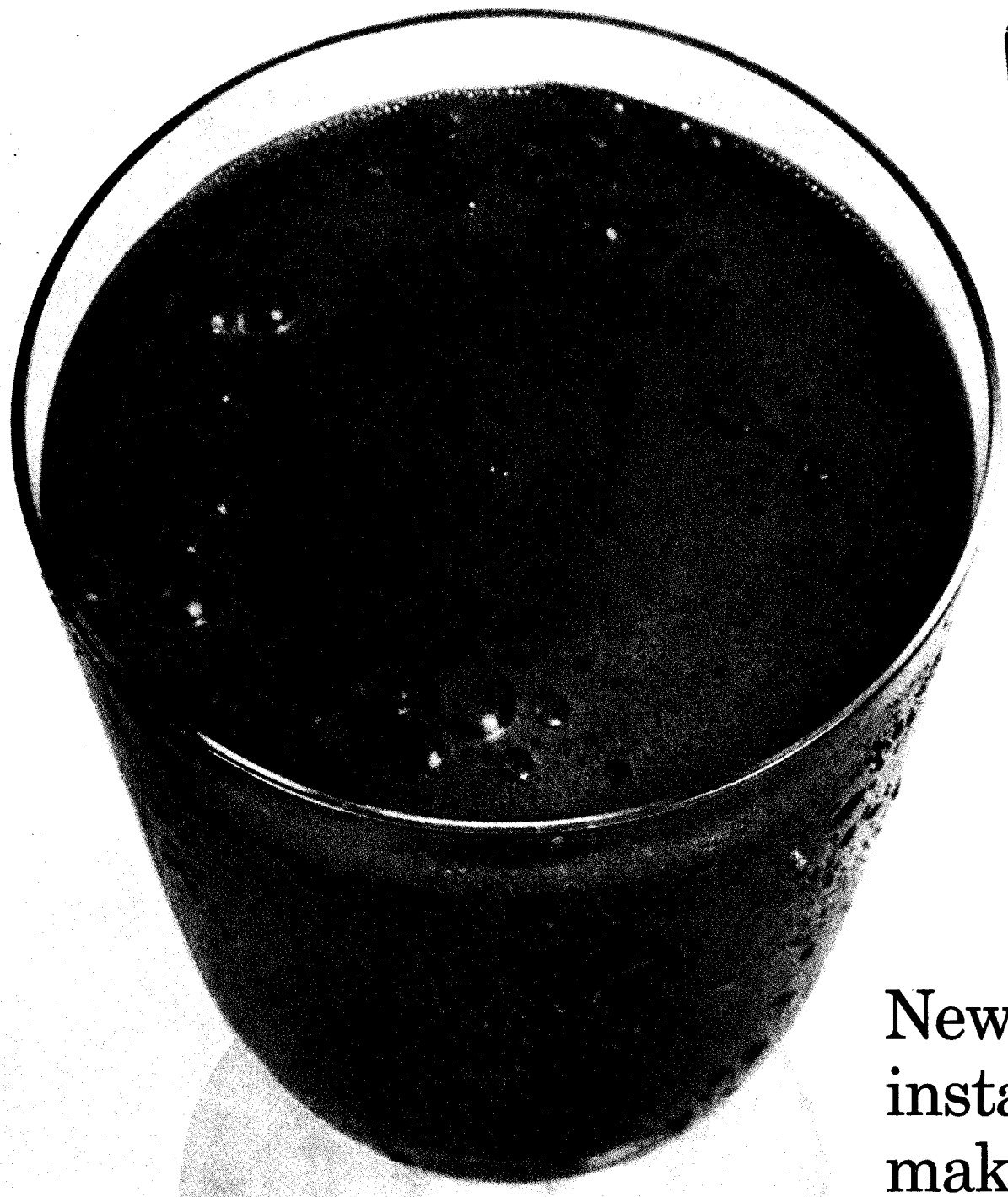

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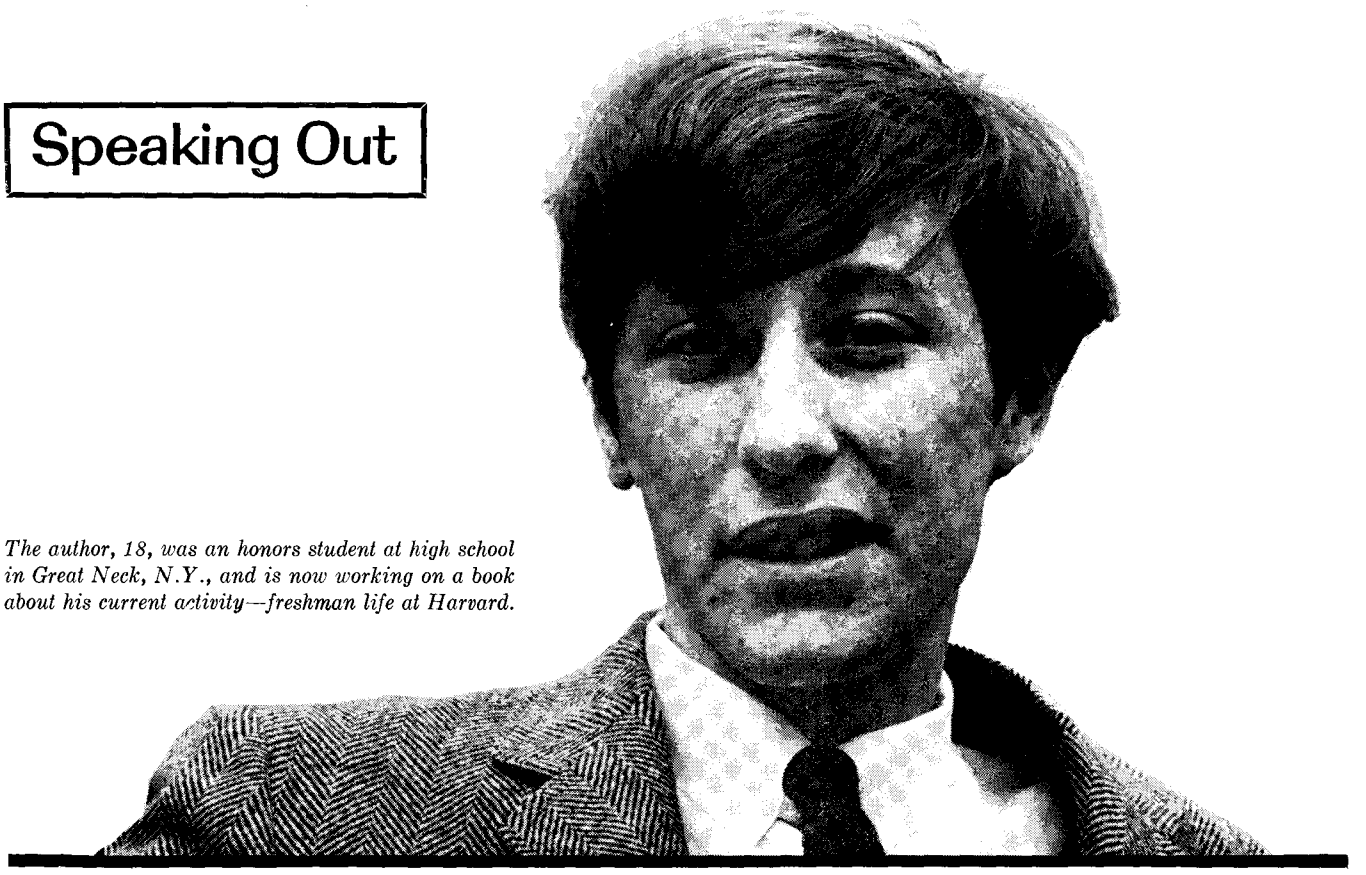

The author, 18, was an honors student at high school in Great Neck, N.Y., and is now working on a book about his current activity—freshman life at Harvard.

YOU FORCE KIDS TO REBEL

By Steven Kelman

On both high-school and college campuses, the official statements about almost any subject are so widely distrusted nowadays that citing them is the best way to have yourself marked as a dupe or a simpleton. Adults might understand how serious this problem is if they'd listen to the words of the songs of somebody like Bob Dylan. His most popular songs are talking about skepticism, about what's really going on in the world as compared to what we're being taught is going on in the world. When we take a look for ourselves, the facts we see are so different from what we've been taught that we have no choice but to turn into rebels or at least skeptics.

Kids grow up "tryin'a be so good"—in the words of one Dylan song. When we fall from this "good" innocence it's like going through an earthquake; the ground under you just isn't solid anymore. And it's a quick jump from saying to yourself, "What they taught me is a lie," to saying, "So they must be liars." The feeling is that the adult Establishment is phony or self-interested, composed of people you can't trust.

Most parents don't want to accept this explanation. It's said that we're know-it-alls, though we're really know-nothings, and it's said that an affluent society produces spoiled brats who have no sense of values and no appreciation of all the things being done for them.

There are a number of facts that show this isn't true. For instance, philosophy courses in almost every college are in unprecedented demand (as I just discovered when I unsuccessfully tried to get into one with a "limited" enrollment of 325). At Harvard, where I am now, the Phillips Brooks House, which does all sorts of social service and community-assistance projects, is the largest organization on campus.

Perhaps the most popular theory for the kids' rebellion is that the "conflict of generations" is inevitable, and that we will "outgrow it." However, even if some sort of reaction of young people against their parents is inevitable, the revolt is now taking a particular form—skepticism. It took the same form, by the way, in 19th-century Russia. When youth gets skeptical, I submit, it does not indicate that anything is wrong with youth, but rather that something is wrong with adults.

And that "something" is the way you usually look at and react to what's going on in the world. "Hypocrisy" is a big word with us, and it's a mortal sin in our moral code, dooming the sinner to our version of hell—permanent eclipse of any moral influence he might have on us.

If kids were taught that the world is flat, any reasonably sane person would expect us to revolt against those responsible for teaching that particular "fact." So what else but skepticism and revolt should anybody expect from us when we are being taught a view of the world which is little more sophisticated than the flat-earth theory?

It all starts in first grade. There we are treated to a candy-cane world where all the children in the textbooks are white tots living in suburbia with a dog running around the lawn. When suburban kids find out about slums, they're apt to get skeptical. When slum kids are taught about a world that has nothing to do with the world in which they live, they have to do the same. A song which has been a hit among students is a parody—perhaps unconscious—of those first-grade primers:

Little boxes on the hillside.
Little boxes made of ticky-tacky,
Little boxes, little boxes, little boxes
All the same.
There's a green one, and a pink one,
And a blue one, and a yellow one,
And they're all made out of ticky-tacky,
And they all look just the same.

Many of us come to realize just how unreal the classroom world is when our thoughts turn to boy-girl relationships. No teen-ager can escape knowing that love and sex are part of the real world.

Little Boxes, *words and music by Malvina Reynolds, used by permission of Schroder Music Co., Berkeley, Calif. © 1962*

So how does society's agent, the school, present this part of reality? It ignores it. For instance, one biology teacher I heard about treated his students to the obscene spectacle of his own sniggering while he described sexual reproduction in algae. Health teachers reduce puberty to a section of an inane chart on "stages of human development." When we find out the facts and feel the emotions, how can anyone expect us not to be skeptical about an adult world which tries to act as if none of this existed? And the moral code that we have developed, "sex with love," seems to us to be more logical than anything you've put up.

The whole idea the school seems to try to get across is that if you don't teach it to us, it doesn't exist. This can sometimes go to extreme length. In junior high school we had a thing called a "Reading Record Card." This was supposed to be a list (and brief discussion) of all the books you had read each year. But "all the books" actually meant all the books that were in the school library. And when students protested against the refusal to allow listing of books like *1984* and *The Grapes of Wrath*, we were treated like people in China who try to whisper that Mao Tse-tung is not the only recognized writer in the world. And what are we taught about literature? We are often required to memorize such details as "What color was Ivanhoe's horse?" and "What hotel did Gatsby and the Buchanans meet in?" rather than talking about how a book means something in helping us to figure out ourselves or other people. So kids often give up the classics. One kid told me that he feared becoming a writer because of what high-school English teachers would do to his books.

And how about student government? I was active in it during high school, but the majority attitude of indifference was a pretty good instinctive reaction. In most schools the "governments" must restrict themselves to planning social extravaganzas. When they try to do something—as when ours voted to fast for a lunch in sympathy with the people of India—the administration vetoed our plans. You say that we should act responsibly, and when we try to, you act as if youthful hordes were trying to take over the school. Is the world like that?

It sometimes seems to us that myths are peddled to us about *everything* we are taught. For example, the quaint myth of the American family farm—enshrined in numerous references in our courses—obscures the reality of giant agricultural industries and underpaid migrant labor. The history of American cities as it is generally presented comes to a screeching halt at the turn of the century. American history textbooks I've seen are at least 30 years behind the latest historical investigations. Thus one widely used junior-high history text states that the sole purpose of American intervention in Latin America in the early part of the century was to "lend a helping hand" to the people by building roads,

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bridges and hospitals. This is a little hard to believe. More than one kid I know has reacted by taking the position that our only motive in Latin America was financial greed. From my experience, American-history courses generally produce more anti-Americanism than understanding of history.

And what about the presentation of the one problem which concerns kids most of all—race? Well, one junior-high-school civics book devotes a total of four paragraphs to the history of the Negro in the United States. The last hundred years of Negro history are summed up like this:

> During the War Between the States, all Negro slaves were set free. Since then American Negroes have gone through a difficult period of adjustment to new ways of life. They have made remarkable progress in a short time.

Now, when we leave such textbooks and look at the world, it is entirely natural that we think someone has been trying to put something over on us. Our world includes Watts and also suburbia, grape pickers as well as family farms, Latin Americans whose memories of American troops often center on the two-bit dictators the troops installed rather than the roads they built. And why would you teach us unreality if you didn't accept it?

A sort of "textbook case" (if the pun is acceptable) of codified obscuritanism being peddled under the guise of education is the high-school courses designed to teach us about Communism. In the world presented in most "Communism" courses, "Democracy" and "Communism" fight each other out on a wooden stage. After going through one of these courses, it takes someone with a vivid imagination to realize that these things are ideas millions of people around the world are living and sometimes dying for. The "Comparison Charts" commonly used are of varying lengths (the one in J. Edgar Hoover's high-school guide, *A Study of Communism*, takes the prize, filling up eight pages of text). They are designed to contrast the beliefs of Communism *vs.* Freedom in such fields as government, economics, education, morality, etc. Considering the debates which have gone on about such fundamental questions, it should come as no shock that these "contrasts" can seem ludicrous. Take this example from Hoover's book:

> COMMUNISM: There is a total disregard for the inherent dignity of the individual.
> FREEDOM: There is a deep and abiding respect for the inherent dignity and worth of the individual.

Most students who are paying attention to this react by murmuring, "You must be putting me on," or a less polite variant. For we know that in this world nothing is so simple. And we only have to look at the pictures of the Alabama police dogs to know that things are not simple at all. So a lot of kids react by concluding that there's no difference between "Communism" and "Freedom" in this respect. And if we try to argue, we get Hoover thrown back at our face.

Almost every "Communism" course repeats an account of Marxism. When it centers on doctrines like "dialectical materialism," which even Communists have trouble understanding, the course usually turns into a farce. Afterward we often get the accompanying horror images. One widely used film states that the only three non-Communist countries in the West are Spain, Switzerland and America! In an attempt to get down to what is presumed to be our level, one text shows a cartoon of an Oriental-looking Lenin, left hand on a cannon, leading regimented lines of darkly colored robot people against others who, huddled in small groups around the base of the Statue of Liberty, are riding in a car, watching TV, debating, and mowing a lawn. Most of us think that such things insult our intelligence.

As we go through school, we are subjected to lots more of this evidence that the real world and the world being taught us aren't the same. Of course, some of us never rebel. They will form the shock troops of the older generation and in our vocabulary are "finks." Or, they will just "cop out" to boredom.

But for the others, an overdose of unreality, just like an overdose of anything else, can produce crazy results—even a sickness. Flirtations with things like LSD and "pot" are merely escaping reality, not trying to refuse to adapt to it. It is, for example, a tragedy that anti-Communism is becoming a dirty word on the American campus. It is also a tragedy that the political activism of a generation concerned with the world is in danger of being wasted in the pursuit of semi-anarchist dreams. And the refusal to believe anything people in authority say is only a reaction to the fact that last time we believed we were deceived.

What can be done to prevent this revolt against the future? Actually, what is really needed is a revamping of the way we are taught. One suggestion might be to drop our fetish with "objectivity" in subjects toward which we are not objective. Politics are not objective. Love is not objective. People are not objective. Instead of objectivity, the guiding word in our schools should be democracy—which is, as far as I can tell, the prevailing philosophy in our country. Democracy means trusting us to make up our minds. Using democracy in a course about Communism, for example, could mean matching a text that defends a free society with one defending Communism. To the nervous Nellies who recoil, I ask, "Don't you think that the case for Democracy is the better one?" Don't you realize that in the Vietnam war we are given absurd analogies to European history and opponents tend to view the Viet Cong as 20th-century versions of Robin Hood?

These are only random examples. The point is this: Adults often like to pretend the real world doesn't exist. Kids can't. We might want to *escape* from it, but we can't *forget* about it. And we know the difference between the world we're taught and the world we experience. And if we blame you for trying to put something over on us, it's only because we're taught what, alas, most Americans seem to think. If the school is trying to turn its back on reality, it only represents an America that's doing the same thing. And that's what really worries us.

Steve Kelman

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■ Affairs of State, by Stewart Alsop

The mealy-mouthed campaign

WASHINGTON:

The election campaign that is ending as this is written has been a peculiarly sterile campaign. At least in the big northern industrial states, which decide elections, no important candidate has had anything at all specific or interesting to say about the two issues that really stir the blood of the voters. One of these blood-stirring issues is the war in Vietnam. The other, of course, is the racial crisis.

A few months ago it seemed possible that the campaign would produce a great debate about the Vietnamese war. It has produced nothing of the sort. In no state has there been a fair-and-square confrontation between an all-out hawk and an unequivocal dove. Instead, those with dove-like reputations, like Mark Hatfield of Oregon, have carefully edged hawkward, while those with a hawkish look, like Paul Douglas of Illinois, have been at pains to make clear their dove-like devotion to peace.

What talk there has been about the Vietnamese war has been an exercise in scoring debating points—no important candidate has put forward a genuine and serious alternative to the present policy in Vietnam. And outside the South, major candidates on both sides have edged away from any hard stand on the racial issue. In California, Gov. Pat Brown had very little to say about the issue of open occupancy, of which he was once a strong advocate. Instead, Brown and Republican Ronald Reagan vied with each other in denouncing "violence in the streets"—for which read "Negro rioting."

Incumbent representatives or senators who had voted one way or the other on Title Four, the open-occupancy provision of the defeated 1966 civil-rights bill, preferred not to mention the matter. Except in the border state of Maryland, where George Mahoney, a six-time loser, rode the white backlash to victory in the Democratic primary, those candidates outside the South who tried to exploit the backlash did so in a cautious and mealy-mouthed fashion.

One reason for the sterility of what the late Adlai Stevenson used to call "the democratic dialogue" is the obvious one—no sensible candidate wants to alienate a big block of voters. It is an old rule of American politics that when a lot of people on both sides of an issue feel really strongly about it, the wise thing to do is to say nothing about the issue and instead to come out boldly in favor of an early spring and a late fall, and against the man-eating shark.

But there are two reasons for the sterility of the campaign that are not so obvious. One is the fact that no one really knows what to do about the great basic problems which confront the United States, and the more honest candidates on both sides were honest enough to admit it, at least in private.

There is no pat formula—or certainly none was produced in the campaign—for steering between the Scylla of a bigger war and the Charybdis of a disastrous American defeat in Vietnam. As for the racial crisis, Stokely Carmichael has his solution, and Lester Maddox has his. But neither solution is likely to be acceptable to a majority of the voters, outside the deep South or the Negro ghettos.

The fact is that the huge domestic problems which confront the nation, all of which involve the racial crisis in one way or another, are curiously mushy and intractable. Unlike the problems of the past, they cannot be effectively dealt with simply by passing laws or appropriating money.

Laws can be passed, and money appropriated, to provide unemployment compensation, or Social Security and medical care for the aged; to regulate the securities market or extend federal aid to education; to ensure the right of labor to strike and of southern Negroes to vote; and so on and on. Laws were passed and money was appropriated for such purposes, through more than 30 years of great legislative battles, starting with Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal. But an era ended on July 30, 1965, when President Johnson signed the Medicare bill into law.

Thus Medicare was the final victory in the long war between liberals and conservatives that began in 1932. The victory has left the liberals with nothing much left to talk about, which is another reason why the campaign has seemed so oddly meaningless. Consider, for example, the kick-off speech of Sen. Paul Douglas, an old New Dealer and the most distinguished of the liberal candidates in this year's election. In that speech Douglas claimed credit—correctly—for helping to pass "the greatest program of social reform since the New Deal." Then he went on to unveil with a flourish his "program for the future."

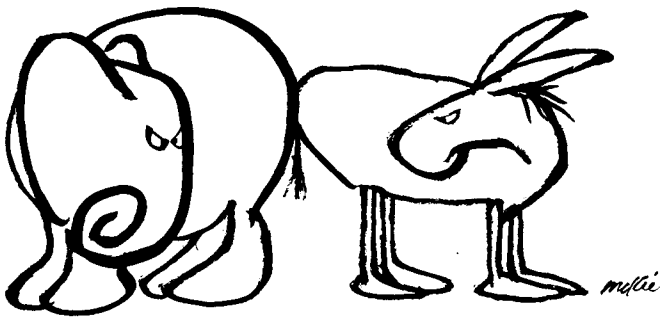
The first item in this bold program was a proposal to "include the cost of drugs" under Medicare. Other major items included a promise to fight air pollution, to promote Douglas's "truth-in-lending" bill (which is legislatively dead) and to work for "more parks and recreational areas."

No doubt these are all worthy liberal objectives. But they are hardly calculated to excite the deep emotions of the voters. The fact is that the basic program of the liberal, or New Deal, wing of the Democratic Party is now the law of the land, which is why the liberals have nothing much left to talk about.

"There's plenty left to talk about," Douglas demurred, when this point was put to him. "There's poverty—and there's the whole quality of American life."

It is true that poverty has yet to be abolished, and that the quality of American life could stand improvement. But it is difficult—it begins to seem downright impossible—to fashion laws that will eliminate poverty, or outlaw racial prejudice, or render the unemployable employable, or reverse the flight of whites from the cities. To deal effectively with such problems would require a social revolution, and the voters are in no mood for a social revolution. Thus the liberals are left with fringe issues—like the cost of drugs under Medicare—and the campaign becomes a sterile exercise in semantics.

Stewart Alsop



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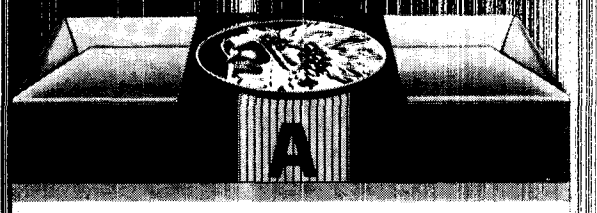
Shake hands with L.S.Greet



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JUST BECAUSE YOUR SOX ARE RED

RED SOX NAMING LEMON MANAGER?
—The N. Y. *Post*

DICK WILLIAMS NAMED TO MANAGE RED SOX
—The N. Y. *Post*, the next day

Boston Red Sox
Fenway Park
Boston, Mass.

Gentlemen:

Well, that was a glorious moment you gave me. Of course, I realized after an instant that it was Bob Lemon you were considering. Back when he was pitching for the Indians, people were always calling me "Bob," so I'm used to the confusion. But for a moment I was fooled. You see, I am a Red Sox fan, and have been for almost 20 years, which is as long as I've known about baseball, and to put it bluntly, I have always known I could manage the club better than most of those fellows you've hired.

The headline fooled me long enough to start me thinking about the possibilities, just as I used to when I was a boy. I am writing to tell you that I have decided I really can't manage you anymore, and that Dick Williams shouldn't either.

But first I want to tell you about my credentials.

My first memory of the Red Sox must have been provided about 1938, when I was eight, and it is of Jim Tabor leaping straight up in the air, about six feet up I would guess, to spear a line drive over third base and save the day for the Sox. Well, I don't know that it saved the day for the Sox, but it made the day for me, and it happened at my first baseball game; and whenever anybody is described as a good glove man, if they're still described that way, Jim Tabor is whom I think of—six feet in the air, with his arm straight over his head, proving that heroes exist.

After that, I remember Joe Cronin when he was playing, and then Joe Cronin when he was a manager. And I remember—and here I feel genuinely sorry for anybody who wasn't a Red Sox fan then—Ted Williams. I remember Ted Williams coming up to a doubleheader on the last day of the season, hitting .399, and going four for five in the first game to put himself over .400, and refusing to play it safe by sitting out the second game, and going two for three in the second game to wind up at .406, and it begins to look as though people who aren't old enough to remember that won't ever see anything like it. I remember Ted Williams hitting two home runs during the All-Star Game, and I remember Ted Williams crashing into the outfield wall and messing up one arm during another All-Star Game, at a time when everybody was saying he was not a team player but only out for himself. I remember Dom DiMaggio and Bobby Doerr, and even Sam Mele. Most fans know that Sam Mele managed Minneapolis to a pennant last year, but how many remember him playing for Boston?

But most of all I remember the Red Sox losing to the Yankees.

Every year since I was old enough to know about baseball, with the exception of the impossible year 1946, I remember the Red Sox losing to the Yankees. Everybody always called the Red Sox the best team on paper, and in several of the postwar years they were favored to win the pennant, but 1946 was the only year they did. They lost the World Series to the Cardinals, but that didn't matter, or not much. The point was, the Yankees came in third and the Red Sox came in ahead of them. Aside from that fluky year, though, I remember the Red Sox losing to the Yankees: losing games to the Yankees, losing series to the Yankees, finishing behind the Yankees. It became, despite all hope, despite all loyalty, a dark article of faith during my childhood: The sun rises, the seasons pass, older boys are wise, and the Red Sox lose to the Yankees.

In the years since childhood, I may say, it has not been an easy thing to root for the Red Sox. Especially has it not been an easy thing for one who, as I do, lives in New York, among hostile newspapers. Ballplayers drop out of your lineup for days and even weeks without my having any idea why. People get traded without explanation, rookies arrive and depart unsung and unlamented, and the whole thing has a surrealist flavor about it. Furthermore, you have slipped lately. You finished ninth last year, and eighth the year before. Williams has gone, and there hasn't been a major pitcher since Mel Parnell in 1949, and there is not even a giddy fashionableness, such as the Mets have, for compensation. I root for you to win, and you don't, and it's as simple as that. But I keep on, because I grew up toughened by the bitter knowledge that the Red Sox lose to the Yankees. I am not a baseball fan anyway. I am a Red Sox fan, and there is a difference.

Now about why I decided I would have to turn down your offer even if it had been made. It isn't for lack of training. I grew up listening to Red Sox games with my father, who could have managed the team any year and knew, for example, that Joe Cronin always left his pitchers in too long—it nearly drove him crazy, as a matter of fact. Why Cronin didn't catch on, since he wasn't winning, I could never figure out. There was even a time when a friend of my father's, who had a job with the beer company that sponsored the Red Sox games, took us up to a game at Fenway Park and afterward up to the radio booth, where I was introduced to Jim Britt, the old announcer, who once described "a ground ball over the second baseman's head." People were always saying Britt was stale and wanting him fired, but my father and I knew he had the basic Red Sox quality and stuck up for him. Anyway, I certainly know the team.

And I am up-to-date. This year I kept a list of all your trades. I counted 12 of them involving 17 players, and incidentally, I consider many of them unwise. You should have kept Earl Wilson, and trading Monbouquette for what a friend of mine called "two guys named George" was silly. Also, you should have got more for Radatz.

No, there is only one reason why I couldn't manage for you next year, and you may have guessed it already. This year the Red Sox have finished next to last, but the team that has finished last is the Yankees. This year, the Red Sox have beaten the Yankees.

It was a wild finish: the Red Sox having no games scheduled on the final weekend of the season, which kept them from losing anymore; the Yankees having a chance to catch them by sweeping a three-game series with the White Sox. I tuned in on the first game of that series just in time to see Roger Maris come up as a pinch hitter, with a man on first and the Yankees a run behind, and put them ahead by smacking a home run that actually hit the foul pole. It was so familiar, and I knew it was happening all over again. But the times had changed. The White Sox tied it on a pinch hit of their own and then won it in the 11th, and it is now a fact: For the first time in almost two decades the Red Sox have beaten the Yankees. The central tenet of all my baseball years has been blown out the window, and with it, deliriously, all my confidence. I could never manage now.

As for Dick Williams, I'm sure he's a fine man and it might have been OK to name him manager any other time, but right now—how could you possibly break up a winning combination?

Sincerely,

Richard Lemon

RICHARD LEMON.

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The Embattled Crusader of Conway County

The Saturday Evening POST

After years of attacking the local political machine, a fighting editor is headed for jail.

By Trevor Armbrister

The barracks tenders shout "Get up!" at 4:15 each morning. The 1,959 convicts in the Arkansas State Penitentiary at Cummins—murderers and rapists among them—scramble out of their bunks, step into prison uniforms and shuffle to breakfast. At break of day, the men march out to the fields. During the winter they chop cotton stalks and fix ditches. The rest of the year they hoe soybeans, pick okra, tomatoes and cotton. For failing to meet their quotas, they can be lashed with a five-foot whip. Paunchy trusties cradling rifles and shotguns eye them warily. The prisoners in the "long lines" labor quickly and silently.

Unless a higher court overturns his conviction, a stubborn, irascible, crusading newspaper editor named Eugene H. Wirges will join these men in the long lines shortly. Last February a jury in Morrilton, Ark., convicted him of perjury and sentenced him to three years at hard labor in the state penitentiary. For Wirges that verdict was only the latest in a long and seemingly endless series of legal and financial defeats that have stripped him of his job, his funds—and his freedom.

Since 1961, he has been indicted more times than he can even remember for allegedly committing such crimes as libel, slander, conspiracy and perjury. He has been found guilty at one conspiracy trial and two libel trials and assessed a total of $275,250. He has been cited twice for contempt of court and thrown into jail. One attempt has been made to burn his newspaper; his office window has been smashed and his home has been stoned. He has been shot at; he has been beaten up by a county official, and his employees have been warned to "get out before you get hurt too." On one occasion he sent his wife and five children to Little Rock, 40 miles away, "because we felt it was the safe thing to do." Some of his friends have even been indicted on criminal charges after coming to his defense.

Wirges has suffered these misfortunes because he has used his weekly newspaper to level charges of corruption against the political bosses of Conway County, Ark. For more than five years he has accused them of condoning voting irregularities and mishandling public funds. His

Gene and Betty Wirges exhausted their savings and themselves using their paper to battle . . . the courthouse politicians, who counterattacked under the lead of Sheriff Marlin Hawkins.

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Townspeople shunned him, grand juries dismissed

Judge Tom Scott (left) won a $200,000 suit against Wirges, which was dismissed. Lt. Gov. Gordon quoted Scripture in court and claimed that the editor was "an influence for evil."

enemies, who form one of the most solidly entrenched political machines in the country, have counterattacked vigorously. In so doing, they have made full use of their strong ties to the state administration of Democratic Gov. Orval Faubus—ties evidenced by the fact that when Faubus decided to run for reelection in 1964, Conway County leaders collected $1,500 for his statewide filing fee and gave it to him in a potato sack. When Wirges accused these county leaders of corruption, he was, in effect, challenging the Democratic power structure in the state. This kind of challenge could not be ignored.

As his crusade grew, Wirges gained some powerful supporters. Among them was Winthrop Rockefeller, the Republican candidate for governor this year. But for all intents and purposes, Wirges has fought his stubborn fight alone: one angry, determined man in a struggle against impossible odds.

Wirges's detractors—who constitute a majority of Conway County's 15,000 residents—view the battle as only a local political feud. His friends maintain that what happened there can happen in any American county once its citizens allow a political machine to eradicate dissent. The issues clearly transcend the boundaries of Conway County and the state of Arkansas.

Although his story is a classic of its kind, Wirges himself is hardly a classic crusader. At 38, he is an energetic, sharp-featured man with a gleaming set of upper dentures—the consequence of a childhood encounter with a baseball bat—and a penchant for flowery, snap-on ties. He tends to view issues and events with the dogmatic certainty of a man who acknowledges no subtleties, no varying shades of gray. His manner is cheerful and confident—sometimes irritatingly cocky—and he wears his self-righteousness like a button on his lapel. One senses that he derives a masochistic pleasure from having his nose bloodied so often. He is, in short, a stubborn, opinionated, hard-working, eccentric and often confusing mixture of hero and pain in the neck, who swears that he wants nothing more from life than the chance to edit a small-town newspaper.

When Gene was growing up in Little Rock, it was taken for granted that he would become a newspaperman. His father, Joe Wirges—who retired last summer after almost 50 years with the Arkansas *Gazette*—was already the state's most famous crime reporter.

Young Wirges often tagged along with his father to wrecks and fires, and these—he soon decided—were far more exciting than school examinations. After three years at Little Rock Catholic High, he dropped out to take a job on the *Gazette*, where he worked for six years before becoming an editor on some small Arkansas papers.

In the summer of 1957, Wirges learned that the Morrilton *Democrat* was for sale. The more he considered this opportunity, the more he liked it. Morrilton, he discovered, was a pleasant community of 6,000 situated in the gently rolling foothills of the Ozarks. It was an area of small farms—cotton and soybeans, primarily—but this was going to change. Industrialization was transforming the face of the Arkansas River Valley. As the seat of Conway County, Morrilton stood directly in the path of this expansion.

Already, increasing numbers of Missouri Pacific Railroad freight trains were rolling down the tracks which split the city in half. Inevitably, Wirges reasoned, large northern companies would establish plant sites in the area. The *Democrat* was a weekly; its circulation was only 3,150, but Wirges had such confidence in the county's growth potential that he envisioned turning it into a daily soon. In September, 1957, he made a down payment of $16,000 and moved his family to Morrilton.

For the first three years Wirges steered clear of controversy; he concentrated instead upon eradicating his debt and learning about the community. A typical *Democrat* headline in those early days was PACE OF PRE-SCHOOL ACTIVITY QUICKENS WITH CLASSES SOON TO OPEN IN COUNTY.

"We did not editorialize—and I mean on anything," Wirges recalls. "I felt it would be ridiculous for me to come roaring in here trying to tell these people how to run their government, when I knew nothing about it. Several citizens came into the office to tell me about the political situation, but I'd always say, 'Friend, I got my hands full.' We just settled back, and things leveled out for us."

Then, on an afternoon in September, 1960, a group of farmers entered his office to request assistance. Children in the Wonderview School District, the farmers explained, had contributed money to pay for class trips. The trips had not materialized, and the money was missing. The same thing had apparently happened to funds collected for class rings. Teachers in the district were working nine months a year but only receiving pay for seven. The farmers blamed three men who had won seats on the school board with the backing of the county machine. They wanted them removed from office in an upcoming election. Would Wirges help?

"I told them I'd investigate," he recalls. "I said that if I found their story was true, I'd print it. Well, it was true, and I put it on page one. We had a hot election, but the farmers worked hard, and the three men were recalled by an average of eighteen votes each."

So instrumental had Wirges been in this success that, a few months later, another delegation came to see him. Disturbed by their community's lack of growth, many businessmen wanted Morrilton to adopt a city-manager form of government. Wirges decided to give their plan his full support.

The city-manager election was scheduled to be held on June 6, 1961. In May a Little Rock polltaker determined that 65 percent of the voters approved of the plan. Another victory seemed to be within Wirges's grasp. Then he and the city-manager forces made two tactical errors. Above one blistering editorial, he ran the headline: YES, THE CITY COUNCIL HAS A RECORD. SO DID [AL] CAPONE.

Here was a prime example of Wirges's unfortunate tendency to jump overboard in print. Many Conway County citizens considered the headline irresponsible. They began to question the character and motives of the emerging crusader.

The second mistake did not appear in print. Discussing the campaign for a city manager, one member of Wirges's group was careless enough to boast: "We're gonna clean up city hall first. Then we'll clean up the courthouse."

Almost immediately, the remark

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his evidence, he stood nearly alone. Yet Gene Wirges refused to quit.

Columnist Eulena Stout (shown with her latest husband) was to become a key witness against Wirges. Justice of the Peace Leon Brents, a Wirges ally, dared to order Hawkins's arrest.

reached the ears of Marlin Hawkins, the bull-necked and extremely personable sheriff and tax collector of Conway County. As the shrewd leader of the local political establishment, Hawkins had close working relationships not only with judges and county officials but with Governor Faubus and several important members of his administration. For the past several years, Hawkins had been content to let Wirges publish the news as he saw fit. The two men had, in fact, been quite friendly. But this remark about cleaning up the courthouse sounded to Hawkins like a declaration of war.

"At first I thought their motives was real good," Hawkins recalls. "They wanted to improve the city, and I felt there was room for improvement. But when they start talkin' about cleanin' out the courthouse, man, that's my bread and butter. It's my *pro-fession*. I feed my wife and three kids, and I clothe 'em on what I make here. What they was plannin' to do—I couldn't take that lyin' down. I'm a peace-lovin' man, but if a man wants a fight, well, I'll fight."

The moment that Sheriff Hawkins decided to fight, the life of Gene Wirges changed completely. Now, for the first time, he was locked in a struggle with the machine that ruled Conway County.

The heavy artillery at Hawkins's disposal in such a battle is formidable. And Hawkins himself, at 53, is a formidable man. He was born and reared in the Sheepskin Valley near the tiny community of Center Ridge—"so far back in the country," he says, "that we'd use hoot owls fer chickens and fox fer yard dogs." When he was eight years old, he went outside one day to chop a sweet-gum tree. His hunting knife slipped; its point lodged in his right eye. His family rushed him to a doctor, but it was too late to save the eye.

Hawkins's father died when Marlin was 16—leaving him the sole breadwinner for his mother and five small brothers and sisters. In 1941 he joined the county welfare department. Nine years later—after a bitterly contested election—he won the office of sheriff and tax collector. A false eye might have inhibited another man in public life, but Marlin Hawkins has never been hindered by self-consciousness. "I sleep very little, especially during election times," he says, a slow smile curling the corner of his mouth, "but when I do lay down to sleep, I take this artificial eye out, and I put it on the windowsill so I can watch those monkeys while I snooze."

Watchfulness is only one portion of his recipe for political success. Another is his ability to persuade voters that he is a latter-day Robin Hood. "If you followed me for a couple of weeks," he likes to say, "you'd think I was not only sheriff and collector, but also a social worker, Red Cross agent, hospital admissions officer, preacher, lawyer and marriage counselor. I'm never too busy to see anybody, friend or foe, regardless of how rich or poor they are, what their color is or what religion. I work for my people. If these people is loyal to me, it's because I'm loyal to them. I give 'em the last rag off my back. I do 'em favors. They *obligated* to me."

And now with the city-manager election only a few weeks away—facing what he considered to be a threat to his very survival—Hawkins decided to call in his IOU's. Night after night he remained in his dingy, green-walled office—subsisting on soft drinks and pork rinds from the vending machine outside his door, poring over registration lists and deciding whose votes could be won through "personal contact." From time to time he glanced up at the plaque above his desk which states, POLITICIANS NEVER DIE. THEY JUST SMELL THAT WAY.

By seven o'clock on election night, it was clear that the city-manager forces had suffered a crushing defeat. Wirges set off alone to the musty, orange-brick courthouse to pick up the final returns for his paper. As he waited for the vote tabulation, he began to argue—first softly, then angrily—with Hawkins. None of the courthouse hangers-on had ever heard anyone raise his voice to Hawkins before. Suddenly the county's tax assessor, a burly, short-tempered man named W. O. (Bus) Hice, lunged at Wirges. Hawkins kept them apart, but news of the argument ricocheted around town. A surly crowd of Hawkins's supporters gathered by the courthouse steps. At nine o'clock, when Hawkins and Wirges left the courthouse, they were accompanied by a cordon of state troopers.

"Marlin kept telling me that he couldn't guarantee my safety if I continued to write about politics," Wirges recalls. "I said, 'Look at that mob there on your courthouse lawn. If ever there's a reason why somebody's got to write about politics, there it stands.' I wasn't looking for trouble, but now my back was up." That night Wirges's home was bombarded by rocks.

Three weeks later another election was scheduled in the county. At stake was a vacant seat in the state legislature. Wirges supported the candidacy of a young feed dealer named Houston Mallett.

Mallett was swamped. The vote in his home township, Catholic Point, was 93 to 2 against him. Later that week Wirges visited the district. The first 16 people he interviewed swore they had voted for Mallett. Fourteen of them signed affidavits. Yet there was no way to verify their account. The list of voters had disappeared. When Wirges broadened his investigation, he discovered that more ballots had been cast in nearby Austin Township than there were qualified voters in the district.

Early one evening, as he was preparing to drive back to Morrilton, a bullet hit a tree about three feet above his head. Wirges at first dismissed the shot. It was a stray, perhaps, from the rifle of some hunter a mile or so away. Then he remembered that the hunting season had not yet begun.

A few days later several Morrilton businessmen came by his office to remind him that he still had a sizable mortgage on the paper. They asked him not to report his findings. Wirges turned them down. He not only printed his article about the voting irregularities but also described the tense scene at the courthouse when Hice had lunged at him. Then he sat back to await the reaction. It came from a different quarter than he had anticipated.

On July 11, 1961, one of Hawkins's deputies posted a notice of sale on Wirges's door. Wirges, the man explained, would have to relinquish his paper because he lagged behind in the payment of his state-employment-security taxes. Wirges managed to collect the necessary sum from his advertisers, and the auction sale was canceled.

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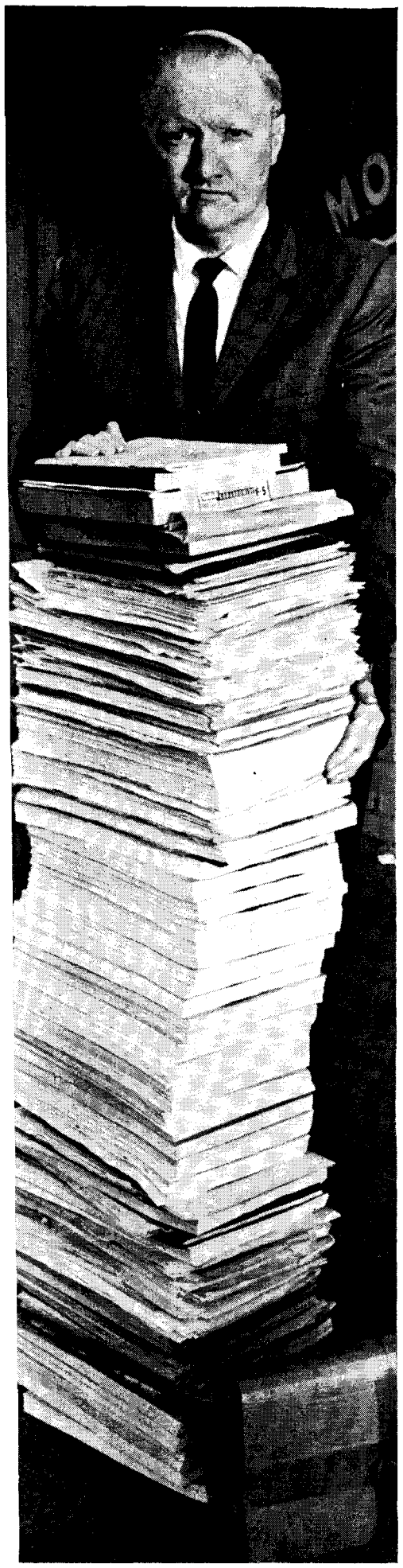
'If we had the chance to do it over again,' says Wirges,



Shortly after three o'clock on the afternoon of July 28, Wirges ran into tax assessor Hice on Morrilton's main street. He remembers the incident vividly. "All of a sudden, fists were flying. The first blow caught me by surprise and knocked me to the pavement. Before I could get up, he hit me again. 'If you ever print anything about me in that paper again,' he said, 'I'll whup ya every time I see ya.'"

Hice was convicted of assault and battery and fined $32.85. Wirges's leg was cut and bruised. So was the right side of his face. Doctors X-rayed his head and determined that he had suffered a concussion. "For a long time after that he couldn't drive a car," Betty Wirges recalls. "I had to take him everywhere. I was expecting a baby at the time, so it was sort of a hardship."

On October 3, a 16-member grand jury was convened in Morrilton to investigate the charges of voting irregularities. To assist the probe, Wirges gave the jurors a list of 80 election-law violations together with the names of citizens who had witnessed them.

In late October the panel completed its investigation. The jurors agreed that there had been some "irregularities," but added that they were not willful violations of election laws. Furthermore, the jurors said, such infractions should be overlooked "because the irregularities were customary and had been carried on during many previous elections."

Wirges blasted the report as a whitewash. The jury's foreman responded in a letter to Wirges which hinted darkly that indictments were still to come, that unless Wirges abandoned his criticisms, he might find himself in jail. Wirges printed the letter.

Now the noose began to tighten. Commercial-printing orders from Morrilton businessmen were suddenly canceled. The paper's correspondents were harassed. Local businessmen found themselves under pressure to pull their ads out of the *Democrat*. By early 1962 the paper had lost 20 percent of its advertising.

A few months earlier, a small group of Wirges's friends had formed an organization called the Better Government League. Among its leaders were Robert Mobley, owner of a Morrilton drugstore; Dr. Charles Wells, chief of staff at St. Anthony's Hospital, and Dr. Harold Hyder. With increasing vigor these men began to speak out against the county machine. As a result, Mobley lost customers. Wells was warned that he might lose the custody of his adopted children. State and county employees as well as local welfare recipients suddenly stopped appearing at both doctors' offices. In the spring of 1962 Hyder abandoned his clinic and left Arkansas. "It was a losing battle," he recalls. "I didn't want to spend the rest of my productive life in a county like that."

Wirges steadies a stack of legal documents that he has accumulated over the years—and there are more filed away in his office.

At this point Wirges made another mistake. Although he clearly had his hands full trying to keep the *Democrat* alive, he decided to make a down payment on another small weekly, the Jacksonville *Bulletin*. The result was a disaster. Wirges was vastly overextended. In the confusion, Wirges not only lost control of the *Bulletin* but ended up owing the original owner $12,000. The owner then got a court judgment against Wirges and transferred it to Representative Paul Van Dalsem, a close friend of Sheriff Hawkins and Governor Faubus's chief spokesman in the state legislature.

A circuit court gave Wirges just two weeks to raise the $12,000. If he couldn't get the money, the *Democrat* itself would be sold. Then, on the morning of July 4—less than 24 hours before the judgment fell due—a thin, bespectacled doctor named Stanley Gutowski stepped forward with a cashier's check for $11,399.90. There were no strings attached. Gutowski, who had never even met Wirges before, simply explained that he opposed "boss rule."

The next evening a Morrilton attorney called one of Wirges's friends with a remarkable proposition: His clients would give Wirges $50,000 if he promised to leave the county forever. The offer only strengthened Wirges's resolve. "To stand for better government," he wrote in an editorial, "it becomes absolutely necessary to stand against everything which prevents it. This means simply that it has become necessary to oppose all forms of election rigging, [and] all forms of ballot-box stuffing. This means further that it has become necessary to oppose the people responsible for such acts."

During the previous several months Wirges's friends on the Better Government League had managed to secure the names of persons who had applied for absentee ballots. When they sent letters to these applicants, however, many envelopes were returned with such notations as "unknown," "insufficient address," "no such number" and "no such street." A close examination of voter lists at the county courthouse proved equally illuminating. The records contained the names of roughly 700 persons who were either fictitious, dead, or otherwise unqualified. Druggist Robert Mobley promptly took this evidence to court, where it was considered by Judge Wiley W. Bean, a key supporter of the county machine and a man who was to play an increasingly important part in Wirges's life. Bean dismissed the suit, explaining that a challenge to a suspect voter had to be made at the polling place. Bean also ruled that no would-be challenger could stand within 50 feet of a polling place.

A few weeks later Wirges's name came up at a political rally in Morrilton. When one speaker asked, "Are we gonna let this Wirges stay in our town?", the crowd roared, "No." Next morning Wirges arrived at his office to find that the *Democrat*'s plate-glass window had been shattered.

Wirges did not leave town. Instead, he tried a new tactic. One of the main problems he had faced while investigating suspicious elections was the fact that many election officials were also county, state or city employees—men and women loyal to the machine. Article Three, Section 10 of the Arkansas Constitution clearly states that it is illegal for these employees to serve as election officials. Yet Arkansas's assistant attorney general, Milas Hale, now declared that, in his opinion, the practice was indeed legal. Armed with a copy of the Constitution, Wirges drove to Little Rock and asked Hale to rescind his ruling. Hale declined to do so.

Then, while rummaging through county audit records at the state capital, Wirges discovered that Hawkins's personal car expenses had jumped—over a 10-year period—from $2,732.60 to $9,126.80. For one year mileage expenses charged to magistrate's court in Drew County amounted to $104.65. In Conway County the figure was $8,123.60—roughly 80 times as much.

What interested Wirges even more was the fact that deputies' salaries in the county had skyrocketed in this 10-year period from $4,000 to $14,536. Although Arkansas law prohibits dual office-holding, Hawkins had listed his nephew, county welfare director Carl Stobaugh, as a deputy at $1,720 a year. He had also deputized county judge Tom Scott, Scott's wife, and his own wife, Marvine. According to the records, Marvine had earned more than $12,000 over a period of several years.

No sooner had Wirges published this information than he began to feel more pressure. He had been earning roughly $2,000 a year by printing county, state and federal legal notices, but suddenly the officials responsible for placing the notices began to boycott the columns of the *Democrat*.

By this stage, Wirges had fallen $7,500 behind in the payment of his personal-income taxes. In late October of 1962 the IRS demanded immediate payment. Once again the paper was threatened with foreclosure. Wirges had nowhere to turn. Then Winthrop Rockefeller stepped into the picture.

Rockefeller, a resident of Conway County for nine years, posted a $7,500 bond in escrow to guarantee Wirges's income-tax payments. "I didn't consistently agree with the way that Gene was running that newspaper," Rockefeller explains. "I thought he was a goddamn fool to put his inflammatory edi-

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'we wouldn't change a single thing.'

torials on the front page every week. He ignored the value of a soft sell; it was always bang, bang, bang! But I felt it was a matter of principle. The machine was obviously out to get him. He was fighting not only for personal survival but also for freedom of the press."

The 1962 elections were now only a few days away. Several men whom Wirges had encouraged to run were engaged in what seemed to be close races. One of these, a Negro named Harding A. Byrd, was even favored over the machine-supported candidate, Sammie Criswell, for a school-director's post in the eastern part of the county. And it appeared, at first, that Byrd had actually won. A tally of the "live" ballots showed him ahead by a count of 200 to 132. Then someone opened the absentee box. Criswell led by a margin of 143 to 9—an almost incredible ratio of 16 to one.

Appalled by this reversal, the Republican State Executive Committee asked a stocky, sandy-haired attorney named Marion Burton to investigate for possible fraud. With Wirges's help, he discovered initially that 66 ballots in the absentee box were not supported by written applications—a fact which automatically made them invalid. He found also that some 90-odd "absentee" voters had, in fact, been present in the district on election day.

On December 24, Burton prepared two lawsuits challenging the results in the Conway County school elections. Wirges described the suits in a news article and in his column, entitled "Around the Hub." He had no way of knowing that the article and column would eventually land him in court.

For more than two years Wirges had been subjected to both physical and economic intimidation; he had shown no signs of succumbing. Clearly, the machine needed new strategy. On March 19, 1963, Circuit Judge Wiley W. Bean suddenly ordered Wirges to appear in court and had him sworn in as a "witness." There was no case being tried. When Wirges asked the reason for this astonishing proceeding, Judge Bean replied, "You just sit there and answer the questions." Then he denied the editor's request for an attorney. In the presence of Hawkins's grinning cronies, the judge proceeded to lash out bitterly at the *Democrat*'s political coverage.

Although Wirges was a Democrat, he now started to get more help from the Republicans. Through G.O.P. officials in the Midwest, Wirges obtained photostatic proof that three of Conway County's absentee voters were casting ballots simultaneously in Royal Oak, Mich. Two of the three had never even resided in Conway County.

Because both Arkansas and Michigan have laws prohibiting such double voting, Wirges took his documents to prosecuting attorney Jeff Mobley (who is no relation to Druggist Robert Mobley). At the time, Mobley seemed reluctant to act. "He said it's just a misdemeanor," Wirges recalls, "so he couldn't do anything about it. Besides," he said, "the governor would never extradite these people."

Unwilling to let the matter drop, Wirges telephoned William J. O'Hear, an attorney in the Civil Rights Division of the Justice Department in Washington. O'Hear said he was aware of the situation, but felt that the double voting had occurred only "through stupidity" and therefore did not constitute conspiracy.

Determined to continue his campaign, Wirges returned to the audit records in the state comptroller's office. As he studied the figures, he developed an interest in the activities of county judge Tom Scott, an influential member of the machine. Under Arkansas law, the county judge is a man of extraordinary power. Among other duties, he supervises the welfare and poverty programs and the building and maintaining of roads and bridges. As the county's chief executive, he is legally charged with the responsibility for issuing an annual statement of the county's financial condition. It didn't take Wirges long to discover that no such statement had been made during Scott's tenure in office.

Wirges then found that Scott's quorum court had exceeded its 1962 appropriation by $50,000 without providing any explanation. There was also a three-year charge of $24,675.51 attributed to "paupers and welfare." In more populous Pope County, this same item cost only $5,773.77 for a similar period. Later, Scott gave several explanations. For example, an itinerant Negro had died of unknown causes. The county had had to pay for an autopsy. Very expensive.

In early April, 1963, a large, high-cheekboned woman named Eulena Stout began writing letters to the editor of the *Democrat*. So popular did these letters become that Wirges suggested that she join his stable of unpaid weekly columnists. Since she requested anonymity, Wirges published her views under the heading "Birdtown Birdie Sez," an allusion to the fact that she and her husband lived in a rural community called Birdtown.

Her prose style could best be described as Hillbilly Gothic. "Well, another week and they still ain't scraped our roads," she complained in an early column. "These roads look like we're gettin' ready to fight a war and they already got the foxholes dug."

Within a short time she developed nicknames for county leaders. "His

(continued on page 90)

Republican Winthrop Rockefeller (top) aided the editor "as a matter of principle." Hawkins now dismisses Wirges as "a screwball."

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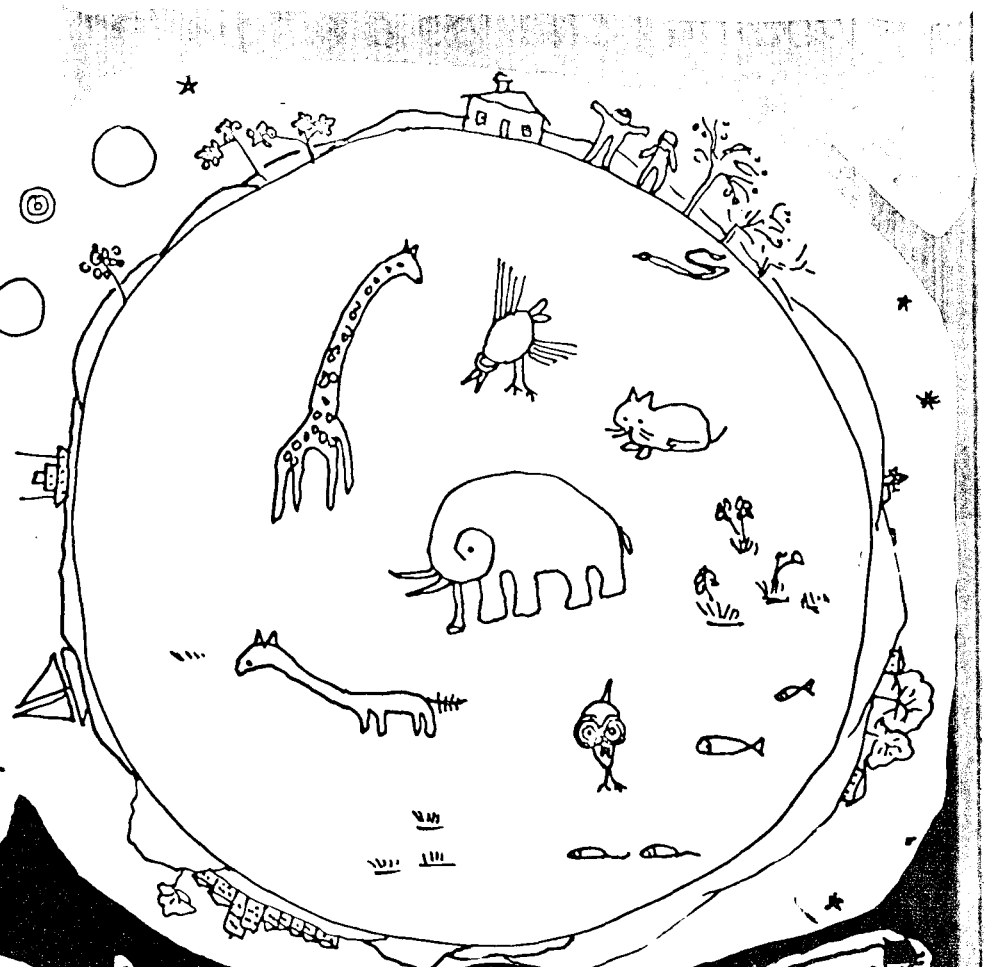
The only thing wrong with children, someone once said, is that they grow up to be people. In the interim, they have a way of bringing us all up short with their directness, charm, curiosity, doubts, and reverence or lack of it. Such is the stuff of these letters. Eric Marshall and Stuart Hample collected them from their own children, friends' children, and schools and Sunday schools. The illustrations are by Yanni Posnakoff.

Dear God,

When you started the earth and put people there and all the animals and grass and the stars did you get very tired?

I have a lot of other questions too.

Very truly yours
Sherman



Dear God,

Did you have as much trouble learning Hebrew as I am? Are there any easy ways to do it? I know you talk English too so, I am writing in English.

Respectfully,
Jerome

Dear God,
My name is Robert. I want a baby brother. My mother said to ask my father. My father said to ask you. Do you think you can do it. Good luck,
Robert

Dear Mr. God,

How do you feel about people who don't believe in you? Somebody else wants to know.

a friend,
Neil

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Dear God,
I Saw Saint Patrick church
last week when we went to
New York. You live in a nice, house

Frank

Dear God,
I am the only one in
my class who is chinese. They
all say that you are american
but, I am too, so you could be
chinese right?

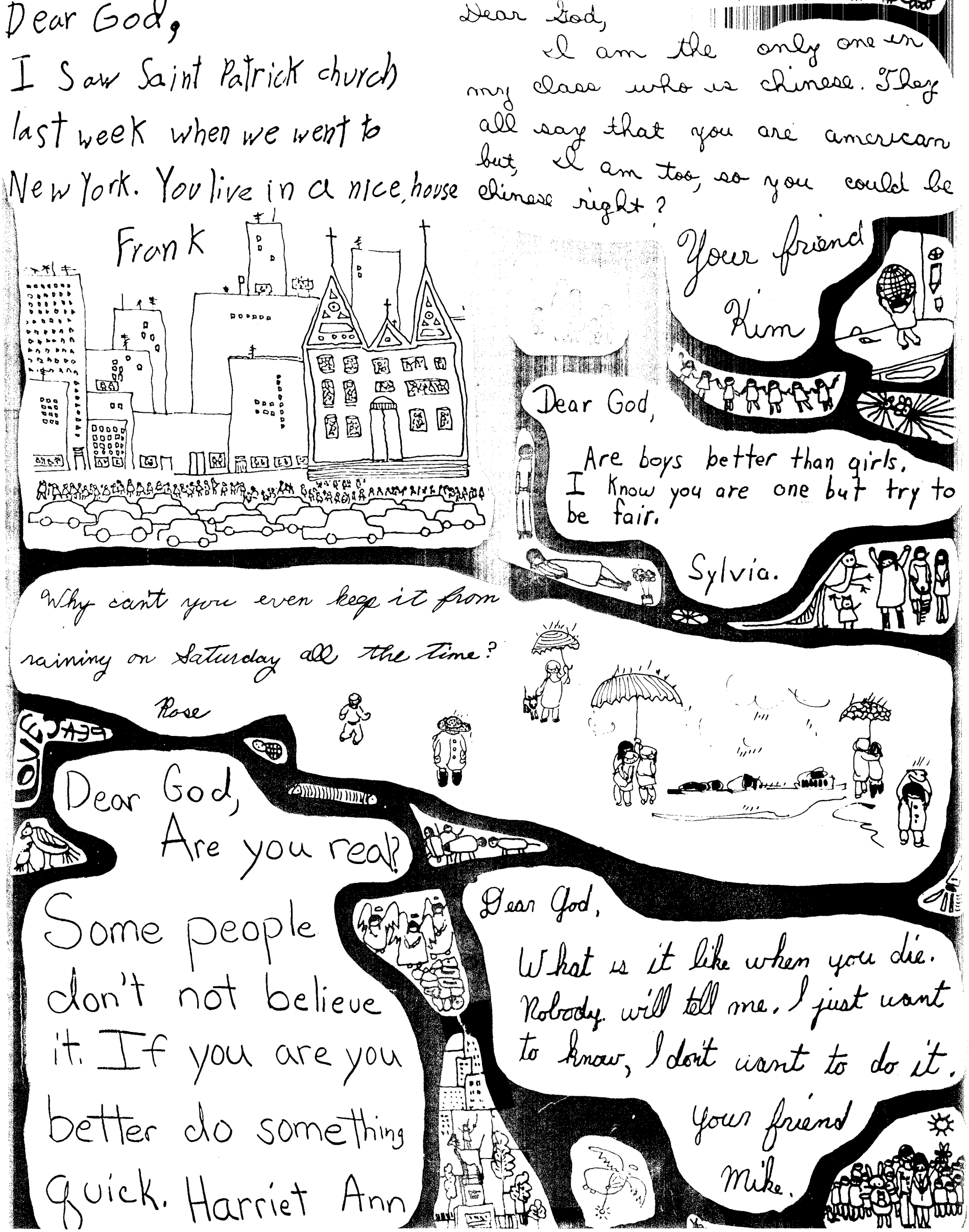
Your friend
Kim

Dear God,
Are boys better than girls,
I know you are one but try to
be fair.

Sylvia.

Why can't you even keep it from
rainning on Saturday all the time?

Rose



Dear God,
Are you real?

Some people
don't not believe
it. If you are you
better do something
quick. Harriet Ann

Dear God,
What is it like when you die.
Nobody will tell me, I just want
to know, I don't want to do it.

Your friend
Mike.

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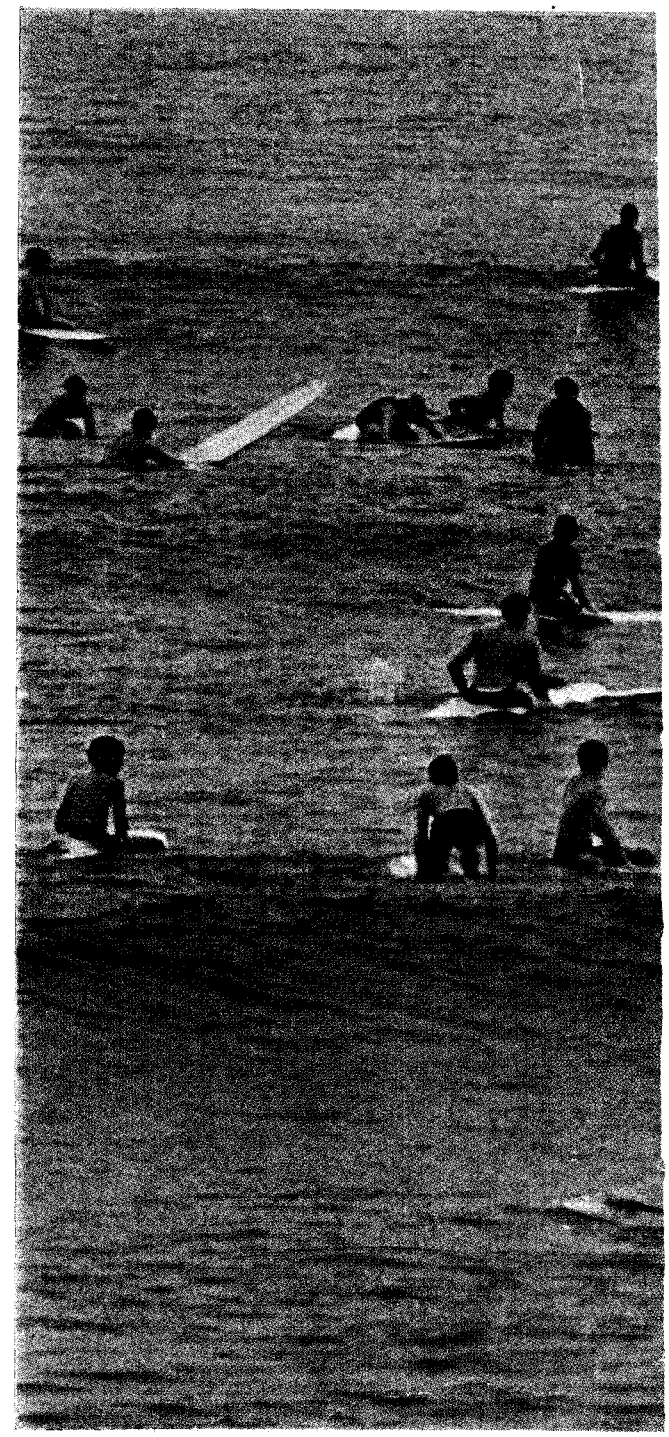
SURF, WHEELS & FREE SOULS



High-school and college students crowd waters of Malibu.

In California's happy hunting ground, each man seeks his own tribe—a group of soulmates who dress alike, talk alike and make the same scene.

By JULES SIEGEL

Photographs by BURT GLINN

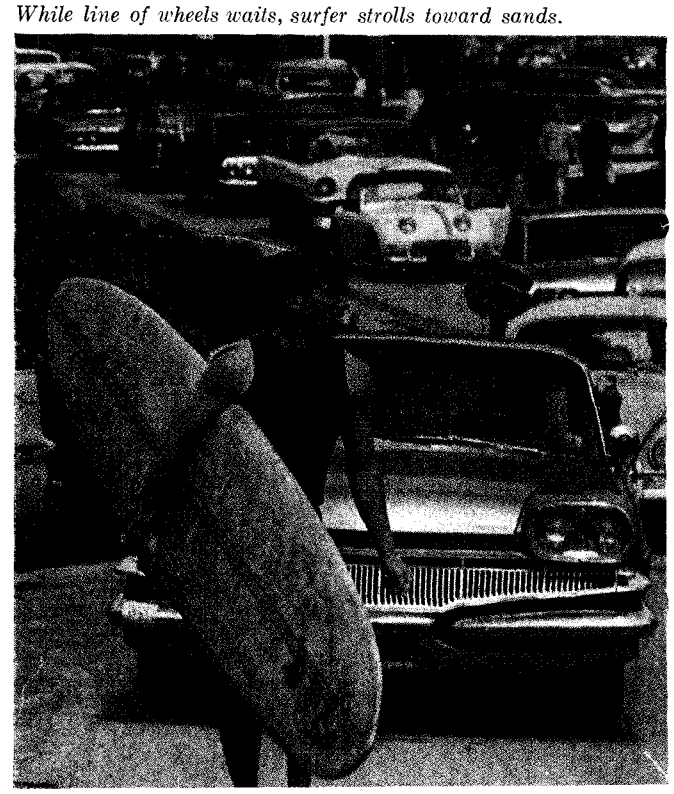
It's not easy to make friends in California; everyone speaks a different language. At home it was different. In Boise, Idaho, everyone knew everyone else in high school; in the Bronx, each apartment house was like a village; in Atlanta, there were the ancient and far-reaching alliances of kinship lovingly annotated and cultivated. But those are the places that had chafed and irritated.

To the newcomer, the California scene may seem even worse than the old until the right tribe is found. The tribe—a group of people who wear the same clothes, speak the same language, do the same things, is the basis of social communication everywhere, but in California the tribe is special. The old tribes are based on location and family; the new ones are based on mutual interests. So the newcomer flounders until he buys a surfboard or builds a drag racer or gets bell-bottom trousers and learns the language of his new tribe, and then one day, like a foreigner who has learned to speak English, he realizes that he is thinking surfing or wheels or bell-bottoms. From that moment on he is a Californian.

There are no old surfers; at least on the beach at Malibu there seem to be none. Nobody speculates on what happens to them; they just go away. In a gas station, pumping gas, or behind a check-out counter at the supermarket, you can sometimes spot the surfer face—weathered, freckled, tanned, salt-eaten—and in it the eyes of the sea. But is it a surfer? There is only one answer: A surfer is on the surf. Still, there are different levels of surfdom. Not everyone who surfs is obsessed with the waves. "I used to be a surfer girl," says a chick who looks like a star of a beach movie, all white teeth, pale eyes and straight black hair. "I used to hang around on the beach and go out with all the surfer boys. And I wore a bikini, and I knew where all the groovy parties were, and I used words like woodie (a station wagon with a wooden body) and gremmie (an onlooker). But I didn't surf. Well, I tried it a couple of times, and I didn't like it. But that didn't matter. It was the fellas and the girls and the fun and everything." And so it still is to many of the kids—a lot of fun. But surfing is changing. It is becoming a sport. There are surfing magazines and a world-championship competition and professional amateurs who do little else but surf. They train like Olympic athletes, and their goals are perfection and fame.

Still, at 4 A.M. on a beach of the Pacific Ocean, there is another kind of surfer. Thatch-haired, sweat-shirted against the morning cold, he comes down to the beach, places his battered board on the sand and sits on it facing out to sea, watching the long combers spill in rhythmic series on the empty shore. Ask him what thoughts are going through his mind, and he will answer, "Thinking? Oh, *thinking*. Nothing, mister, nothing but getting into it. Just getting into this thing as far as I can go."

While line of wheels waits, surfer strolls toward sands.



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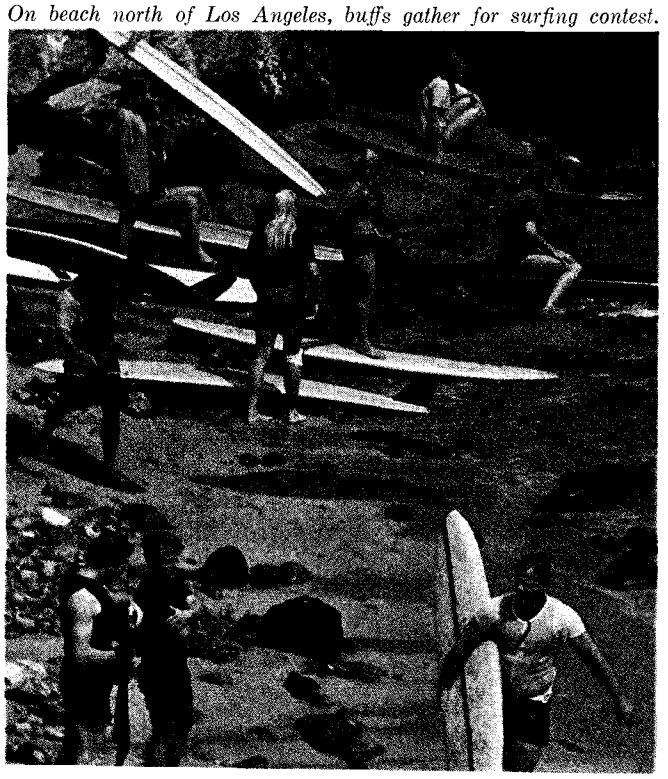
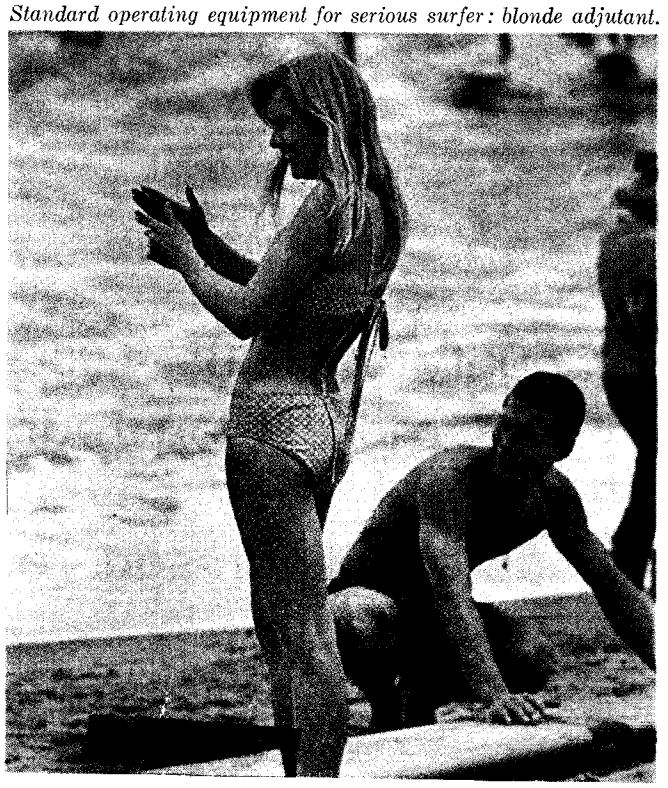
On beach north of Los Angeles, buffs gather for surfing contest.



Standard operating equipment for serious surfer: blonde adjutant.



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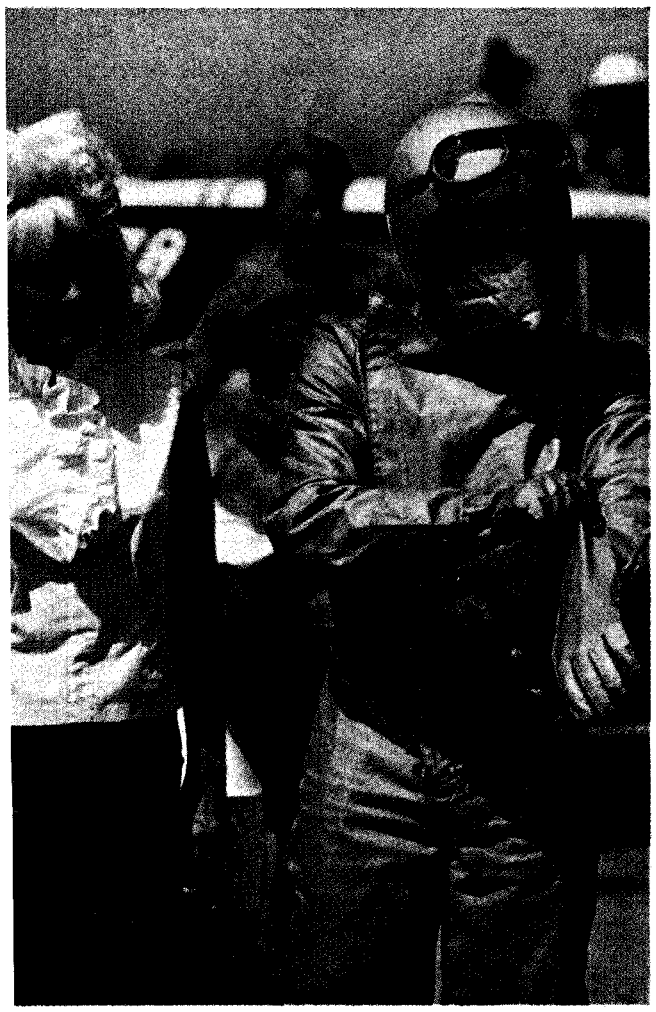
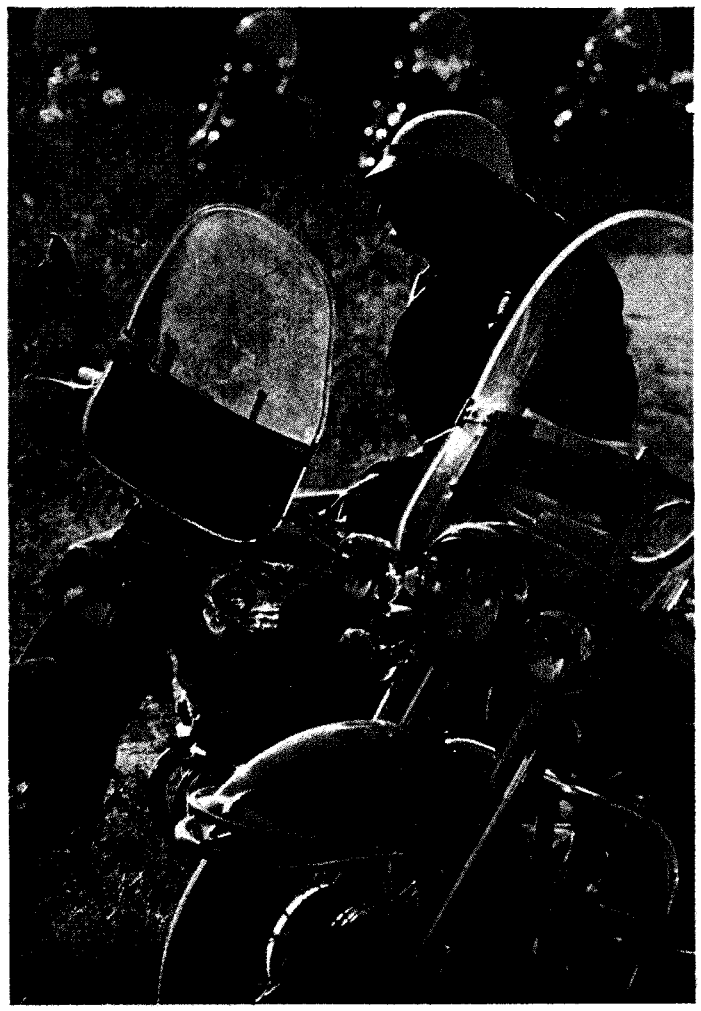
The emblem of one tribe is the wheel. It is undoubtedly the biggest tribe in all of California, a land made especially for wheels. Sedans, convertibles, drag racers, hot rods, antique classics, motor scooters, motorbikes, giant BMW and Harley-Davidson motorcycles—each one is a heraldic device announcing the personality of the owner. Within the wheels tribe, there are even subtribes like the Hell's Angels, who wear uniforms of absolute theatrical drama: black leather and torn denim, swastikas and Iron Crosses, Nazi helmets, chains and rivets and straps. They have returned themselves into a time out of the past, when medieval knights rode out to battle covered with mystical devices; when they ride by on their motorcycles, the world stops to look at them with fear and a kind of feral pleasure. And this is the nature of all the wheels people—they make their point through the display of the machine. It is a system of instant communication which needs no words or explanations. The wheels tell the story, and the story is speed or defiance or status or conformity, but it is simple and direct and unmistakable. "Twenty-four coats of lacquer," says one kid of his souped-up car, an astonishing machine that might once have been a farmer's Model-A pickup truck carrying chickens and produce to a long-forgotten market. "Hand-rubbed," he continues, his ear tuned lovingly to the engine. "I did it all myself, new engine and everything. I wouldn't sell it for anything, not anything in the world."

At Fontana strip, dragster swaddles himself in asbestos.



Pomona Slo-Poke motorbike club heads for outing in mountains.



Los Angeles County contains 4,000 square miles and more than four million vehicles manned by seven million riders, square and non-square.

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A dune buggy goes on gritty spin at Pismo Beach State Park.
Unlike drag-racing groups, buggy tribes attract older folk.

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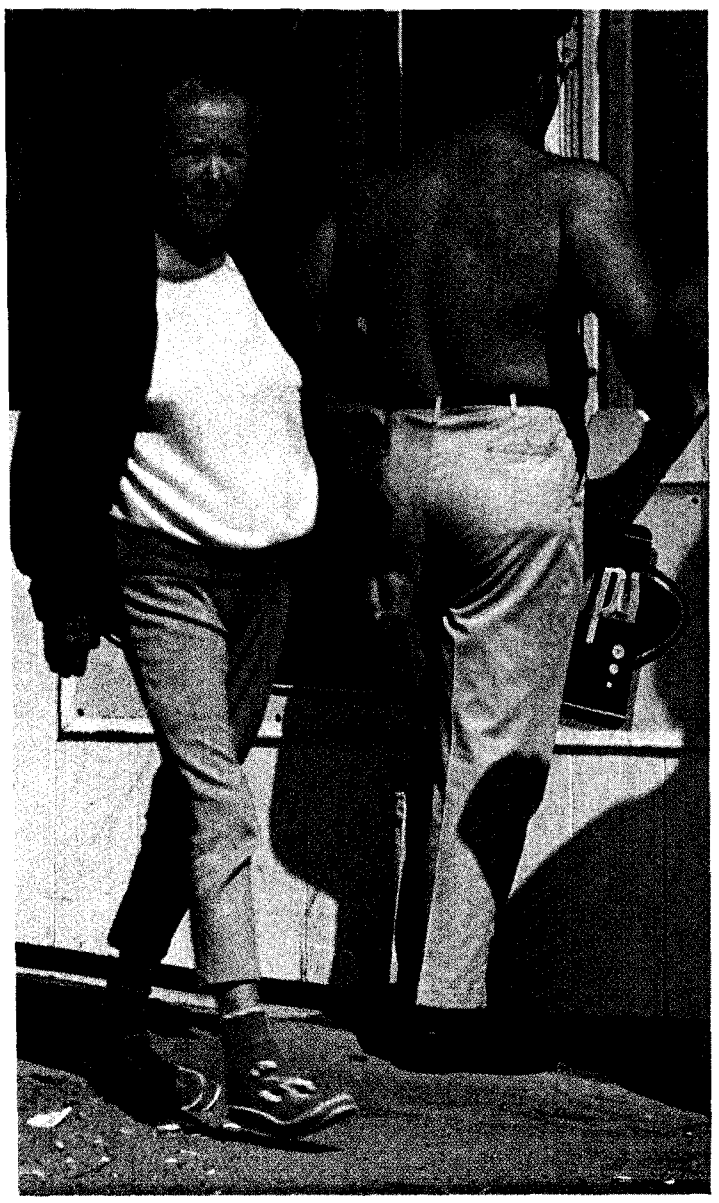
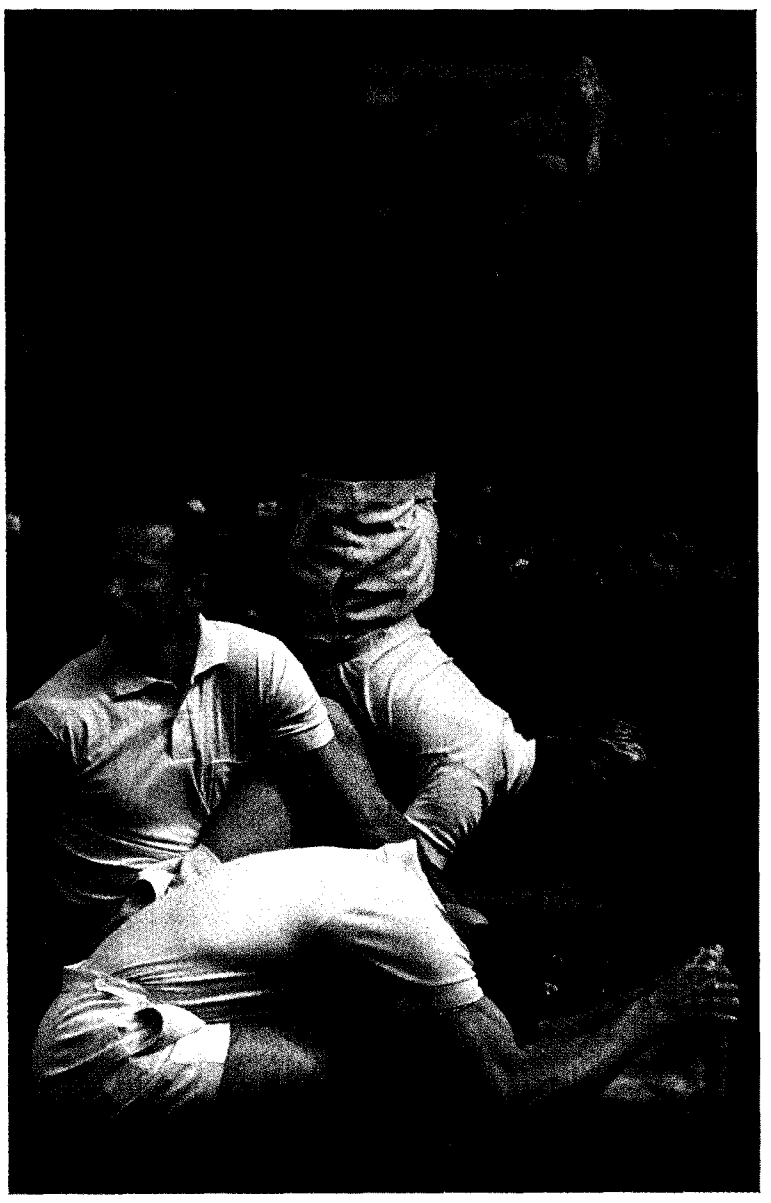
The newest tribe may be the strangest of all. Some of its members call themselves freaks and say it proudly; others, less openly in opposition to middle-class America, prefer to be known as free souls. Their turf is Sunset Strip, a 12-block runway of teen nightclubs, coffee shops, fancy ice-cream parlors, strip joints and mod clothing stores. "Listen, man," says a guy with fright-wig hair and an oriental goatee, "the message is love and freedom. That's what we're saying to everyone—love and freedom, man."

In the Whisky-A-Go-Go, where a group called The Doors is blasting out what sounds like Indian *ragas* over the massive beat of rock-'n'-roll rhythms, Paula slides into a booth and tenderly takes Michael's hand. He wears blue sunglasses, a tweed sport coat with leather arm patches, pink stretch Levis and knee-length, brown-suède boots. "Oh, Michael, why is my life such a bummer lately?" she says. "It'll be better soon," says Michael kindly, while The Doors begin to get into things on a very strange level. Paula gets up. "Call me, Michael, and tell me wonderful spiritual things," she says and then disappears.

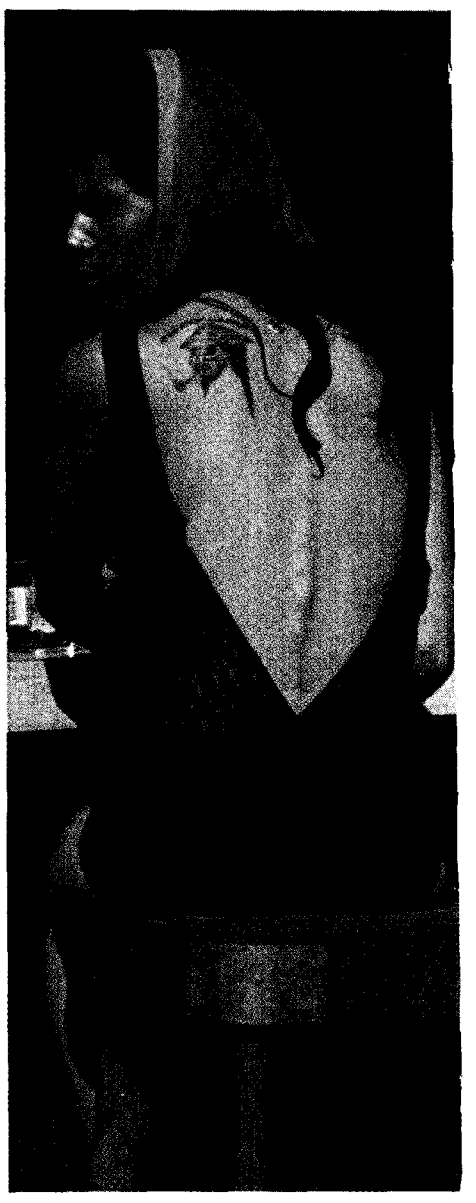
Every weekend the kids pour into the Strip. When they get there, they hang around. "I'm famous," says Renée, who has been standing in front of Pandora's Box for a long time, waiting for something to happen. "I'm *Superlungs*. They wrote that song about me." She looks like a tired 20 and is going to be 15 next week. "These are last year's people," says Matthew, a screenwriter who wrote eight scripts in one year and is now attempting to heal his burned brain. He looks around distastefully. "They're all 'out' people, and they are out in public showing themselves off," he says. "The 'in' people are all in—in their homes, planning what next year will be like." □



Near Muscle Beach there are muscular and unmuscular types.



Members of Self-Realization Fellowship, a religious group, practice yoga.



Los Angeles always has possessed way-out people in sizable numbers: spiritualists, astrologers, mental healers, phrenologists, occultists. And now it comes to grips with its newest challenge: The Free Soul.

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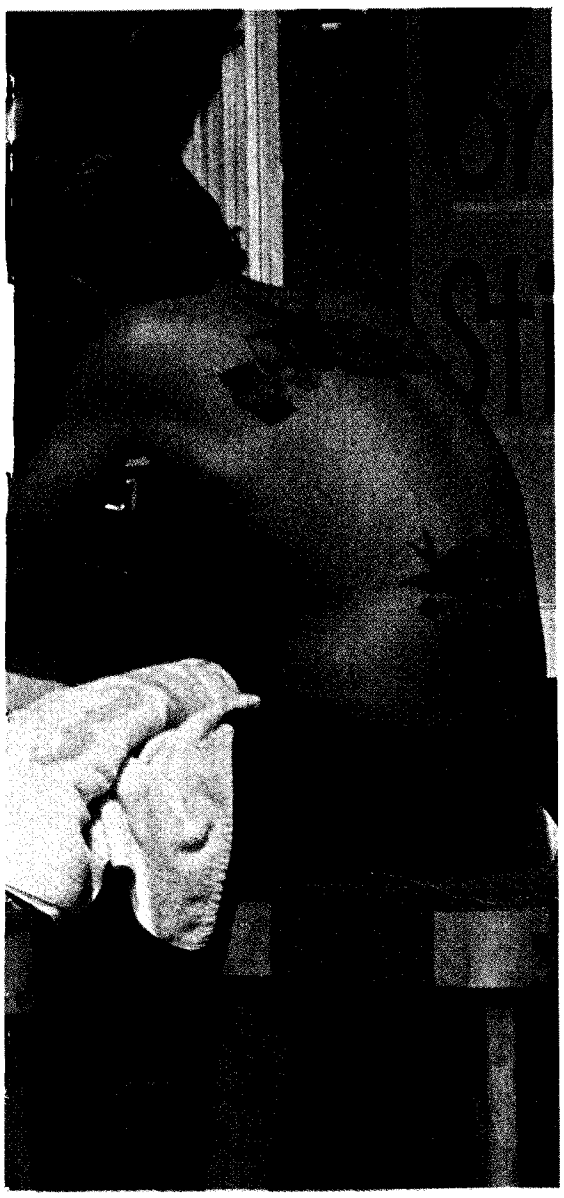

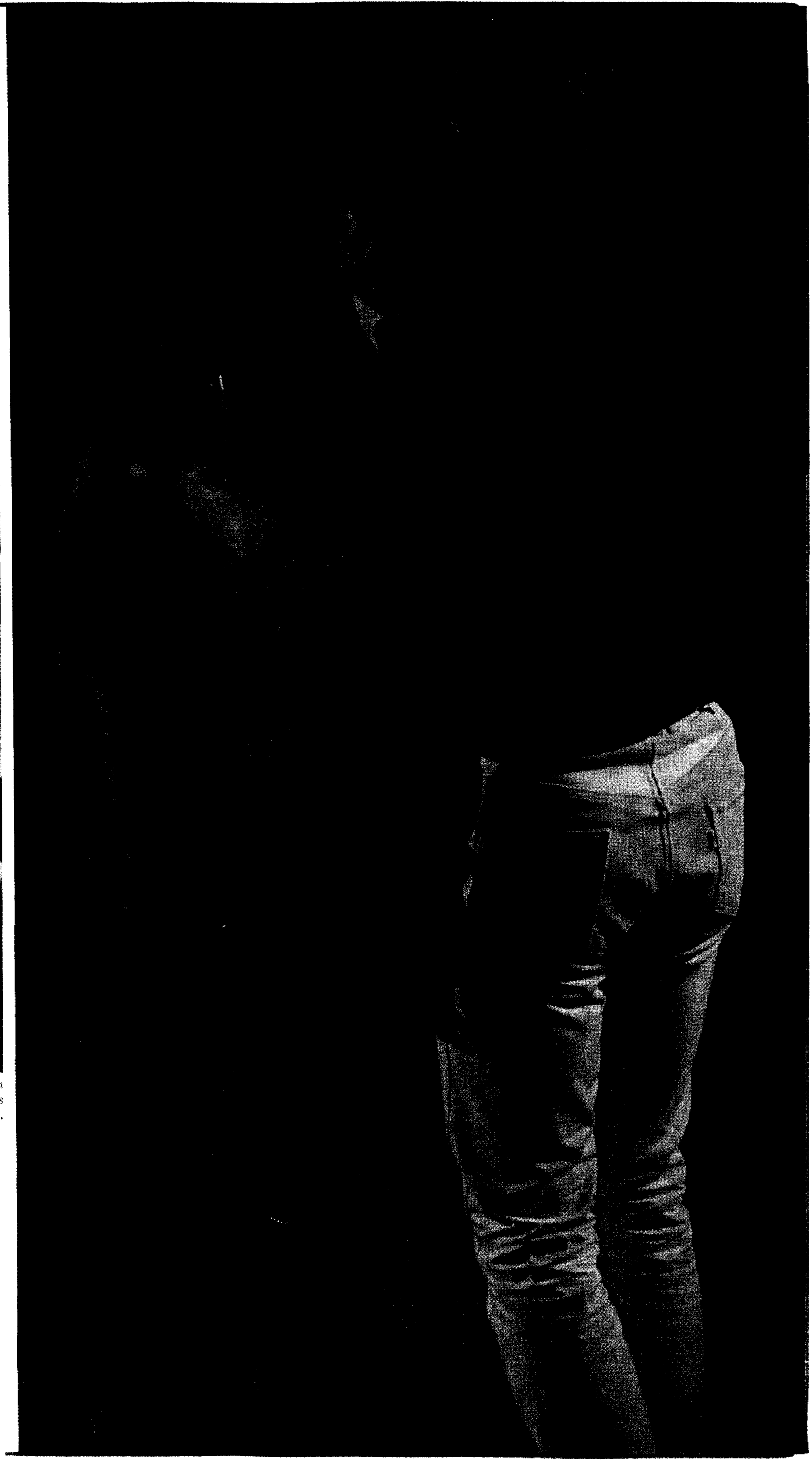

Above, two free souls of varying sartorial persuasion dine informally in Santa Monica. Right, dancers bare souls and skin at The Daisy on The Strip.

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Aliens in their [illegible]
and haunted [illegible]
three million [illegible]
quiet desperation.
They are

THE JEWS OF SILENCE

BY
ELIE
WIESEL

Translated from the Hebrew
by Neal Kozodoy

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The story of Jewish persecution in Russia is a long one, as long as the centuries since the first refugees fled northward from the Roman destruction of the Temple in Jerusalem. The very word for the massacre of helpless people, "pogrom," is a Russian word that passed into other languages after the devastation of the Jews in Kishinev, in the Ukraine, in 1903. In the dark years that followed, Jews were attacked in about 600 cities and villages, and thousands were killed as the government used the Jews as scapegoats for popular discontent with the czarist regime.

The Bolshevik Revolution brought promises of equality, but Josef Stalin never forgot that his great rival had been Leon Trotsky, born Lev Bronstein, and no prominent Russian Jew was ever safe from a Stalinist accusation of "Trotskyism" or "cosmopolitanism." Then came Hitler's attack, bringing the Wehrmacht to the gates of Moscow. Because Russia itself survived the onslaught, most of Russia's Jews survived the holocaust that destroyed millions in Eastern Europe. But after the war new Stalinist purges shut down Jewish publishing houses and the Jewish State Theater, harassing both Jewish culture and the practice of Judaism. In 1953, Stalin's police arrested nine "terrorist Jewish doctors," charged with plotting on orders from abroad to murder Soviet leaders. The mounting terror ended only with Stalin's own death. The estimated three million Jews who live in the Soviet Union—the next-largest Jewish community in the world, second only to that of the United States—are heirs to this tradition of anti-Semitism. Today almost no Jews are permitted to leave Russia; few outsiders know what life is like for the Silent Three Million.

Their eyes—I must tell about their eyes. I must begin with that, for their eyes precede all else, and everything is comprehended within them. The rest can wait. But their eyes—their eyes flame with a kind of irreducible truth which burns and is not consumed. Since my return from the Soviet Union I have often been asked what I saw, what it was I found there. My answer is always the same: only eyes, nothing else. I visited many cities, was shown what a tourist is shown, and have forgotten it all. But still the eyes pursue me; there is no escaping them.

I saw thousands, tens of thousands of eyes: in streets and hotels, subways, concert halls, in synagogues—especially in synagogues. It seemed at times as if the entire country were filled with eyes assembled out of ancient scrolls of agony. Jewish eyes, reflecting a strange unmediated reality, beyond the bounds of time and farther than the farthest distance. God Himself must surely possess eyes like these. If they could only speak. But they do speak; and the story they tell echoes in your mind like a horrible folk-tale from days gone by.

For years I refused to believe reports about the scope of Jewish suffering in the Soviet Union. I was sure the reports were exaggerated. If synagogues are being closed in Russia, I reasoned, Jews will simply go on praying in those remaining open. Does the press conduct a campaign of anti-Semitism? Does it portray Jews as black-marketeers, swindlers, drunkards? This too will pass. Jews are accustomed to living in an unfriendly atmosphere. The essential thing is that they be permitted to live, that there be no pogroms. And in Russia there are no pogroms. There are no concentration camps. The situation, in other words, is not so unbearable.

Of course, it could be better. But I did not believe the widespread declarations that the Russian government had embarked on a clear and relentless policy of "spiritual destruction." Despite, or because of, what had happened in the recent past, I shrank from this idea. The Soviets had fought against Hitler and had sacrificed 20 million lives. Of all people, they must know how impossible it is to "destroy" the spirit of a people—of any people. The very thought that they, or anyone, might even be attracted to such an idea struck me as anachronistic and absurd. One must, after all, learn *something* from history.

So I decided to examine the situation with my own eyes. I made my decision to spend the High Holy Days and Sukkot—the nine-day harvest festival— in Russia.

The travel arrangements took no more than 10 days. Other preparations proved more difficult. Over the years I had met people shattered by their contact with the Jews of Russia. I was aware that something would happen to me, but I did not know what. I made no plans, I decided not to request personal interviews, not to interview the rabbis or lay leaders of the various communities. I would approach Jews who held no position in society; they alone could tell me whether the reports I had heard were true or false. My journey to Russia would be a journey to find them.

I met one of them on my first evening in Moscow, a few hours after my arrival from New York and Paris. Actually, it was he who found me, standing on the sidewalk in front of the synagogue. From my clothes he could tell I was foreign, and he asked me if I spoke Yiddish. The darkness concealed his face. To this day I have no idea whether the first Jew who happened across my path on Russian soil was a young rebel, impelled by stubborn bravado and a Jewish conscience to risk serving as a public spokesman, or an old man sated with fear who had finally decided, no matter what the consequences, to break his silence. I do not even know whether he was addressing himself to me alone, or through me to someone abstract and distant, who lived as a free man in a land drenched with sunlight and sea.

I heard only his voice, choked and fearful, a few simple gray words used by generations of Jews to describe their condition and fate: "Do you know what is happening to us?" He continued to speak for a few seconds. He wanted me to know. Finally, a request to remember everything and tell it all. "There is no time. We are nearing the end. Impossible to give you details. You must understand. If I am being watched, I will pay for this conversation. Do not forget."

I wanted to press his hand, but I didn't dare. Maybe they were really watching us. And so, unconsciously, I slipped into the reality of Jewish fear in Russia. Suddenly he left me in the middle of a sentence and disappeared into the entrance to the synagogue.

I was to meet this Jew again, in Moscow and elsewhere. He always gave some sign by which I could recognize his presence. Once he thrust a note into my pocket; once he touched my arm without saying a word. Once I caught a secret wink of his eye. Each time I saw him he had changed his appearance. In Kiev I thought he was a construction worker, in Leningrad a civil engineer, in Tbilisi a university professor. But it was always he, for his story was the same and his request never varied. Do not forget, tell it all.

What are they afraid of? I don't know. Perhaps, afraid to ask, neither do they. I wasn't afraid to ask, but I never got an answer. Official government guides abruptly denied the existence of any such phenomenon, and the western diplomatic observers whom I consulted simply said that the whole matter was an enigma to them. As for the Jews that I talked to, they smiled at me sadly. "You're an outsider. You wouldn't understand."

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'I'll tell you why I'm a Jew—because I like to sing.'

The years of terror under Stalin are over. During the last 10 years changes have taken place in Russia which cannot be lightly dismissed as propaganda. The general populace is beginning to enjoy the benefits of society. If you stop a man in the street, he will not hesitate to talk with you. The person in the airplane seat next to yours will join you in conversation, perhaps even tell jokes. From time to time you may meet an English-speaking citizen who will admit that the workers' homeland has yet to become a paradise. Young people twisting in Russian nightclubs would put San Franciscans to shame.

It is only the Jews then who live in permanent fear. "You wouldn't understand,"

Inside the Moscow Synagogue the world was in uproar. Two thousand people spilled from the balcony onto the main floor.

I cannot say whether their fear is justified, but I know that it exists, and that its depths are greater than I had imagined possible. In city after city it confronted me like an impenetrable wall. People with whom I had been talking slipped away without saying good-bye. A person who had conversed with me one day denied knowing me the next.

I met a French Jew who told me he had come to Russia to visit a sister he hadn't seen since the war. When he arrived at her house she refused to let him in. Later she appeared at his hotel and, in the five minutes she allowed herself to stay, begged him to leave. "What did I do?" he cried. And I, to calm him, said, "Nothing. Try to understand: She's afraid." He began to shout. "Of whom? Of what?" I had no answer. Perhaps there is none. Perhaps their fear exists simply because it exists, and is therefore impossible to fight.

they say. It's true—I do not understand. Why do they behave like captives? No one denies that the Jews have benefited from the recent easing of tension. Writers who had been proscribed are now undergoing rehabilitation. Tens of thousands of Jews convicted of "Jewish nationalism" and sentenced to prison have been released. It is no longer dangerous to be known as a Yiddish writer; now and again one hears of whole evenings devoted to Yiddish songs and readings of Yiddish works. Ilya Ehrenburg, one of a handful of Jewish writers who survived the Stalin period, now takes public pride in the fact that certain liquidated Jews were among his closest friends.

Why are they afraid? I badgered my hosts with questions. Is someone who speaks with a Jew from abroad thrown into prison? If you are seen out strolling with a guest from America or Israel, will you be persecuted? One shred of evidence was all I needed, a single example to convince me of danger.

"Do me a favor," one Jew told me. "Don't ask simple questions." Another said, "If I told you, you wouldn't believe me. And even if you did, you wouldn't understand."

I did, however, succeed in discovering the answer to one riddle—not *what* they fear, but whom: informers, Jewish agents of the secret police who attend synagogue to observe the behavior of their fellow Jews. They have eyes to see, ears to hear, hands to write. You must always know who stands behind you, as you know beyond doubt before whom you will be called to render your accounts.

At first I refused to believe this. The idea of Jews informing on Jews was too repellent, especially in the House of God. But they believe it. Any number of times—in Moscow, in Leningrad, and particularly in Kiev—a Jew profoundly immersed in prayer was pointed out as a government agent, worshiping not the God of Israel but his enemies. "But how do you know that?" I found myself protesting. "Mightn't you be slandering an honest man?"

"Are you telling *us?*" Their gaze moves between grief and derision. "Do you mean to instruct *us* in matters of guilt and innocence?" Wounded and ashamed, one can only keep silent. Whether their suspicions are founded on fact is beside the point. *They* regard them as factual, and their conviction serves only to compound the fear in which they live. Occasional incidents would seem funny or absurd had they not been so tragic. "Do you see that redhead," someone would whisper in my ear, "sitting in the third row, pretending to pray with all his might? Keep away from him—he's one of theirs." Not an hour later the redhead himself would approach with lowered voice. "The Jew you were talking with before—we know him. He works for them."

You cannot understand these Jews, and that, more than anything else, is what so shocks you. Holidays and Sabbaths, when you see them standing outside the synagogue, they seem to be walking, bent over, through a world of the dead. Somehow you understand their sadness—their sadness, but not their fear. I found myself trembling as I asked what prevented me from comprehending. Am I not a Jew like them? But there is nothing in history to compare with this fear, this enclosed and silent fear.

My first encounter with the Russian Jewish community and with the fear that pervades it took place on the night I arrived in Russia. It was Yom Kippur eve, and as I stood in the Great Synagogue of Moscow, I thought I had come to pray in the company of Jews who once each year decided to leave hiding and worship their Creator in public. I felt like a stranger, a gentile, among them.

Yet on the surface, at least, I might have been in any prewar synagogue in Europe or America, not in the very heart of the Russian capital, 10 minutes away from the gold domes of the Kremlin. The sanctuary was brightly lit and crowded. Many were wearing white

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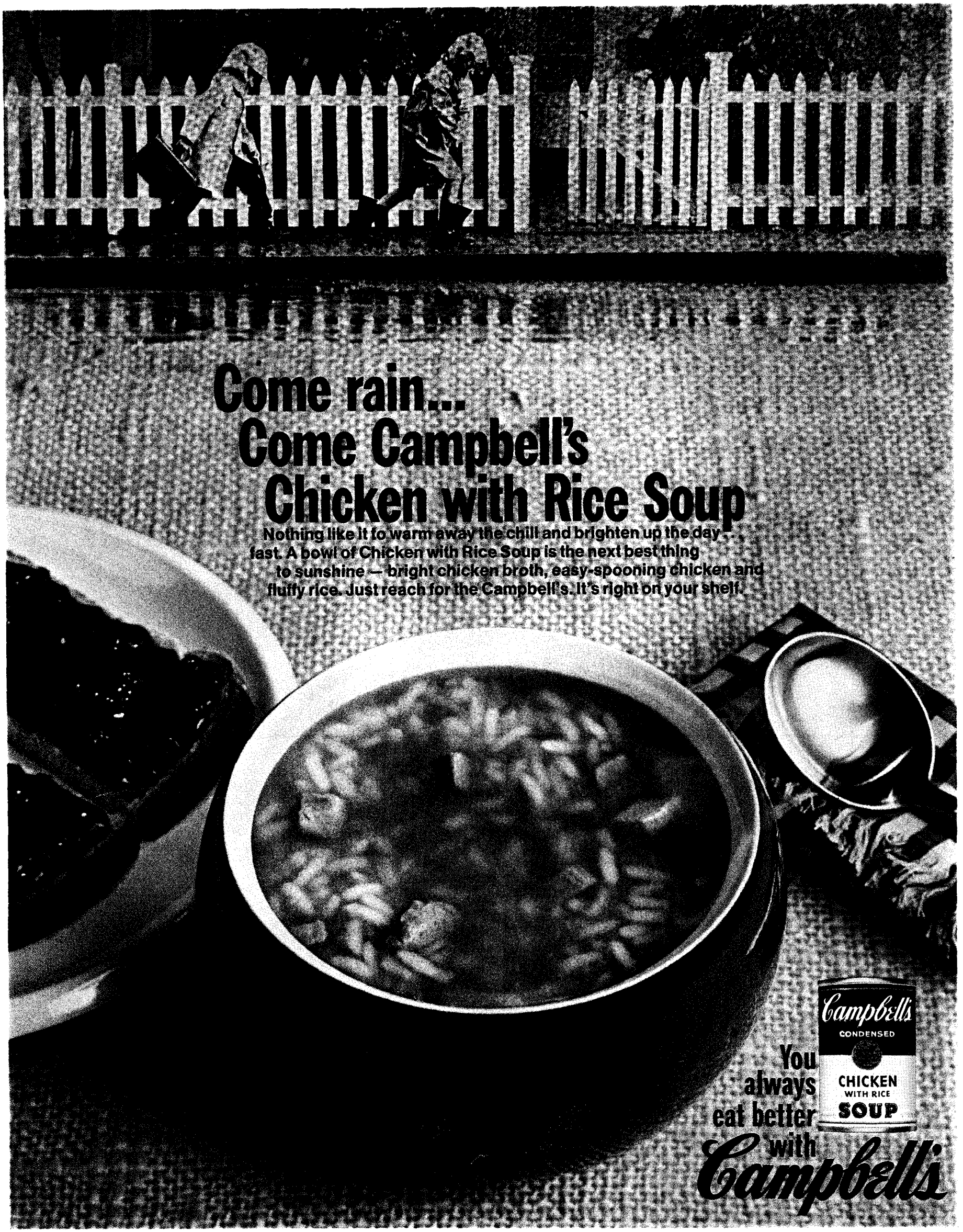
Come rain...
Come Campbell's
Chicken with Rice Soup
Nothing like it to warm away the chill and brighten up the day... fast. A bowl of Chicken with Rice Soup is the next best thing to sunshine — bright chicken broth, easy-spooning chicken and fluffy rice. Just reach for the Campbell's. It's right on your shelf.
Campbell's
CONDENSED
CHICKEN
WITH RICE
SOUP
You always eat better with Campbell's

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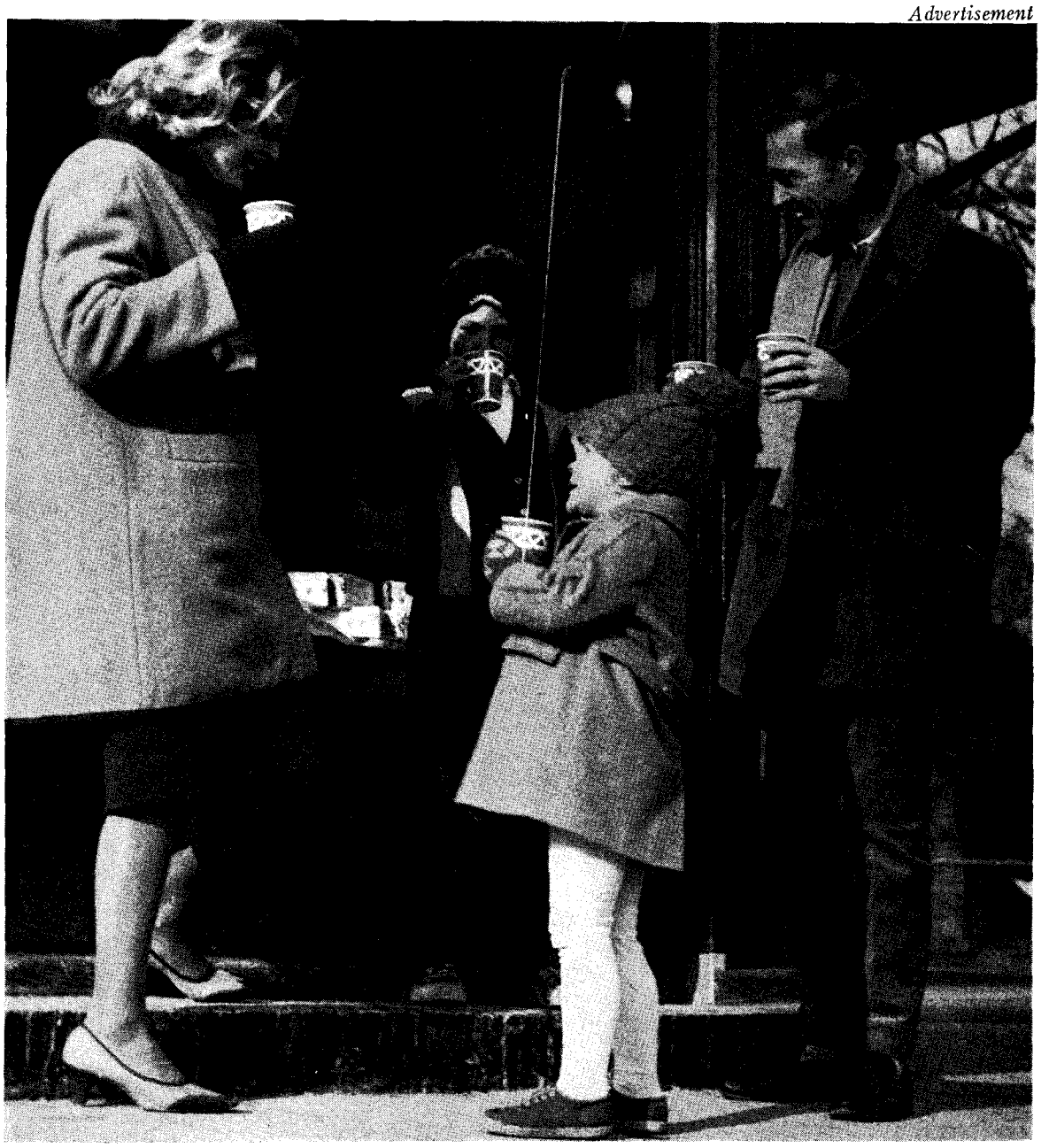
Experts find

YOU NEED NOT BE OVER 65 TO GAIN FROM MEDICARE



Life's more fun when you feel secure against medical bills. It's twice the fun knowing you'll get money back for staying healthy. Sick or well you must collect.

There are two important things people of all ages should realize about the government's new "Medicare" program of health protection for people over 65.

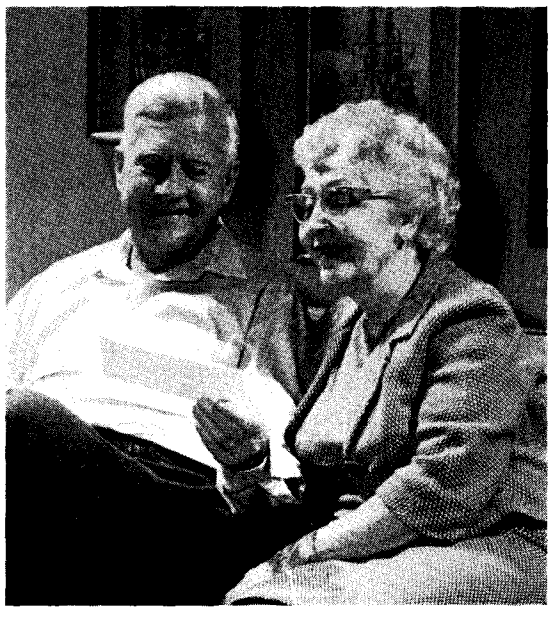
Most men and women over 65 already know that Medicare will not pay all their hospital, medical and surgical bills. They realize they need *added* protection to supplement Medicare and avoid an expensive loss. More about that later.

But few people *under* 65 realize that they, too, can gain from Medicare. A little-known part of the new Medicare law gives people a much bigger tax deduction on their health insurance premiums, starting with tax year 1967. So your health insurance can end up costing you less.

And now you can *also* get a revolutionary new kind of health insurance protection plan that *returns money to you* when you no longer need the protection because of Medicare.

When Medicare starts for you, this remarkable new low cost plan of protection will give you a big cash refund if you stayed well and didn't need the plan's benefits. Simply keep it in force until then, and you get paid a substantial cash "nest-egg" to enjoy during your retirement years—to save or spend as you wish. This extra cash can add important security to your retirement. Or you can use it for travel, a car, or for other things to help you enjoy retirement more.

Like ordinary health insurance, this new plan pays you tax-free cash benefits if you do get sick or hurt. It pays you regardless of other hospital, medical or surgical insurance you may have. And with today's higher-than-ever medical expenses, 9 out of 10 families urgently need added protection.



People over 65 get the cash they need to help fill the gaps in Medicare.

But unlike ordinary plans, this low cost plan means you no longer have to be sick or hurt to collect. Instead of paying premiums which return nothing if you have no claims, you get a big cash refund at maturity. In effect, you've built up an extra savings account.

Even if you do use up part of the benefits, you can still get a refund. If you collect less than what you've paid in annualized premiums, you get a refund of the difference. Sick or well, you *must* collect.

This revolutionary new kind of protection is offered by Bankers Life and Casualty Co. of Chicago as part of the famous White Cross Plan protecting over 6,000,000 Americans. And the White Cross Plan also includes new low cost protections specially designed to help people *over* 65 fill the gaps in Medicare.

The story of Medicare's new tax savings, plus the remarkable "Money-Back" plan and special "Over-65" plans to supplement Medicare, is told in the Gold Book, an interesting and informative booklet offered to you free by Bankers.

****To get your free copy of the Gold Book, simply fill out and mail the postage-free airmail reply card bound in next to this page. There is no cost or obligation.*

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holiday robes and prayer shawls. As usual, there was a large number of older people, but also many of middle age and quite a few between the ages of 20 and 30. The prayers went on in an orderly fashion, with traditional melodies sung by a cantor and choir. The scrolls of the Torah were removed from the ark, and, as the procession wound around the pulpit, the elderly rabbi, Yehuda-Leib Levin, declared in a trembling voice, "*Or zarua l'tzaddik* . . . Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the pure of heart." What light? What gladness? The cantor sang Kol Nidre, the prayer for the remission of vows and oaths. Here and there one heard a quiet sigh. A woman sobbed. And as the final blessing was intoned, "Blessed art Thou who hast kept us alive, and sustained us, and enabled us to reach this day," a shudder passed through the congregation. Another year.

Suddenly I sensed my neighbors examining me, trying to tear an imaginary mask from my face and thus reveal the true purpose of my presence among them. I heard whispers. "Does anyone know him?" No one. "Does anyone know where he's from or why he's here?" No one knew. No one could possibly know. Barely seven hours before I had been sitting in Paris. Their suspicion did not surprise me, although it did trouble me somewhat. I tried to start a conversation; they pretended not to understand Yiddish. Despite the crowding in the room, a kind of distance opened between us.

It was only when I began to pray aloud, in witless desperation, that the barriers fell. They listened closely, then drew nearer; their hearts opened. The crush was unbearable, but I loved it. And the questions poured out. Are there Jews in America? In Western Europe? Are they well off? Any news from Israel? Can it resist its enemies? All they wanted was to hear me talk. They refused to answer my questions. "Better not ask," said one. Another said the same. "We can't say, we can't talk," said a third. Why not? "Because it's dangerous." They turned to me with hunted looks.

"Don't talk," one said to me. "Just pray. That is enough. How good it is to know there are young Jews who still know how to pray." I forgot the rabbi and the cantor and the choir. I closed my eyes and raised my voice in prayer.

Masters mine, the Holy Presence dwells not among the sad of heart!" I was in a small sukkah, a tabernacle somewhere in Leningrad. About a hundred Hasidim—adherents to a form of Judaism that stresses enthusiastic piety—had pushed their way in to hear an old Jew, his face glowing and his heart raging with heat. When you shook his hand you felt strengthened and purified. The old man was shouting, a strange fire gleaming in his deep eyes. "'*V'-samahta b'hagecha!*—And thou shalt rejoice in thy festivals!' A command from the Torah, my masters, a commandment we fulfill at its proper time, no matter where we may be. Today is our festival, the festival of Sukkot—let it be so! I demand the holiday air, for no one will dampen our joy. We alone determine when to rejoice, when to accept our affliction in love and in silence. I say just because we cannot raise our heads we must utter song with all our being! You have heard me, my masters? If there is no joy, let us create it from nothing, and bestow it as a holiday gift upon our Lord!"

I couldn't take my eyes away from the aristocratic old face. I had heard that there were Hasidim in Russia, but not like him. I watched him in wonder: a Jew who refused absolutely to submit. Such Jews had celebrated the festivals of Judaism in the concentration camps of Europe, in the shadow of the ovens. The old man spoke, "Moshe! I request you, Moshe, sing us a song."

Moshe was embarrassed. Unlike the old man, who wore a *kapote*, the Hasidim's black robe, Moshe was dressed in a heavy coat. He was evidently a laborer or low-ranking bureaucrat who had somehow managed to take the day off. He would come here to pray, to join his companions in song, and to forget. But he would not sing alone. Perhaps his embarrassment was a result of his not wearing a beard, as orthodox observance requires, or not having a black *kapote* like the old man's.

"I want you to sing." This time it came as a command. "I want our guest to tell the Jews of the world that in Leningrad we know how to sing! Did you hear, Moshe? They must know!"

"Yes, but ——"

"No buts, not today. The rest of the year is for buts. Not on a holiday, Moshe, not in the sukkah, not in the presence of a guest from across the sea. Let him be the one to say but. Let him go home and report that the Jews of Russia live under such-and-such conditions, *but* they still know how to sing!"

"What shall I sing?" Moshe's voice took on the tone of an obedient child.

"You know. The Yiddish song I love so. But slowly now, don't hurry it. Slow and gentle, so we hear every word, every note. . . ."

Moshe closed his eyes and began to sing something in Yiddish, an old tune about a young Jewish boy who went to school and didn't want to learn Torah. Now he has a new master, a villain named Balak, who speaks a different language and teaches a different law. But now the young man returns, back to the days of his childhood. Isn't it too late? No, the rabbi still waits for him.

The song's message was simple. Moshe sang and the old man wept. "Again," he begged him. Moshe began again, afraid to disobey. And the old man continued to weep. "Again, Moshe, again!" Five times, twelve times. The old man wept in silence, holding his breath, as if hoping the song would change by repetition.

Hoarse with the effort, Moshe's voice became weaker and weaker until he stopped. No one moved, nobody uttered a sound. It was as if they feared reviving the present. Even the old one seemed to be dreaming a distant dream.

Suddenly he awoke with a start. "What happened to you all? Silent again? We must not submit, I tell you! I order you to rejoice, I command you to create a disturbance! Well, what are you waiting for? We have a guest from across the sea, a messenger! Is this our gift to our brothers? No! I tell you, no! A song of gladness for our guest, let him tell of the gladness in our hearts! Do you hear? I tell you . . ."

The sentence unfinished, his head fell forward on his chest, and he sobbed like a child.

I stayed with them for a few hours, and I sat with them through their holiday "banquet." Bread, fish and homemade wine. I don't know precisely how, but the Jews sitting around me in that sukkah managed to overcome their melancholy, began to tell jokes; it was as if they had just liberated themselves from the dark threat which pursued them. They began to sing, louder and louder; despite the narrow quarters a few began to dance.

"You will tell the Jews outside that you saw us dancing?" The old man's face radiated pride.

They didn't complain, didn't criticize the regime or lament the hard conditions of their lives. It was from other sources that I learned of attempts to annihilate the Jewish historical identity; that Leningrad too has its share of informers. There are 300,000 Jews in Leningrad, but fewer than 10 weddings a year in the synagogue, and no more than five *bar mitzvah* celebrations. "And the situation here is considered good," one told me. "At least I can die as a Jew. In Moscow there is no longer a Jewish cemetery."

The Hasidim do not talk; they only sing. But their song comes up as if from a great depth.

Kiev, the capital of the Ukraine, is a city of parks and palaces, of ancient churches and museums, set amid green hills and mountains on the Dnieper River. I was in Kiev on the second day of Sukkot. The Jews I found in the synagogue differed from those in other cities. Their fear is more solid, more compact, and perhaps more justified. Their own leaders terrorize them—you can feel that in your bones. Nowhere else in Russia did I see among Jews such hatred for their own leaders.

· No sooner had I entered the synagogue—which had served as a stable for the German army during the occupation—than two men appeared by my side to offer me a seat in the section reserved for guests. I declined. They issued an ultimatum: Either I conform to custom and obey their request, or go home. (They were not at all reluctant to cause a scene. There had already been cases in which guests were thrown out.) Since I had no choice, I thanked my hosts for their gracious welcome and let them lead me captive to the isolated bench in the front of the hall as the ceremony proceeded.

The *gabbai*, the lay leader, of the synagogue was a clumsy and vulgar man by the name of Jonah Gandelman. His eyes were permanently enraged, his voice continually shouting. He had the domineering character of a military commander. One look from him and the object of his wrath was cowed into obedience. From the pulpit he would unabashedly interrupt the service to revile anyone who dared to direct a surreptitious wink at the visitors' bench.

He did not speak to me. That task had been delegated to his aides, who surrounded me on all sides and described to me the state of the Jews in their city. The news was all good. Anti-Semitism in Kiev? God forbid. There were, here and there, a few fanatic Jew-haters, but the government was taking proper care of them. The Jews have it very good here. They live in absolute freedom, in wealth and abundance, God be praised. Why is there only one synagogue? The Jews are to blame; they have forgotten their religion. And no Jewish school? The

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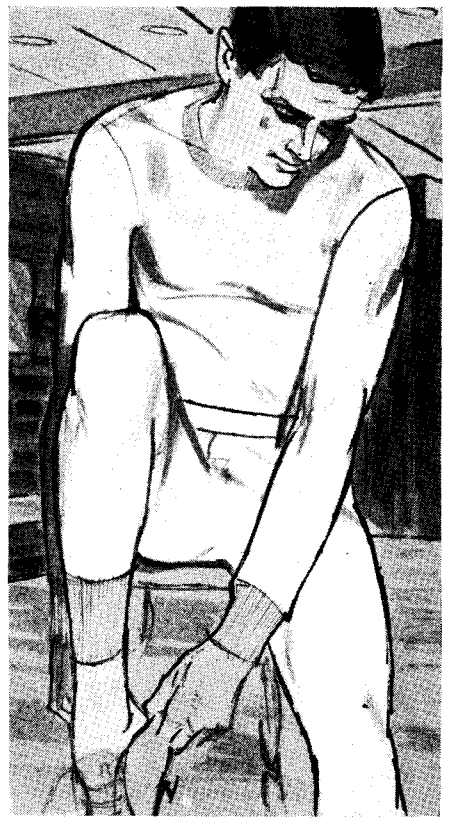

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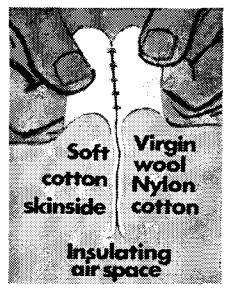

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youth is at fault; they are not interested in Judaism. Whoever wishes to live a Jewish life in Kiev may do so. If you want to eat kosher meat, there are 20 ritual butchers in the neighborhood; take your pick. And *mohalim* (who perform ritual circumcision)? Enough, and more. Is there a rabbi? Naturally, but he is old and ill. Is there no one else, will there never be anyone else to take his place? No. The Jews are at fault.

Yet, even as my hosts were doing their best to take my mind off the congregation, I suddenly heard someone chanting an unfamiliar prayer, a prayer not to be found in the Sukkot liturgy. He stood three rows behind me, an elderly man, rather tall, his face suffused with an uncommon purity of expression. He was profoundly immersed in prayer, but mingled in his devotions were snatches of prose intended for my ears alone. "Thou hast chosen us from among all nations . . . don't believe them . . . Thou hast loved us and taken pleasure in us . . . they do not speak for us, they work against us . . . and because of our sins we were exiled from our land . . . know that it is bad for us here, that we are nearing the end. . . ."

Thus I received a detailed account of Jewish life in Kiev: Anyone who teaches his children Torah runs an awful risk. If one talks to a guest from abroad he will be reprimanded. They don't imprison new offenders anymore, but those incarcerated two years ago for the crime of "Jewish nationalism" have yet to be released. Jews are haunted by a relentless insecurity, afraid to speak Yiddish in the street, afraid to approach the government or even their own leaders with religious requests. The Jewish spirit is deteriorating rapidly; it cannot hold out much longer. The old Jew prayed on, less to God than to me. All the time he seemed to be reading his report out of the prayer book in his hands.

On the second day of Sukkot, I left the synagogue after morning prayers and started toward the Hotel Dnieper, where I had a room. I sensed that I was being followed. Turning around suddenly, I saw three Jews standing at some distance from me. They had stopped when I had. I felt sorry for them; they must have been sent by the *gabbai* to keep an eye on me. I shrugged and continued walking. They followed.

A few minutes later I heard one of them quicken his pace. I slowed down and waited to be overtaken. "I must talk to you," he hissed at me in Yiddish. "It's too dangerous inside. My friends will stay back there to warn me."

He began to describe in gloomy terms the condition of the 150,000 Jews in Kiev. After talking for some time, he broke off almost in the middle of a sentence and returned to his companions, sending one of them to continue the account. In 20 minutes the third took his turn. Each of them knew what the one before had said; there was no repeating of information. One spoke about the chief *gabbai* and his cruelty toward the old rabbi; another told about Jews who were still in prison on charges of Zionist-nationalist activity or on suspicion of having committed "economic crimes"; the third stressed the impending doom of Russian Jewry—only a miracle could help. All three asked the same questions. Why are the Jews outside so silent? Why aren't they doing something? I couldn't answer their questions. I don't know.

I spent three full days in Kiev without finding anyone who would take me to Babi Yar. The Intourist guides were too busy. Jews who had managed briefly to elude my bodyguards did not dare to be seen in my company for long. Jonah Gandelman's aides claimed that the question should be taken up with the Office of Tourism, not with them.

For the Jewish tourist there is only one point of interest in Kiev, an attraction missing from the map and excluded from guided tours: Babi Yar. Kiev *is* Babi Yar. No one knows how many Jews were killed at Babi Yar on the last two days of September, 1941. "Yar" is the Ukrainian word for "ravine," and Babi Yar is where all the city's Jews were commanded to assemble a week after the Nazi troops arrived. Long before dawn on the 29th, Kiev's streets were filled with Jews carrying babies and helping the aged to reach the ravine before the 8 A.M. deadline. Many believed they were to be transported to safer areas away from the front. Machine guns echoing in the ravine told the truth.

How many Jews died in those two days of slaughter? Some say 70,000, others 200,000. There is no doubt that tens of thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, of Jews were killed at Babi Yar, and the populace of Kiev did nothing to prevent the mass murders.

The Soviets have officially ignored Babi Yar and gloss over the specifically Jewish nature of the tragedy; the Great Soviet Encyclopedia says merely that "195,000 peaceful citizens" were shot there. In 1961, however, the popular young Soviet poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko published *Babi Yar*, a poem which was anti-Stalinist in tone and protested the absence of a monument at the site. Yevtushenko was subsequently denounced for "overconcern with the Jews" and for "slandering the Soviet people." The poem, which had to be revised but has nonetheless remained immensely popular and is always the featured work of Yevtushenko's readings, includes these lines: "Oh, my Russian people! . . . the unclean have often loudly taken in vain your most pure name. I know how good is my native land and how vile it is that, without a quiver, the anti-Semites styled themselves with pomp 'the union of the Russian people' . . . Wild grasses rustle over Babi Yar. The trees look down sternly, like judges. Everything here shrieks silently . . . and I myself am nothing but a silent shriek, over the thousands and thousands buried in this place. . . ."*

Eyewitnesses say that for months after the killings the ground continued to spurt geysers of blood. One was always treading on corpses. Even recently someone dug up a new mass grave, and it is generally held that this was not the last.

Non-Jews in Kiev do not like to talk about it. Even the quasi-official spokesmen of the Jewish community prefer to pass over it in silence. Indeed, those who are prepared to speak the whole truth about Babi Yar can find none to listen. A woman was pointed out to me in the synagogue. She was not among those taken out to be shot. She had managed to hide and escape; her husband was caught and killed with the others. After the liberation, his widow

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somehow received a long letter he had left for her. She shut herself in her room and for three days and three nights read the letter, over and over, hundreds of times, line by line and word by word. Then she went to Babi Yar and called to her husband. The next day she did the same. Now that is all she does, every day of the year, except for Sabbaths and holidays. She doesn't talk to other people, doesn't pay visits to friends or gossip with her neighbors. Whatever she has to say is written in that letter. Everything she has to say she screams at Babi Yar. The dead listen to her. Only the dead.

Finally, when I saw that no one would take me to Babi Yar, I remembered the advice of a Western diplomat I had met in Moscow: I hired a taxi. I gave the driver 20 rubles—a week's salary—and told him, "Babi Yar." He understood immediately and smiled. It was only later that the suspicion arose in my mind that his smile may have been more mocking than friendly.

We traversed the city, continued until we reached a broad and open area. In the distance were new housing developments, groceries and little repair shops on the ground floor of five-story apartment buildings. On my right a new highway, on my left a construction site. "Babi Yar," the driver shrugged, as if to explain, *You can see with your own eyes there's nothing here.* He was right. Nothing. Blue skies, a long smooth road, the movement of traffic. And the driver's smile. I stayed there for an hour searching for a sign, a memorial of some kind. Nothing. There is nothing to see at Babi Yar.

I had arranged to spend the last days of Sukkot in Moscow. What would take place in Moscow could not happen anywhere else, inside Russia or abroad—so I had heard from people who had been there over the past three years. Thousands of students would gather at the Moscow synagogue on the night of Simhat Torah—"Rejoicing of the Law," the last day of the Sukkot festival. I wanted to see young people, to see whether they were still Jews. While traveling through Russia I had spoken mostly with the elderly or middle-aged. Many of them had expressed anxiety about the younger generation, its increasing estrangement and assimilationism. They told me there was little hope for the perpetuation of Judaism in Russia. But tonight youth itself would take the witness stand.

There was a cold wind blowing that cut to the bone. In front of the synagogue two gigantic floodlights illuminated the entire street. Inside, the great hall of the synagogue was crammed with more than 2,000 men and women. Many had brought their children to see that the Jews knew how to rejoice. Young girls stood among the men on the ground floor. The balcony was overflowing. People smiled at one another: On all other nights we live in fear; tonight we are free men. Tonight one is permitted even to smile at strangers.

The old rabbi seemed calmer than he had on Yom Kippur. The hall buzzed with conversation. Eyes reflected hope and well-being. When would the processions begin? They had long since finished the evening prayers. Why were they waiting? It seemed that they were just waiting; they had no special reason. They waited because if they didn't begin they wouldn't have to end; they could treasure the holiday.

"Festivities are already under way outside," we were told by new arrivals.

The *gabbai* decided they had to start. He banged on the table and shouted for silence. Thousands of whispers grew into an overwhelming roar. The *gabbai* continued shouting, but only those standing nearby could hear him.

They began. Rabbi Yehuda-Leib Levin was honored with the first verse, "Thou hast caused us to know . . ." He seemed to have recovered his youthful energy. His deep, sorrowful voice seemed more melodious.

"The celebrating outside is incredible," we were told.

Inside, too, it was the same. The scrolls of the Torah were taken from the ark and the dignitaries of the community invited to lead the first procession. How could they lead a procession through this mob? The Jews in the meantime sang, louder and louder. They were all looking at us, the guests, as if to say, "Well, what is it with you? Let's hear something from you." The entire Israeli diplomatic corps was present, together with their wives and children, and I had taken my place among them. We sang: "Gather our scattered ones from among the nations, and our dispersed from the corners of the world." Five times, ten times.

"Outside they are turning the world upside down." Should we go out? Here too, the world was in uproar. Men who hadn't sung for a year were lifting their voices. Old men held their grandchildren on their shoulders, saying: "Look, and remember." Tzvikah, the vocalist in the Israeli corps, assembled his chorus and gave the pitch: "David, King of Israel, lives and endures."

The dignitaries had made their way back to the pulpit. The first procession was over. The *gabbai* announced that all guests were to take part in the second, and the congregation responded with new bursts of song. We held the scrolls tightly to our chests and tried to make our way through the congregation. But instead of opening a path for us they pressed in closer. We were surrounded by a sea of faces, creased, joyful, unmasked. Hats of all kinds, skullcaps of every color, handkerchiefs in place of head coverings. A young girl clapped her hands, an old man lifted up his eyes as if in prayer, a laborer sighed joyfully. Old men and their children and their children's children—everyone wanted to touch the Torah, to touch us. Everyone had something to whisper in our ears: a blessing or a secret. I have never in my life been surrounded by so much goodwill and love. One pressed my hand, a second patted my arm, a third held my clothing. They wouldn't let us move forward. They seemed to be trying to stop the progress of time. Through us they became freer, they came closer to their dreams.

A few went further, giving vent to their inmost feelings, but always in a whisper: I have a brother in Israel, a sister in Jerusalem, an uncle in Haifa. Short notices: brother, sister, grandfather, uncle, grandson—no names. They simply wanted us to know that a part of them was in the land of Israel. A Jew with a laborer's cap falling over his brow pushed up and announced that he had something to tell me, but no one was to hear. He began to sing softly in my ear the words of *Hatikvah* (the Israeli anthem), finished the first stanza and

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disappeared, his face alight with victory. A woman pleaded with me, "Say something to my daughter. I brought her so she would see Jews who are not ashamed or afraid." The girl was very beautiful, dark and mysterious, with flashing eyes. She spoke in Russian; I answered in Hebrew. Neither of us understood the other, and yet we did.

Our procession lasted about an hour. Pale and drenched with sweat, we relinquished the Torah scrolls to the next group of marchers and returned to our seats out of breath and exhausted.

"They're going crazy out there. We must join them." We went. The remaining processions we would celebrate outside; luckily there was a side door. The street was unrecognizable. For a second I thought I had been transported to another world, somewhere in Israel or in Brooklyn.

Where did they all come from? How did they know Simhat Torah was to be tonight, tonight on Arkhipova Street here in Moscow near the Great Synagogue? Who told them that tens of thousands of boys and girls would gather here to sing and dance and rejoice in the joy of the Torah? I spent hours among them, dazed and excited. I forgot the depression that had been building up over the past weeks. The purest light is born in darkness.

The "festival of youth" has become something of a Russian tradition since it first began four or five years ago during the period of internal easement inaugurated by Nikita Khrushchev. At first the festivals were attended by a few hundred students, then the number grew into the thousands. Now they come in tens of thousands. Objective observers claim that the gatherings have no relation to Jewish religious feeling: The young people come to the synagogue as they would to a club, to make new friends and learn new songs and dances. I should say they come to the synagogue to be among Jews, in defiance of all efforts to make of Judaism an object worthy of their hatred. If they come to Arkhipova Street, it is a sign that they wish to live as Jews—at least one evening a year.

"What does anyone in America or Israel care if my internal Soviet passport is stamped 'Jewish'? It doesn't matter to me, and it doesn't matter to these people here tonight. So stop protesting about things that don't bother us. We have long since ceased being ashamed of our Jewishness. We can't hide it anyway. Besides, by accepting it we've managed to turn obedience to the law into an act of free choice."

The man I was talking to had served as a captain in the Red Army and had been decorated in Berlin. Like his father before him, he was a sworn Communist. But like all the rest, he suffered on account of his Jewishness. Were he Russian, he had no doubt, he would long ago have been appointed a full professor at the university. He was still holding an instructorship in foreign languages. One day, he said, he decided that as long as they made him feel like a Jew, he might as well beat them at their own game. "Two years ago I came to the synagogue on the night of Simhat Torah. I wanted to see Jews, and I wanted to be with them. I didn't tell my wife, who isn't Jewish, or my sixteen-year-old son. Why should I burden him with problems? There was time enough for that. I came back last year for the second time. The youngsters were singing and dancing, almost like tonight. I found myself suddenly in the middle of a group of youngsters and my heart stopped—I was standing face to face with my son. He said he'd been coming for the past three years, but hadn't dared to tell me.

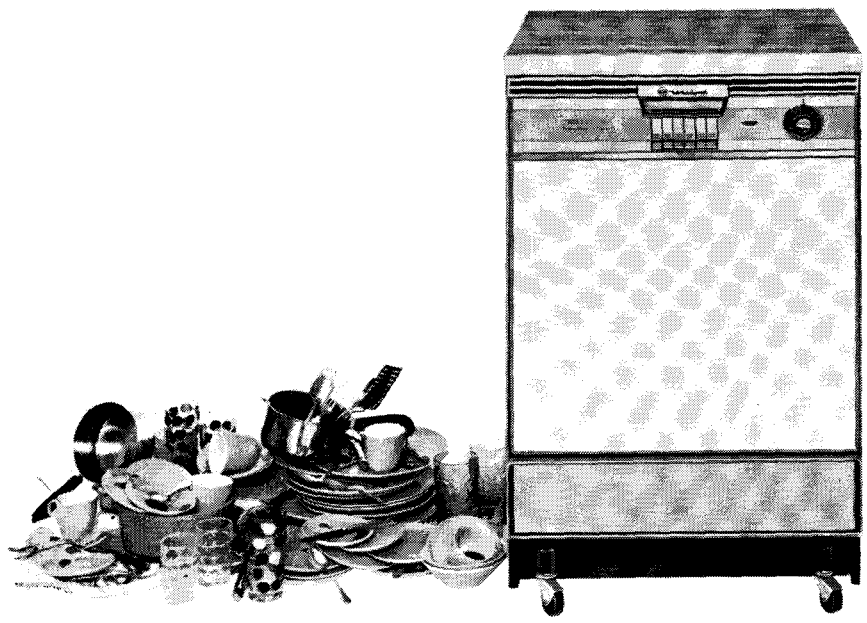
"Would you like to see him?" he asked me.

"Yes, very much."

"He's here, somewhere," he said, gesturing at the crowd as if to say: Look closely, they are all my son.

They came in groups; they came alone. But once here, they became a single body. About 30,000. The crush was worse than it had been inside the synagogue. They filled the whole street, spilled over into courtyards, dancing and singing. Chagall-like, floating above the mass of shadows and colors below, above time, climbing a Jacob's ladder that reached to the heavens, if not higher. Tomorrow they would descend and scatter, disappear into the innermost parts of Moscow, not to be heard from for another year. I moved among them like a sleepwalker, stunned by what I saw, sharing their happiness and absorbing the sound of their voices.

It was after 10. The cold brought tears to one's eyes. But it was easy to warm up; one had only to join in the singing, or start talking with someone. A girl strummed her guitar and sang a Yiddish folksong: "Buy my cigarettes,



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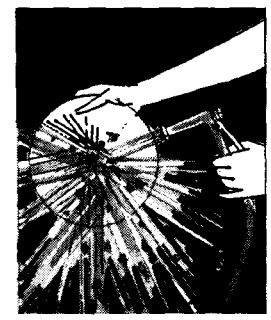

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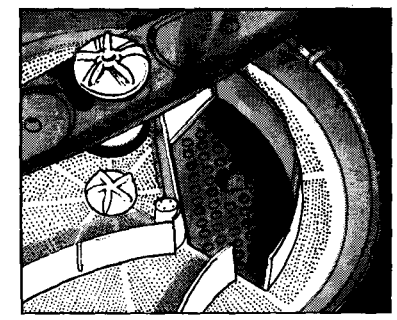

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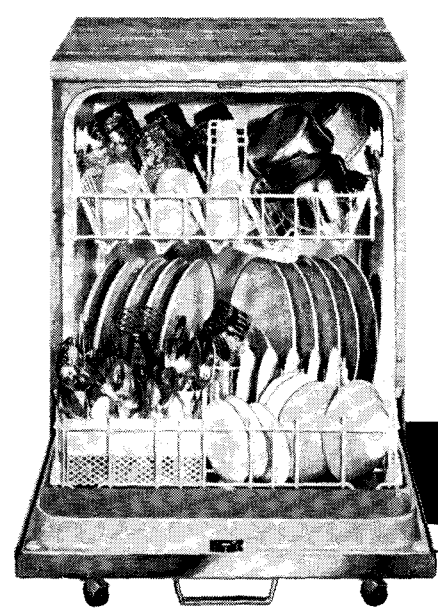

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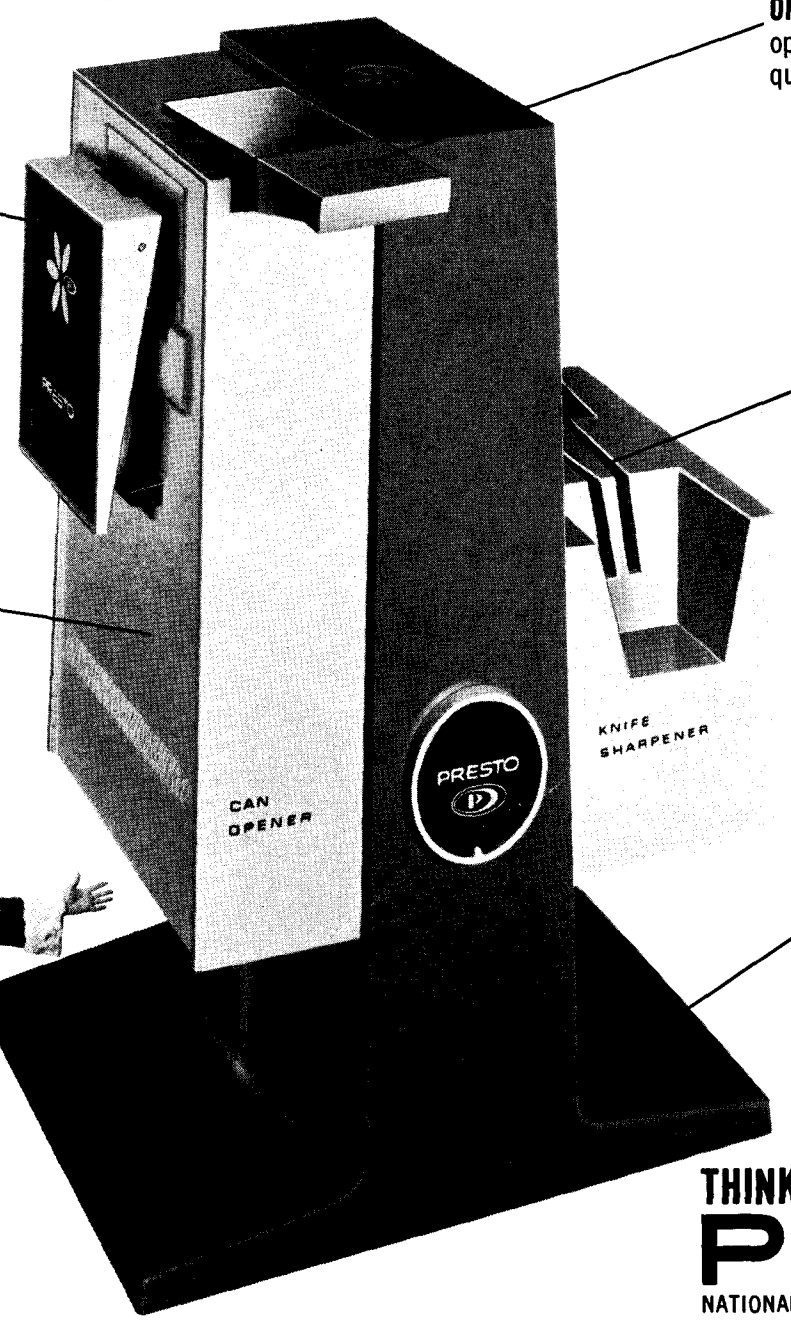

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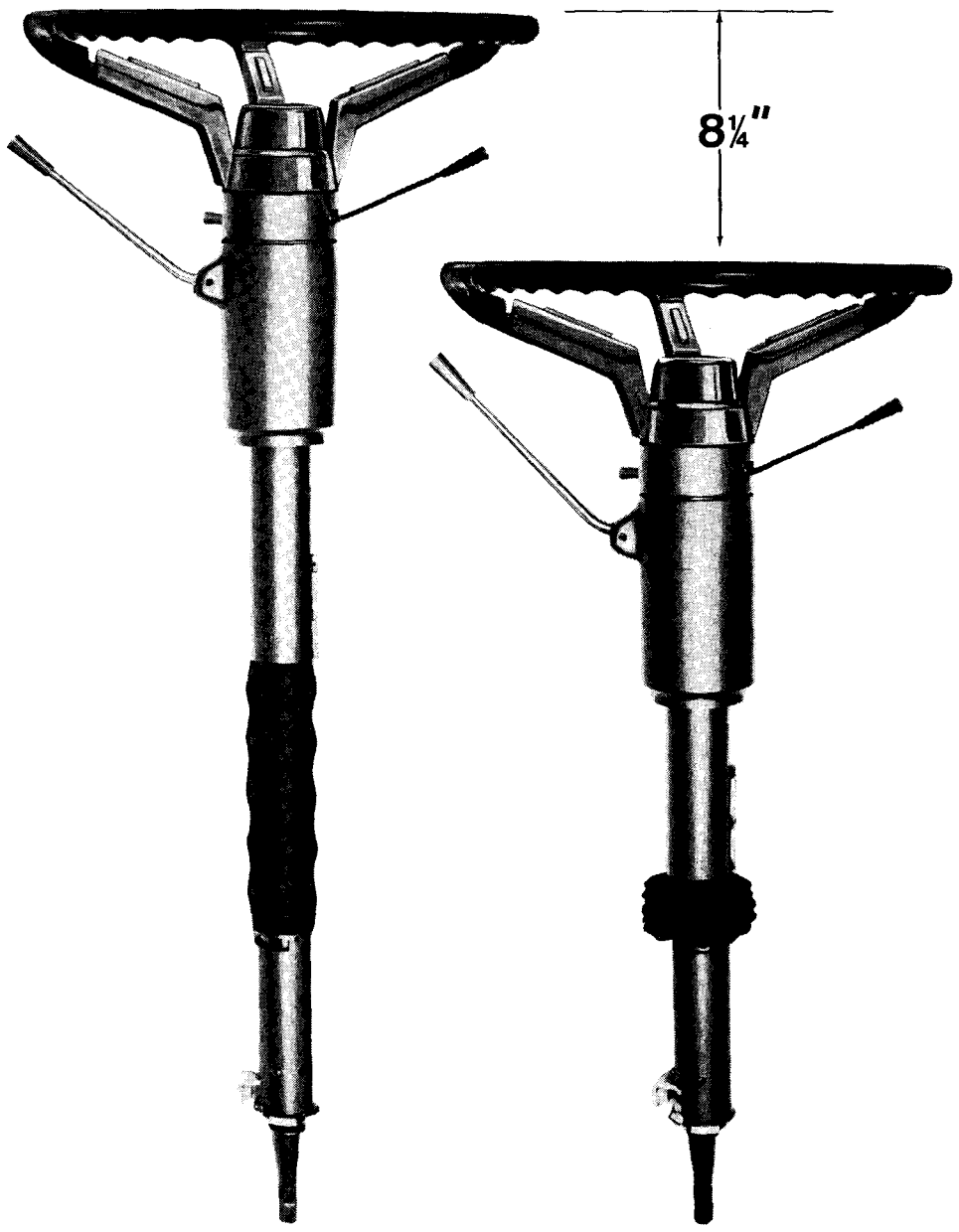

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take pity on a poor orphan." A few steps away, a boy played an Israeli tune, "*Heivenu Shalom Aleichem*," on the accordion. Farther on, others were dancing the *hora*. Still another group was heatedly debating Judaism and Israel. "I am a Communist!" a young student shouted. I asked him what he was doing here. "I am also a Jew."

A dark-haired and vivacious girl stood in the middle of a circle, leading a chorus of voices in a series of questions and answers.

"Who are we?"

"Jews!"

"What are we?"

"Jews!"

"What shall we remain?"

"Jews!"

They laughed as they chanted their responses. Someone translated the dialogue for me, urged me to join in the laughter and handclapping. It was a splendid joke: The echoes of the Jewish celebration reached to the Kremlin. "It's too crowded here!" a boy cried. "Next year we celebrate in Red Square!" His audience burst into applause. "Who are we?" asked the dark-haired girl.

"Jews!"

A little later I went up to talk with her. Would she speak to a stranger? She would. Not afraid? No, not tonight. And other nights? Let's stick to tonight. She was a humanities major at the university. She spoke Yiddish, she said, with her grandfather, sometimes with her parents, and occasionally even with friends when they were alone. Was she religious? Far from it; never had been. Her parents had been born after the Revolution, and even they had received an antireligious education. What did she know about the Jewish religion? That it was based on outdated values. And about the Jewish people? That it was made up of capitalists and swindlers. And the state of Israel? That it was aggressive, racist and imperialist. Where had she learned all this? From textbooks, government pamphlets and the press. I asked her why she insisted on remaining Jewish. She hesitated, searching for the proper word, then smiled. "What does it matter what they think of us—it's what we think that counts." And she added immediately, "I'll tell you why I'm a Jew. Because I like to sing."

One group of students had formed a human pyramid. The young man at the apex was yelling defiantly, "Nothing can help them! We shall overcome them!" His audience roared back, "Hurrah! Hurrah!" More cheers came from a nearby group that was celebrating the holiday by tossing one of their number into the air. Five times, six, seven. Higher, higher. A girl pleaded with them to stop, but they paid no attention. Eight times, nine, ten. Nothing would happen. Nothing did. A carpet of outstretched hands was waiting to catch the hero upon his return from on high. This is how Russian soldiers celebrated their victory over the Germans, and how the Jews celebrate their triumph over despair.

The Jew who came up to me in a dark side street in Leningrad seemed older than his years. "We prayed together in the synagogue this morning," he said, as if to justify himself. "I was waiting for a chance to talk to you."

Five hours had passed since morning prayers. I hadn't noticed him, though he had trailed me since then to the library, to my hotel, and through a museum exhibit. He hadn't dared come nearer until he was sure that we weren't being followed. "I am at your service," I said. "We can talk now, if you like."

He was wearing a winter coat, and breathing heavily. The walk had tired him. A smile lay frozen on his thin face. All the world's undefined weariness seemed to have settled in his large eyes.

"I have a number of questions. I would be grateful if you would be so kind as to answer them."

He has a brother in Israel, I thought, or in America, and he wants me to locate him. Dozens of Jews had approached me: Do you know Leib Finkelstein in Philadelphia? Sam Rosenberg in New Jersey? Isaac Stein in Petah Tikvah? You always say yes. Or that you know someone who knows them. You promise to get in touch.

"You don't understand. I just want to ask questions. I don't need help, only information." I waited for an explanation, but instead he began a strange monologue, answering his own questions. He held me there as a witness to his thoughts, to listen and to remember.

"They say there are three million Jews in New York, hah? I don't believe it. And that in all of America the number comes to six million, hah? I don't believe it. I hear there are statesmen and rich industrialists, rabbis and writers and social workers, and that they're all devoted to their people, dedicated to their work? I just don't believe it. If it were true, we would *know* about it. Don't come to me with fairy tales. The truth is, there are no Jews in America or anywhere else. Only here."

If he had been in a rage I would have been less moved by what he said. But his speech was quiet and restrained, devoid of any bitterness or complaint. It occurred to me suddenly that I was right the first time. The man did have a brother in America, more than one. In his own way he was trying to locate six million lost brothers and exchange with them a sign of life.

In a small and secluded synagogue during Sukkot, I was among about 800 Jews, and I was given the honor of reciting the haftarah, the prophetic lesson. They looked at me in silence as I chanted the words, but their faces were wet with tears. Why? They wept because they saw that there are still young Jews in the world who can read from the Torah, who have not forgotten the melodies of prayer. Without our knowing it, and perhaps without our willing it, Jews outside Russia have become their support, forging their will to live.

The Jew I met on a side street in Leningrad told me that the only real Jews today live in Russia. Nowhere else. He may be right.

If there is one place in the world where the state of Israel is regarded not as a territorial unit operating according to its own laws and within its own borders, but as a distant dream which fills the veins of reality with sacred blood, that place is the Soviet Union. It is only the Jews of Russia who have yet to be infected with cynicism toward the Jewish state, who still identify the earthly Jerusalem with its heavenly counterpart, the eternal city that embraces a Temple of Fire. The Jews of Russia know nothing of the secular affairs of Israel, of the petty political squabbles. For them the Jewish state is wrapped in a prayer shawl of purest blue, its citizens all heroes; otherwise they wouldn't be living there.

Some will say: double loyalties. But they will not understand that the loyalty of these Jews does not extend to a foreign power but to a concept and a vision. For the Jews of Russia, Israel is not simply a geographical location but an abstract messianic principle, part of their own inner spiritual life. The Russian authorities and the Jews speak two different languages, talk about two different things. Soviet propaganda maligns the earthly Jerusalem without injuring in the slightest the Jerusalem which Jews treasure in their dreams as a city innocent of any stain or flaw; their fidelity to that Jerusalem is in essence fidelity to themselves. It is for this reason that they value anything that comes from Israel, and honor anyone who comes in its name. Day-to-day words can in Russia produce extreme sentimental emotion. In Moscow I saw a Jew burst into tears when a little girl from Israel said something to him in Hebrew. I sometimes think that if Israel had been established solely for the sake of these Jews, it would have fulfilled its purpose.

Were the gates suddenly to open, would all three million Jews in Russia leave for Israel? I met Jews who exclaimed to me, "If only they would load us all on a great cart and send us off to Israel!" But I also talked with young people who said the opposite: "We are not prepared to become immigrants in a new land and begin our lives all over again."

It is hard to determine which of these two expressions is the more characteristic. During my travels, however, I came to the conclusion that once the first gate opened, Russian Jews would leave in multitudes. But if the Jews of Russia leave their homes it will not be because they oppose the regime or because the objective conditions of their lives are unbearable. Many Russian citizens share those same conditions. They will leave only because of the anti-Jewish atmosphere which—no matter who is at fault—pervades their homeland.

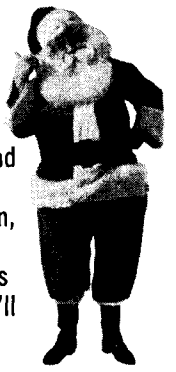
I shall never forget the Jew who came up to me in the synagogue and almost without moving his lips said under his breath, "I spent ten years in a prison and a labor camp for so-called Jewish nationalist activities; now I know that it was worth it." And how can I forget the girls teaching their boyfriends Yiddish and Israeli songs that they had learned God knows how and God knows where? Or the melancholy look of the waitress who saw the Hebrew newspaper in my hand? "If something should happen to Israel, we would be totally lost. If that hope also explodes, we will no longer be able to hold out, we will have to submit." This was the opinion of a technician, about 40 years old, who was born in Russia, studied in a Russian high school and university, had served in the Red Army and was twice wounded in the service of his homeland.

"If you could emigrate to Israel," I asked him, "would you go?"

He was a Communist. "That is a question I'd rather not think about."

Can one be loyal to two opposed ideas at the same time? Apparently so. For the Jews of Russia everything is

THINK TWICE AND YOU'LL GIVE PRESTO



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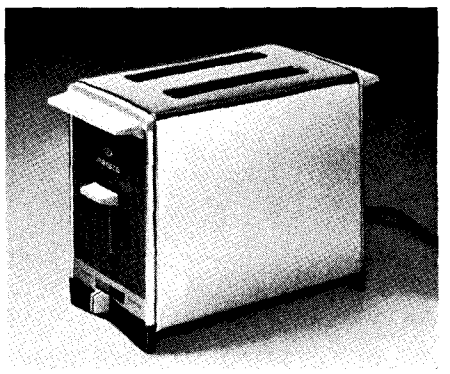

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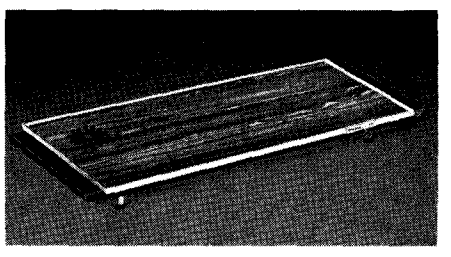
COFFEEMAKER. The easiest-to-clean coffeemaker of all. Stainless steel, completely submersible, you can clean every inch—inside and out. Open spout can't trap old grounds or coffee oils. Super-fast, brews a cup a minute. In all white or black.



HOT SERVERS. Attractive trays and automatic food warmers. In 12 x 24" and 9 x 32" sizes. Thermostatic heat control, "hot spot" for beverages, beautiful woodgrain surface.

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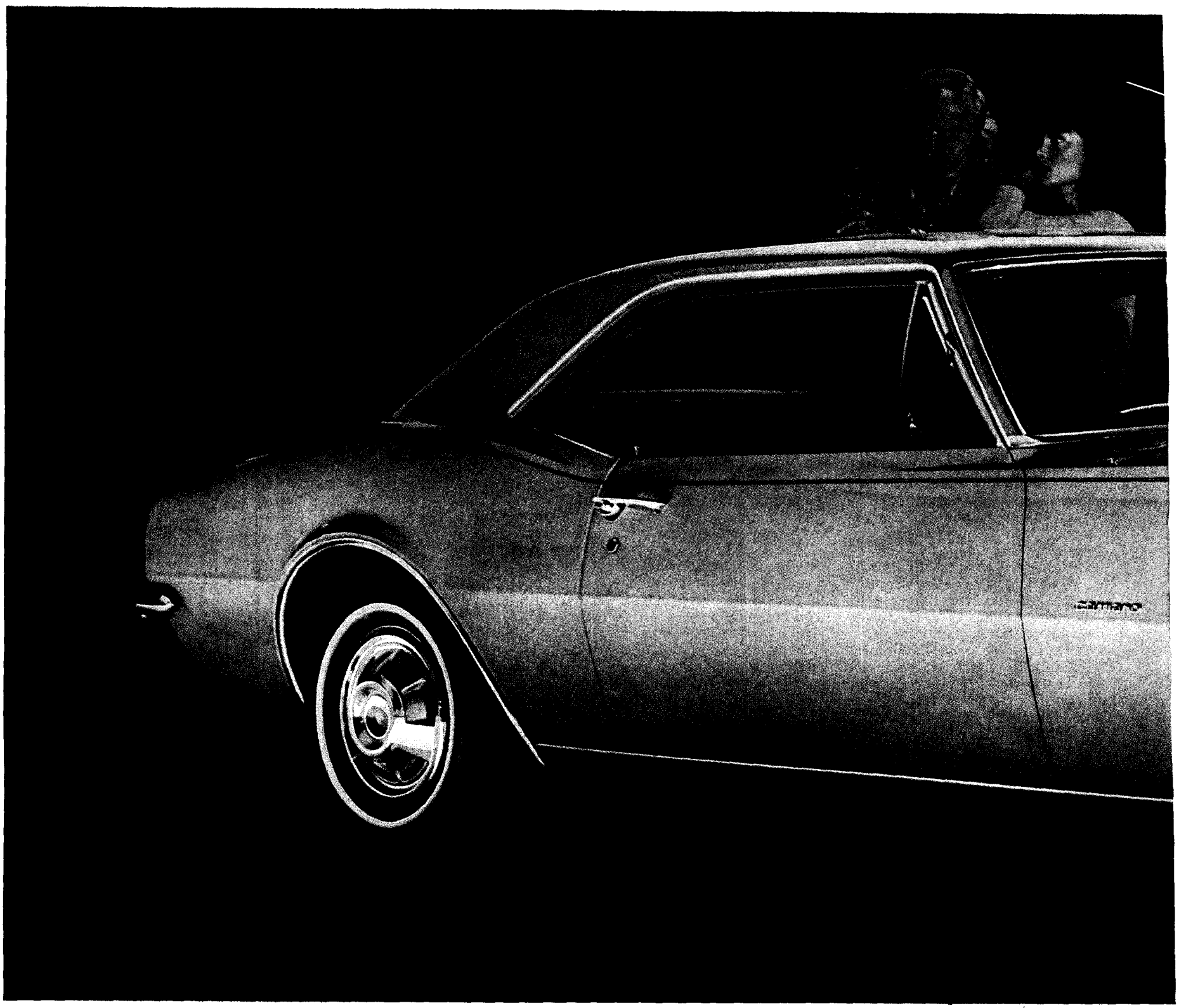

Look at that!

That's a Camaro Sport Coupe. This is how it comes. Strato-bucket seats, a pair. Full carpeting. Vinyl interior. Wide-stance wheels for flatter cornering. A 3-speed transmission, fully synchronized. A 140-hp Six that hates to stop for gas. And a lengthy list of new safety features, including the GM-developed energy-absorbing steering column, dual master cylinder brake system with warning light, folding front seat back latches, four-way hazard warning flasher.

There. Now you start adding extra-cost options. If it suits your style, order Camaro with Rally Sport equipment (hideaway headlights, special trim) and the Custom

Command Performance

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MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Look at this: ⟶ $2466.00

Interior. For more excitement, there's SS 350 gear: 295-hp V8, louver-styled hood, bold striping; then add front disc brakes, a 4-speed and like that. As for comforts, ask for the Strato-back front seat, stereo tape system, even air conditioning. Make Camaro *your* idea of a car at your Chevrolet dealer's now!

Manufacturer's suggested retail price for Camaro Sport Coupe (Model 12337). To this price add options shown in illustration—style trim group, $40.05; wheel covers, $21.10; and whitewall tires, $31.35. All prices include Federal Excise Tax and suggested dealer delivery and handling charge (transportation charges, accessories, other optional equipment, state and local taxes additional).

CHEVROLET

For '67, everything new that could happen . . . *happened!*

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The Chevrolet you've been waiting for

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possible. It must be, or they would have given up long ago.

The condition of the Jews in the Soviet Union is at once more grievous and more hopeful than I had imagined. On the one hand, the Russian authorities do everything in their power to prevent Jews from conducting their internal affairs within their own culture. But on the other hand, they do not make it possible for Jews to adapt to non-Jewish society, a society which is prepared to accept Ukrainians, Uzbeks and Tartars—but not Jews. The Jewish reaction is natural. Since others prevent them from living either as Jews or as non-Jews, they decide, despite and even because of the difficulties involved, they are Jews, and that is that. Soviet policy with its two contradictory stratagems thus produces the same undesired result: Jews remain Jews.

I never heard them say that their lives were in danger. Of course, being a Jew in Russia is not the easiest thing in the world. From all sides they are made to believe that Russia without them would be a better place. The ugly truth is that the authorities do nothing to contradict this impression.

It was in Kiev, the capital of Jewish fear, that someone dared to voice his emotions to me. "Our government is careful to tell everyone living in America or in Europe or in Israel about the wonderful contributions made by Jews to Russian culture. It stresses the fact that the great scientist Lev Landau is a Jew; that the economist Yevsei Liberman is a Jew; that the violinist David Oistrakh is a Jew. Why do *we* never read about this in our papers? They do not want us to take pride in the achievements of these men, so they also 'forget' to report that Jewish officers and soldiers were among those who received the highest decorations and were proclaimed 'Heroes of the Soviet Union' in the struggle against the Germans. The world is allowed to know—but we are not. If we were permitted to think of them as Jews, we would one day necessarily begin to think of ourselves as Jews too, and that cannot be allowed."

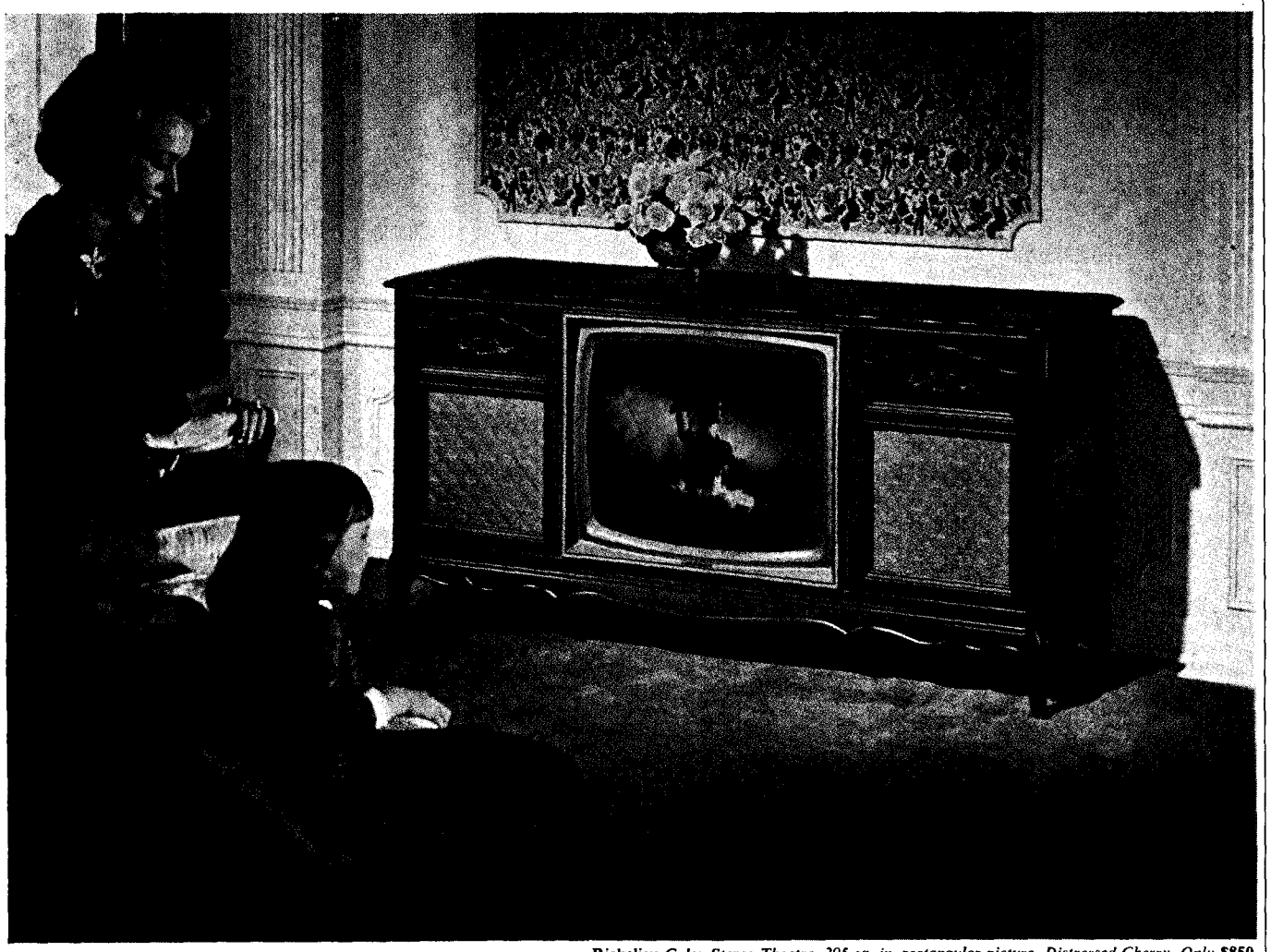
None of this was news to me. I knew that, despite de-Stalinization, Jews still enjoyed less freedom than other groups within the population. More grievous than I had imagined, however, is the Jewish fear that lurks in every pair of eyes, that has penetrated their bodies. It is the thing which cut me more deeply than anything else in my encounter with the Jews of Russia.

And I still do not know whether it is justified, whether all three million Russian Jews are haunted by this fear. I visited five cities, and I saw tens of thousands of Jews, and I spoke to several hundred at least. It is true, however, that I met almost all of them in the synagogue. It is possible that those who did not cross my path are not interested in the state of Israel or their Jewish heritage. Everything is possible; but this is unlikely. I did manage to talk fleetingly with Jews in restaurants and airports, hotels and trains. Not one failed to express his pain, whether by his silence or a twisted smile, or through words that managed to hide more than was revealed. Jews who did not look like Jews, Jews who had perhaps concealed their Jewishness for a long time, somehow felt the need to identify themselves to me, another Jew.

Before I left for the Soviet Union I determined that my purpose was to discover if the Jews of Russia really wanted to be Jews. I never imagined that the answer would be so absolute and clear. On that night of Simhat Torah, when 30,000 youngsters sang in Hebrew and Yiddish and danced the *hora* on a Moscow street, I happened to be in the company of a Jew from abroad who prided himself on his antireligious and antinationalist convictions, a cold, dry, antisentimental, liberated Jew. The youngsters were singing, "Come let us go together, all of us together, and greet the Jewish people." Unable to contain himself, he burst into tears. The next day he appeared at the synagogue. "Don't think I've become religious," he said to me. "It's not that. But they have made me a better Jew."

One of the last Jews I met in the Soviet Union was a rabbinical scholar. In comparing the present situation to that of the recent past, he quoted to me the commentary given by Rabbi Menachem Mendel of Kotsk on a verse from Exodus, "And the king of Egypt died, and the children of Israel sighed by reason of their bondage." The question was raised: All the time Pharaoh was alive the Jews labored and suffered; why, then, did they sigh at his death? Rabbi Menachem Mendel answered that before Pharaoh died, even to sigh had been forbidden.

"Do you understand?" the scholar said. "Today we are permitted to sigh—but only when no one is listening." □



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Select from a wide variety of elegant styles sold *direct* through Magnavox franchised dealers, listed in the Yellow Pages, saving you middleman costs. Console radio-phonographs from **$198.50.** Other color TV from **$399.50.**

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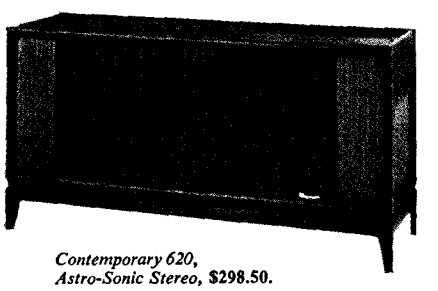

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For families truly concerned with comfort, healthfulness, and absolute safety, a remarkable heating invention from International . . .

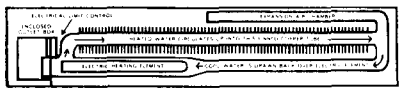
HOT WATER HEAT WITHOUT PLUMBING

THE STORY OF ONE OF THE FASTEST GROWING HEATING SYSTEMS IN THE WORLD . . . MORE THAN 140,000 INSTALLATIONS IN 7 YEARS . . . AND THE MAN WHO MADE IT POSSIBLE.

In the late 1950's, a plumber and an electrician from Seattle, Washington, visited the St. Louis offices of Sidney J. Heiman, chairman of the board of International Oil Burner Company.

They had with them a heating invention. It was simply a copper tube filled with water and anti-freeze solution. Hermetically sealed within the tube was an electric element.

When the element was turned on, the water was warmed, and began to circulate upward in the tube, giving off heat as needed.



Heiman, inventor of perimeter heating (now standard in most homes), and whose firm is a manufacturer of residential heating and cooling equipment, and the world's largest maker of this equipment for mobile homes, was intrigued. He asked the two men to leave their invention for testing in International's heating laboratory.

As a result of those tests, the unit was introduced to the market one year later.

Since that time, more than 140,000 installations have been made. Here are some of the reasons why:

Provide the Most Uniform Floor to Ceiling Temperatures of All Methods Tested

The big difference is that the baseboards actually change temperature, according to outside weather conditions.

On a very cold day, the water in the heaters may rise to over 200°F. On a mild day, the water might not reach 90°F.

Thus no more heat is given off than absolutely necessary to replace heat being lost in the room at chilled surfaces, including the outside walls, windows and doors.

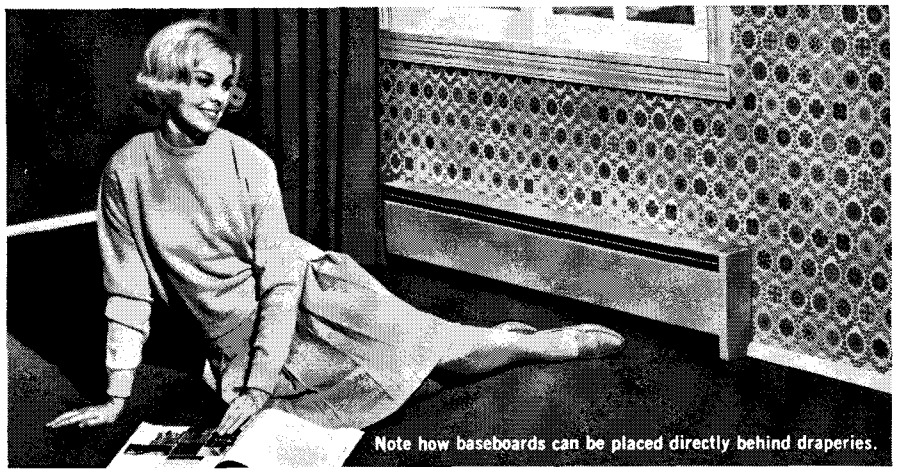
Unlike other systems, heat doesn't blast to the ceiling where it's wasted. There is less than a 3° to 4° F. temperature difference between floor and ceiling. And this is what we mean by temperature uniformity. In our own laboratory tests, ordinary hot water heat comes close to it, but International hot water electric heat comes closest.

In terms of comfort this means the end of cold floors . . . the floor is almost as warm as the ceiling.

There are no cold drafts because there is an exact heat versus cold balance at the outside walls. Further, the water continues to give off heat, even when the thermostat shuts the heaters off . . . so there is no "on" and "off" type of heat.

These same factors also mean economy.

In Elmhurst, Illinois, a Chicago suburb, the local electric utility officials are still shaking their heads over the operating costs in Argyle Apartments, an 86-unit development located in the suburb. Some apartments are being heated for *as much as 60%* below the utility's estimate, with the average being between 20% and 30% under estimates.



Permanent models for entire homes, apartments, schools, and portable models for single cold rooms: office, baby's room, den . . .

In St. Louis, the ST. LOUIS POST DISPATCH actually wrote a story about how heating costs with International *were averaging only $17 monthly* between December and April in the 305-unit Jefferson Apartments.

Charles Argast, of Farrell-Argast Electric Co., in Indianapolis, Ind., an electrical distributor, and an electrical industry leader, put seven different makes of top lines of electric heating in his own home over the past 10 to 12 years, connected to a separate electric meter on a test basis.

Two years ago, he decided to try International. His first year results showed operating *costs to be $125* under the lowest annual cost he had yet experienced. This was confirmed with the local utility.

Why Uniformity Saves Up to 20% and More on Annual Heating Costs

The Coal Institute reports that for every degree above 70° F. anywhere in your room, heating costs rise 3.1%.

This fact takes on added meaning when test after test with ordinary heating systems show floors with temperatures of 66° to 68° F. and ceilings of 83° to 85° F. . . . even though the thermostat is set at 70° F. (Take a thermometer and check this for yourself.)

This excess of 10° to 15° F. at the ceiling can actually increase your heating costs up to 30% and more, according to Coal Institute's findings. (10° x 3.1 = 31% wasted heat).

As a rule, with proper insulation, annual heating costs with International, in more and more areas throughout the nation, are no higher than with oil or gas . . . and in some cases lower.

Safest for Children, Too

This is the kind of heating system that will let you sleep at night . . . that you aren't afraid to put in your child's room.

A child can stuff gauze, tissue, the filmiest material into the baseboards without the slightest danger.

New York City will not only allow International to be placed behind floor-to-ceiling draperies, but behind doors and furniture.

The U.S. Coast Guard lists International for use on unattended ships.

Cleanest—Most Healthful

Because of its low operating temperatures, International will not scorch the lint and dust particles in the air of your home . . . turning them into black carbon cinder particles . . . as is the case with other forms of heating, be it *gas, oil* or *electric.*

These particles are really the culprits that smudge walls and dirty furnishings. International heaters never get anywhere near 325° F., the point at which these particles scorch.

These same particles are also an irritant to nose, throat and lung membranes, and can be particularly annoying to allergy sufferers. But not with International.

Acceptance Rising Yearly

In 1964, Jim Price, National Homes Corp. chairman of the board, the world's largest producers of manufactured homes, learned that an Indianapolis homebuilder was offering International as an option to gas heat.

He personally investigated, and found that of 55 homebuyers given this option, 52 selected International. He also learned the same builder was offering a third option: ordinary electric resistance heat at $200 less. There wasn't one taker.

Soon after, National Homes adopted International hot water electric heat. Results were so good in 1965, that the agreement was renewed for 1966 . . . with the heating system being featured on National Homes' TV commercials on the "Today" and "Tonight" network TV shows.

The nation's finest department stores now sell International in portable models, which plug into any 120-volt outlet, have a built-in thermostat and carrying handle, and are ideal for single cold room problems; baby's room, den, room addition, attic, etc.

These stores include J. L. Hudson, Detroit; Famous-Barr, St. Louis; Donaldson's, Minnesota; Breuners, Bullocks, Meier & Frank on the West Coast; Hammacher-Schlemmer, New York; Hechinger's, Washington, D.C.; Grossman's in New England and many others.

In addition, more than 240 of the nation's leading electric supply distributors are now making available both our portable and permanent models to more than 20,000 electrical contractors who sell and install electric heat.

So Easy to Have

The important thing to consider is the need of going through another winter with cold, drafty floors, parched air and high costs, when you don't have to. Regardless of whether you're heating a single-cold room, your entire home . . . a motel, school, hospital, boat or office (even a milking station or granary), International hot water electric heat provides advantages that no other method of heating can.

We suggest you send in the coupon below for our latest brochure whether you plan to purchase International from your retail dealer or electrical contractor . . . or are merely considering it. The free brochure will explain how this system corrects the problems that have puzzled heating specialists for years, and how it can be used to solve your own specific heating problem.

You or your builder can even send us a sketch of your home or problem room, and we'll send you a free factory heating layout.

But don't put it off. Send in the coupon today . . . even a postcard will do.

HOT WATER ELECTRIC HEAT DIVISION
INTERNATIONAL OIL BURNER CO.
3800 Park Ave., St. Louis, Mo 63110

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U.S. and Foreign Patents Pending.
Exclusive U. S. Patent Numbers. 2772342, 3150250. Canadian Patent No. 696903

MAIL THIS COUPON TO
International Oil Burner Co. (PO-1)
3800 Park Ave., St. Louis, Mo. 63110

For those areas where this equipment is not now available, you can order direct from the factory, by indicating on the chart at the right, the heaters you will need for your various room sizes. For larger rooms, order more than one heater if necessary. Or, mail measurements of rooms or plans with this coupon for a free factory engineered heating layout. Or, simply send for a brochure.

For Rooms up to	Watt Capacity	Heater Length	Portable Plug-In Models	Quantity Desired	Permanent 240-Volt Models	Quantity Desired
8′ x 8′	750	4 Ft.	$84.95		$49.60	
10′ x 10′	1000	5 Ft.	$87.95		$65.40	
11′ x 11′	1380	6 Ft.	$89.95		$73.40	
12′ x 12′	1500	7 Ft.	$94.95		$76.25	
14′ x 14′	2000	9 Ft.			$94.65	

Portable models include thermostat. Permanent models require wiring and extra wall thermostat. Wall thermostats $9 each.

3½″ high plug-in cabinet model: Fits in toe space under kitchen cabinets, bath vanities, desks. With thermostat, 1000 watts, $97.95.

_____ Please send brochure giving full details on International hot water electric heat and its long-term guarantee.

_____ Plans or sketch enclosed with information. Please send free factory engineered layout, without obligation.

_____ Please send me the model or models I have indicated on the chart above. My check is enclosed. If I am not fully satisfied for any reason, I can return the heater for a full refund of my money within 60 days of my purchase. Transportation will be prepaid.

Name_____ Address_____

City_____ State_____

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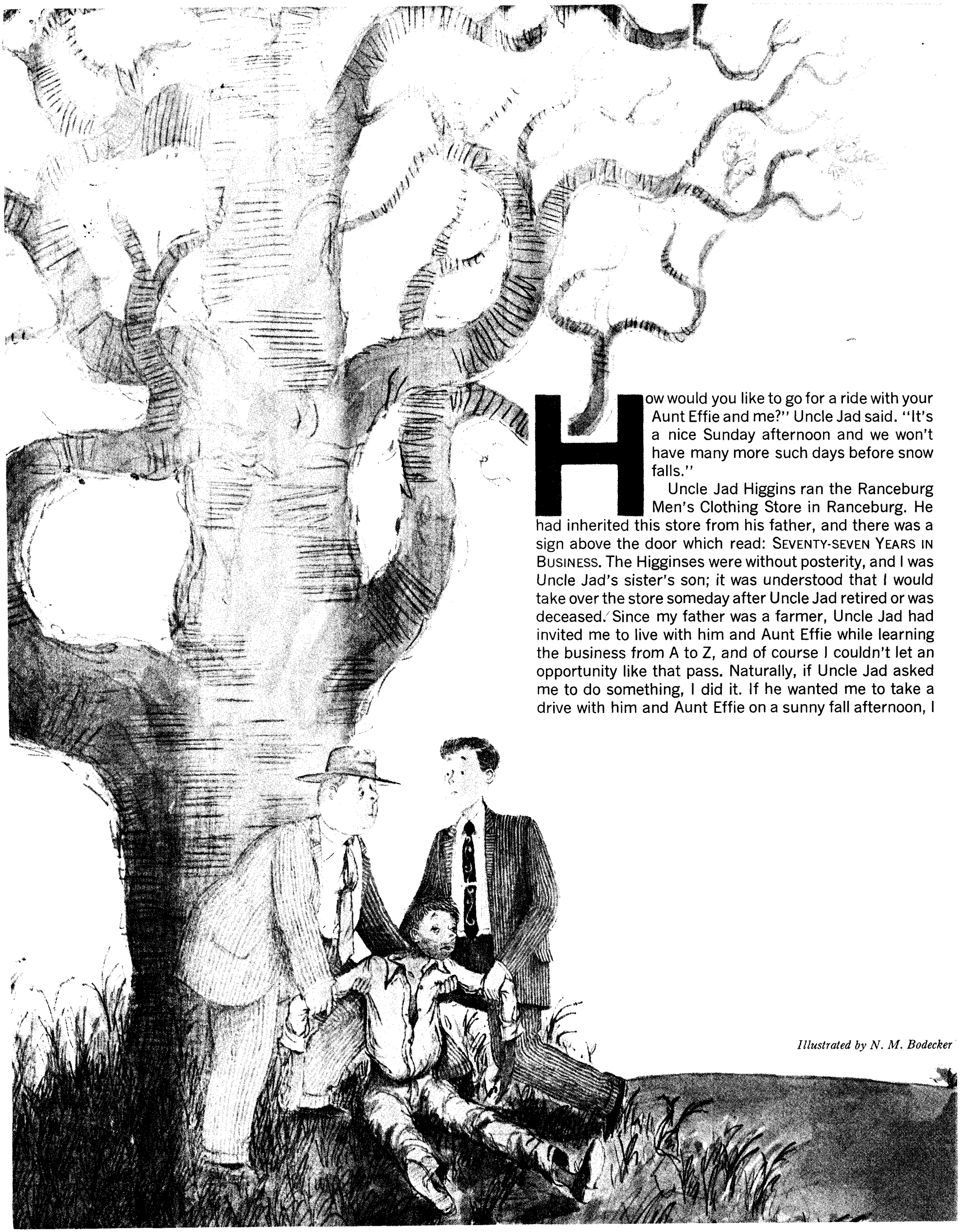

"How would you like to go for a ride with your Aunt Effie and me?" Uncle Jad said. "It's a nice Sunday afternoon and we won't have many more such days before snow falls."

Uncle Jad Higgins ran the Ranceburg Men's Clothing Store in Ranceburg. He had inherited this store from his father, and there was a sign above the door which read: SEVENTY-SEVEN YEARS IN BUSINESS. The Higginses were without posterity, and I was Uncle Jad's sister's son; it was understood that I would take over the store someday after Uncle Jad retired or was deceased. Since my father was a farmer, Uncle Jad had invited me to live with him and Aunt Effie while learning the business from A to Z, and of course I couldn't let an opportunity like that pass. Naturally, if Uncle Jad asked me to do something, I did it. If he wanted me to take a drive with him and Aunt Effie on a sunny fall afternoon, I

Illustrated by N. M. Bodecker

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THE ACCIDENT

THE FRIENDLY MAN WHO LOOKS AT YOU AND SMILES AND ASKS SOME LITTLE FAVOR—YOU CAN BE SURE HE'S THE MAN WHO WILL SUE YOU QUICKER THAN YOU CAN BAT YOUR EYE!

BY JESSE STUART

went along. I'd seen enough of the Lantern County hills to do me a lifetime, but if they wanted me with them, then that was all right with me.

"It's a nice idea to take a drive, Uncle Jad," I said. "You are so right. We won't have many more afternoons as pretty and as sunny as this one."

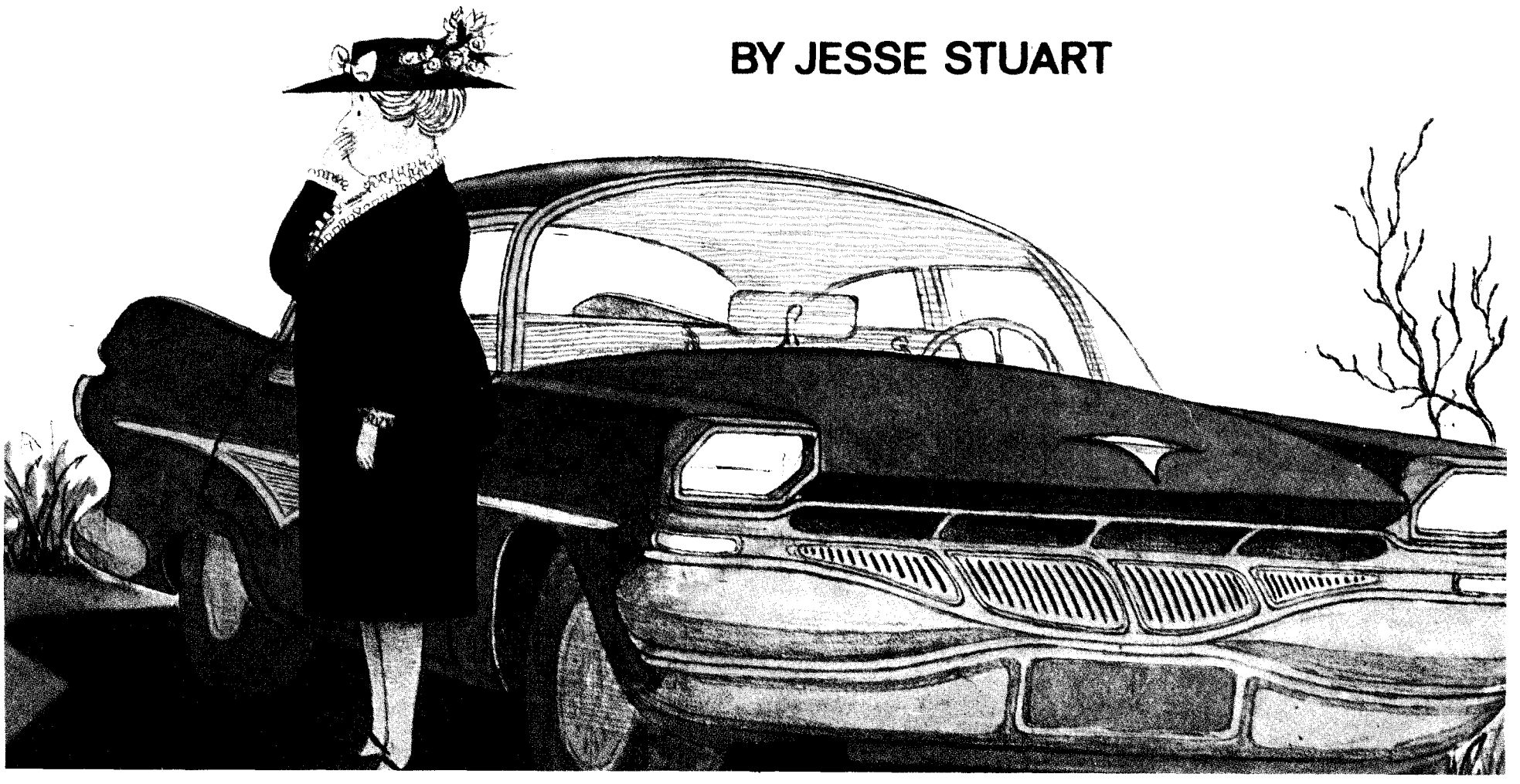
"Yes, and your Aunt Effie and I have seen more seasons—winters, springs, summers, autumns—than we will ever see again," he said. "The years take their toll. But it's always nice just to get out and drive around."

"You want me to drive so you and Aunt Effie can relax and look at the countryside?" I asked.

"No, Tom, I'd rather have my own hands on the steering wheel," he said. "You know I have faith in you. But this is just my nature. I've never had a wreck in my life. And I've been driving since I was sixteen."

Aunt Effie came into the room dressed like she was going to church. Aunt Effie was a big woman, with twinkling blue eyes. She was always smiling and she always had something to say. She dressed in the latest style, wearing big hats and dresses with frills and laces. No wonder Uncle Jad and Aunt Effie were considered the best-dressed couple in Lantern County. They spent a lot of money for clothes, and took plenty of time getting properly dressed for an occasion. Uncle Jad warned me about wearing the right clothes when I took over his store after he was gone. He said I'd be selling men's clothes, and young men would be watching what I wore, so I'd have to be a living example of the well-dressed man. Uncle Jad was himself a living example of the well-dressed man in Lantern County.

Uncle Jad was not tall, and he was big around the middle and little on each end, which made him hard to fit, but he wore the kind of clothes that made him look good. He wore small hats with broad brims, and pinstripe suits to give him height. On this particular fall Sunday afternoon he wore a pair of gloves, not because he'd need them in



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the car, but just to accent the positive. He never missed a trick when it came to wearing clothes or selling them. He wouldn't wear a pair of shoes out of his own house onto the porch unless they were shined.

"Effie, you look real well," Uncle Jad said. "You look real nice in that blue suit and that white blouse with the lace collar. It's most appropriate for early winter wear."

"Well, Poppie, *you* look wonderful," she complimented him. "Yes, I've got the most handsome man in Lantern County." She pulled him over to her and kissed him. She was always very affectionate with Uncle Jad.

Well, they were telling each other the truth with their compliments, I thought as they walked toward the garage. I got ahead of them and raised the garage door. Then Uncle Jad opened the car door for Aunt Effie and, after she got in, pushed the door shut gently behind her. Then he walked around to the other side, got in, started the engine, and backed the car out. He waited for me to pull the garage door back down and get in the back seat. This was our regular routine.

"Well, which way shall we go, Mother?" he asked Aunt Effie.

"Let's drive up Kinney Creek Valley and over to Taysville," she replied quickly. Aunt Effie always knew where she wanted to go. All Uncle Jad had to do, if he was undecided, was to ask. She could soon make a decision.

"Then up Kinney Valley and over to Taysville we will go," Uncle Jad said.

"The valley will be beautiful this time of year," I said. "I am glad, Aunt Effie, that you have chosen this route. There'll still be autumn leaves on many of the oaks."

"You are so right," Aunt Effie said.

Uncle Jad drove slowly and carefully down the street. When he came to the railway crossing at the edge of Ranceburg, he stopped and looked carefully this way and that, though he could see for a mile either up or down the tracks.

"It always pays to be careful," he said. "Never had a wreck or hit a person. I can certainly boast of my record."

"I've not been driving very long, Uncle Jad," I said. "But I've never hit a person or had a wreck either."

"You're a careful young man, Tom," he said. "That is why I'm turning everything over to you someday. You're a lot like my father and me. By looks and by nature you could well have been my son!"

"Thank you, Uncle Jad," I said.

"I've got security in life," he said. "Mother and I could live to the end of our days without my working anymore. Mother and I have had a good life. We go to our church, vote for our party, belong to a few organizations. We are somebody in Ranceburg now, and remember, Tom, it *pays* in this life to be somebody. So be a somebody when your Aunt Effie and I are no longer around. Marry a nice woman. Drive a nice car and wear good clothes. Make your life a safe adventure."

We were in Kinney Valley now. There had been a few killing frosts, and the grass on the pasture fields was brown, but the oaks in the wooded areas were still filled with multicolored leaves. As we passed farmhouse after farmhouse, Uncle Jad called out the name of the man who lived there, and told how many sons he had and if they traded at the store. Uncle Jad also mentioned which men he had to ask for cash, and which could be trusted to buy now and pay later.

There were green areas on the Kinney Valley bottoms where winter wheat had been sown. When the wind swept through the valley, the wheat bent and rose up again after the wind had passed. The sun was bright, and when a crow flew over, though we didn't always see the crow, we could tell where he was flying by his shadow on the brown grass of the fields.

"Life is just so wonderful, Poppie," Aunt Effie said with enthusiasm. And she put her arm around Uncle Jad's neck, pulled him over, and kissed his cheek.

"Do be careful, Mother," Uncle Jad said. "You could cause me to have my first wreck." Actually, he liked for her to do him this way. He was just pretending that it could be dangerous.

"Yes, I have a fine automobile, fine store, fine home, prettiest wife in Ranceburg," Uncle Jad said. "When a man gets old enough to have security and enjoy life, the tragedy is he's about old enough to die and leave this world. Not a very pleasant thought, but how true it is!"

If life could shape up for me, I thought, like it had shaped up for Uncle Jad and Aunt Effie, then I'd be a happy man. They had everything they wanted. They had security. And they would go to the end of their days like this!

"Look out, Poppie!" Aunt Effie screamed, and covered her face with her hands. Uncle Jad slammed on the brakes. The car skidded, tires squealed, and there was a thud. I saw a man fly up and hit a tree.

"Where did he come from?" Uncle Jad said. "I didn't see him until he was in front of the car."

"I saw just as you hit him!" I shouted.

"I wonder if I killed him," Uncle Jad said. His face was extremely white. He had lost that redness of color that made his cheeks pink. He sat with his hands on the steering wheel, looking out of the car at the man who lay at the foot of a large oak close to the highway.

"Oh, Poppie!" Aunt Effie wailed. She kept her hands over her face. "We bragged too soon! Life has been too good. We couldn't go on until the end with all this good fortune we have been having."

"He's not dead," Uncle Jad said. "He's trying to raise his head up to see what has happened. He's looking at the car. The poor fellow is looking at me! He's looking at me and trying to smile."

When Uncle Jad got out of the car, I got out with him.

"I never saw you," Uncle Jad told the man. "I'm sorry. How bad are you hurt?"

"I don't know," he answered softly. "Lift me upon my feet."

Uncle Jad got on one side and I got on the other, and we lifted him up. The man put his arms around our shoulders.

"See if you can bear your weight," Uncle Jad said.

The man tried one foot and then the other, and took two steps.

"Thank God!" Uncle Jad said. "No broken legs."

"It knocked the wind from me," the man said. "It jarred me to my foundations!"

Well, I knew that the big car had done that much and more too. The man had hit the side of the tree about six feet up and then fallen to the ground in a crumpled mass of humanity. Such a lick should have killed him outright.

"What is your name?" Uncle Jad asked.

"Mort Simmons." He sighed softly. "I'm John Simmons's boy."

He was a less-than-average-sized man who looked like he weighed about one hundred and thirty pounds. He was wearing a work shirt and jeans, and brush-scarred brogan shoes without socks. His face was unshaven, with a growth of stubbly black beard.

"And where do you live?" Uncle Jad asked.

"On Shelf's Fork of Kinney."

"I thought I knew about everybody in Lantern County," Uncle Jad said, "but I'm sorry to say I don't know you or your father. Have you ever traded in my store in Ranceburg?"

"No, but I will in the future," the man replied.

"Poppie, let's take him to Doctor Raike and have him checked," Aunt Effie said.

"Not a bad idea, Mother," Uncle Jad said, and sighed.

We helped Mort Simmons to the car. When we took his arms from around our shoulders, he stood up all right, and although we helped him to get on the rear seat, I think he could have done it by himself.

"I feel much better," he said.

"What about going back to Ranceburg with us and letting Doctor Raike see you before we take you home?" Uncle Jad asked him.

"That will be all right," he said. "Yes, I'd like to go see how bad I'm hurt."

"You watch over him now, Tom," Uncle Jad told me. "If he gets dizzy he might just pitch over! Watch him!"

"I will, Uncle Jad," I said as I got in the car. "Don't you worry!"

"No, I've got a lot to worry about now," he said.

Aunt Effie, who couldn't stand much excitement, was trembling like a leaf on a November oak. Uncle Jad was still pale, and his hands shook so on the steering wheel that the car swerved back and forth. But there was very little traffic on the country roads this time of year, and we made it safely back to Dr. Raike's office in Ranceburg.

"I'm glad you are here, Doctor Raike," Uncle Jad said. "I hit this man and knocked him upon the side of an oak tree. I never saw him until my car hit him. Seems like he just came up out of the ground. Mort Simmons. You ever have him for a patient before?"

"Can't say that I have," Dr. Raike said. "No, I don't know that name Simmons in Lantern County."

Dr. Raike, who was almost as old as my Uncle Jad, was a little man with blue eyes and a kind face. He had once had golden blond hair, but time had turned it white.

"I'm John Simmons's boy, and we live on Shelf's Fork of Kinney Valley,' Mort Simmons said.

"Well, I wouldn't know all the people who live on Kinney Valley anymore," Dr. Raike said. "Now, let me see about you."

Dr. Raike went over Mort Simmons's head and arms and legs. Then he had Mort strip off his shirt so that his back could be examined.

"You've been shaken up," Dr. Raike said, "and you've got a lot of minor bruises. But you don't have any broken bones. I can release you, all right."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"J. Paul Getty and I step to a different drummer, that's all!"

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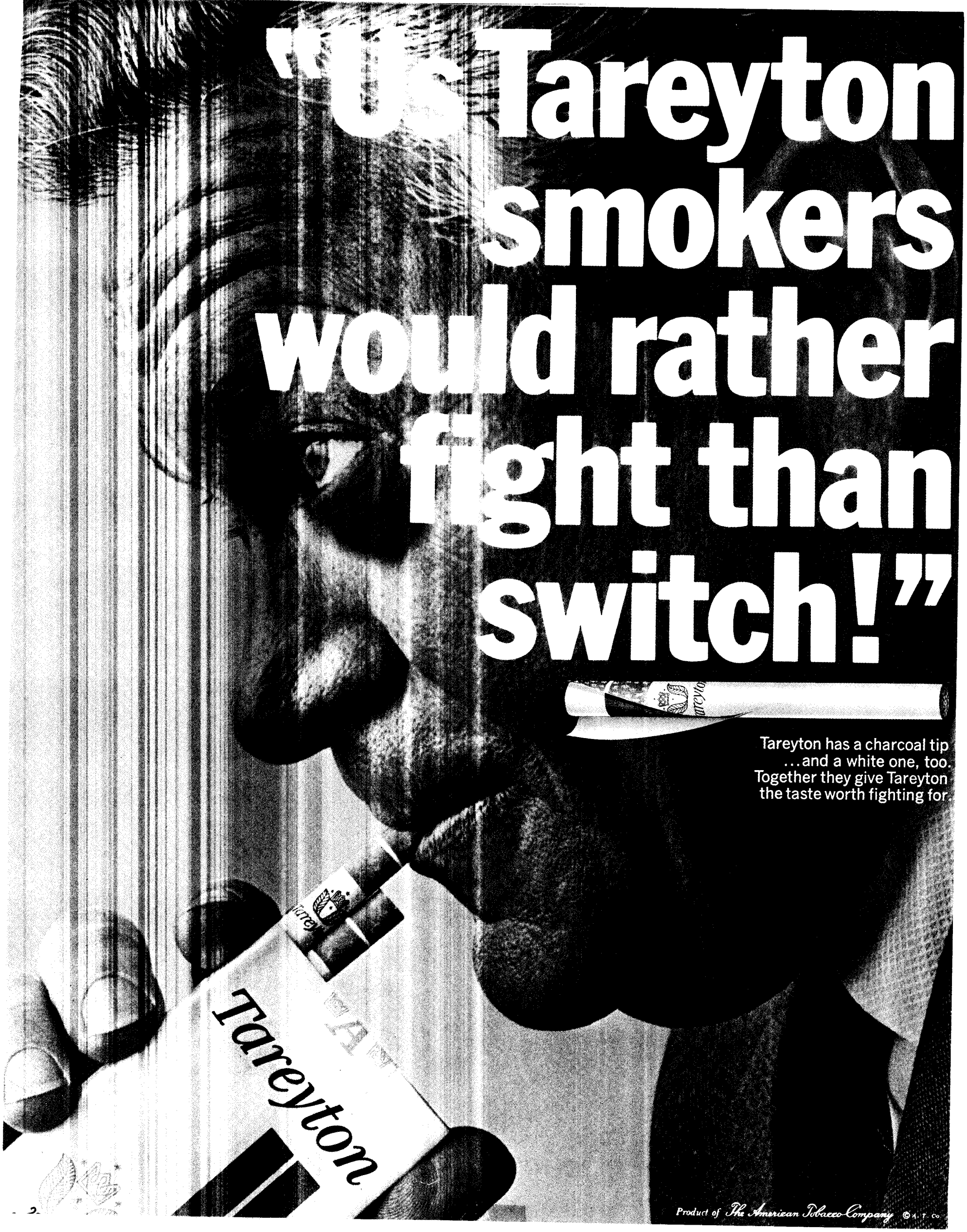
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"Doc, how much do I owe you?" Uncle Jad asked.

"Not anything, Jad," Dr. Raike said. "Glad to do it. I hope everything will be all right for you."

"Thank you, Doc," Uncle Jad said, with a worried look.

Mort Simmons walked out of the office under his own power, though he limped and moved his legs very stiffly, and Uncle Jad wasn't as nervous on the drive back to Kinney Valley as he had been when he drove Mort in to Ranceburg. He had more self-composure.

"Let me out here," Mort Simmons said at last. "You can't drive up Shelf's Fork. The road is too bad. I don't want you to hurt your fine car."

"Sure you can make it all right?" Uncle Jad asked. "I'll try to take you on. I don't mind hurting my car."

"I can make it," Mort Simmons said. "Thank you for taking me to the doctor, and thank you for bringing me back."

"I'm so sorry this happened," Uncle Jad said. "I truly am."

Mort Simmons smiled and walked up a narrow little slit of a road alongside a small stream. Uncle Jad drove back toward Ranceburg.

"Well, Mother, our pleasant Sunday afternoon didn't turn out too well," he said. "It seems like I've dreamed what has happened! But when I wake up in the morning, I'll know it *did* happen. We might be sued for everything we have. We might not have any more security in this life."

"See John as soon as we get back," Aunt Effie said.

"John Lovell is a good lawyer," Uncle Jad said. "I'm glad we have him."

He asked Aunt Effie and me if either of us had seen where Mort Simmons came from at the time of the accident, and we said we never saw him until he was in front of the car and it was making contact with his body.

"I'd just climbed a rise," Uncle Jad said. "I wasn't going fast. If I had been going fast, he wouldn't have known what struck him. I am a lucky man."

"It's worked out for the best," Aunt Effie said. "I believe what is to be will be."

That evening Uncle Jad told John Lovell what had happened and how it had happened. John Lovell said that one bit of luck Uncle Jad would have if he were sued was that he would have two witnesses while Mort Simmons would only have himself. Uncle Jad told John Lovell how pleasant the man was and about his good manners. He told how Mort Simmons had been thankful for being taken to Dr. Raike and examined, and for being brought back to the Shelf's Fork road that led to his home. But John Lovell admonished Uncle Jad that Mort Simmons might nevertheless be thinking he had a good chance to sue, for everybody in Lantern Valley was pretty sure Uncle Jad had plenty of money.

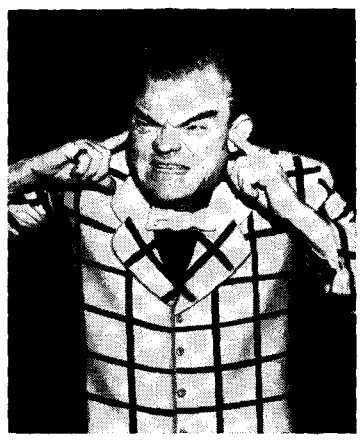
When Uncle Jad came back from the lawyer's house, he told Aunt Effie about how he had been warned, and that night he was so worried he had to take medicine to put himself to sleep. The next morning he said to Aunt Effie, "Mother, yesterday is still a bad dream."

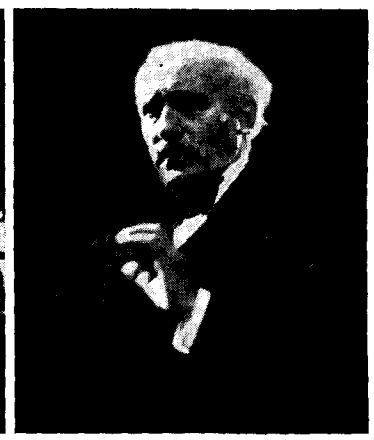
"I can't believe it either," she said. "But all three of us know that it *did* happen."

After breakfast Uncle Jad and I walked to the store, only two blocks away. We always opened at seven to catch the early-morning trade of men on their way to work. It didn't seem like anything special was going to happen that day, but that afternoon I looked out of the office at the back of the store and saw Mort Simmons looking at some shirts. "See what he wants," Uncle Jad said when I told him. "I'll stay out of the way. I think I know what he wants. He wants to know more about this business before he sues me."

I went out to Mort Simmons and said with a smile, "Good afternoon." He smiled and said, "Howdy." Then he said, "I've come for some work shirts. We've been working in the tobacco, and I've got glue from the tobacco on all my shirts. I want a couple of clean

When your dial is off a hair, Toscanini can sound like Spike Jones. Will your next radio have sense enough to tune itself right, in the first place?





Panasonic invents a new kind of radio that takes care of the tuning by itself.

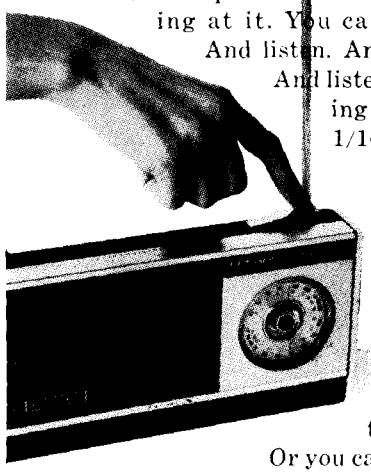
Toscanini plays beautiful music. The kind of beautiful music that lives forever. Don't let your radio kill it.

If the station playing his recordings is dialed off just 1/100 of an inch, you're not getting pure Toscanini.

What can you do about it?

Any one of two things:

You can spend some time working at it. You can tune. And listen. And tune. And listen. Moving the dial 1/16,000 of an inch to the right. And moving it 1/2,000 of an inch to the left.



Or you can press your finger down once. And let the sound of Toscanini take over.

Panasonic makes radios that tune themselves. Because most people would rather do as little work as possible. And have as perfect a sound as possible.

One is the Panasonic RF-660. It goes with you wherever you go.

FM (with AFC to eliminate drift). AM. A powerful 3½-inch speaker. And 22 Solid State devices.

It's a portable radio much like many other portable radios. Only it's different.

To tune the RF-660 all you need is a finger. Press it down once on the *Radar-Matic* lever and your dial advances automatically to the next station. Now hold it down again and the same thing will happen again.

You can do it all day long, if you want to show all your friends how mechanically inclined you are.

The RF-660 with all those knickknacks that should go with a portable radio (like long-life batteries, earphone, carrying strap and shoulder strap) sells for $59.95* (suggested list price). Not bad for a labor-saving device.

Another one is the Panasonic RE-787. It's a stereo table radio for people who aren't do-it-yourselfers.

It has two 2½-inch tweeters. And two 7-inch woofers. AM. FM (with AFC). 42 Solid State devices. Continuous treble and bass tone control. Lighted band selector. Stereo eye system. And matched walnut or rosewood speakers.

You can tune the RE-787 automatically. And it's the first time anybody's been able to do it in a stereo system.

And it sells for only $179.95* (suggested list price).

Now you should want to know, "Who is Panasonic and can I trust them?"

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Would you trust a company that has 2,500 scientists and research engineers? Panasonic has.

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Would you trust a company that sells 4,500 products in 120 countries? Has 72 factories? Holds more than 14,000 design and patent rights?

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We design and make every vital component in our equipment.

So we have quality control from start to finish. And good radios are not all we make.

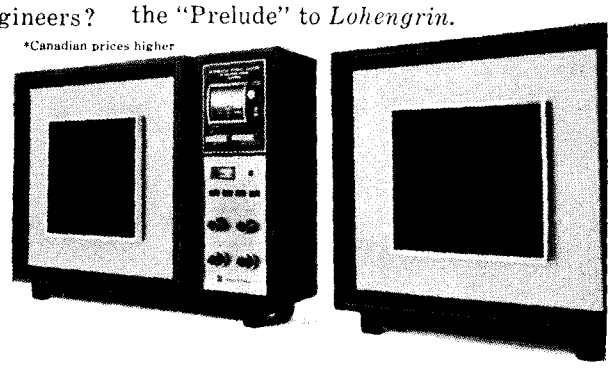
We make phonographs...tape recorders ...color TVs...literally every type of home appliance you can think of.

Now if all this does not convince you that you can buy Panasonic with confidence, we know a man who can.

Just walk into any store that's permitted to carry our line and ask a salesman what he thinks of Panasonic.

We have a feeling that after he tells you, you'll never again worry about Toscanini's sounding like he's leading the kazoo, washboard and cowbells in the "Prelude" to *Lohengrin*.

*Canadian prices higher



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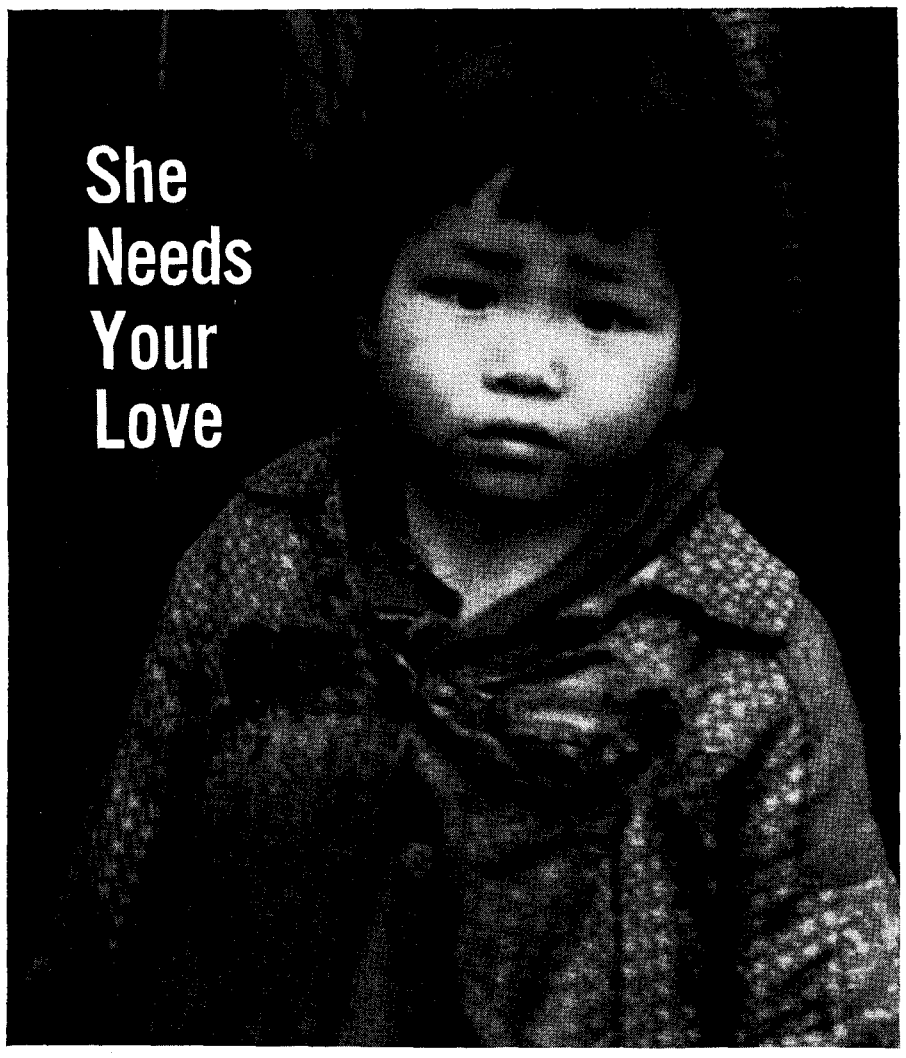

CCF worker Glen Graber found five-year-old Su Lin waiting for her mother in an alley.

Little Su Lin in Formosa is hungry but her mother won't be home to feed her until after dark. And then supper will be only a handful of rice, a cup of tea, and maybe a bit of fish.

Since Su Lin's father is dead her mother works fourteen hours a day in Taipei's crowded industrial center—trying to earn enough to keep Su Lin and her five brothers and sisters alive.

Su Lin has never had a dress that wasn't torn, or a bright ribbon in her hair, or a birthday party, or a doll. She can't go to school because there is no money for proper clothes, shoes, books or lunches.

And her future? Well, she may learn to beg and search garbage heaps for edible scraps of food. When she gets hungry enough she will learn to steal.

Yet, for only $10 a month, Su Lin —and children like her—can be helped. Your love can give her nourishing food, school books—and maybe even that bright ribbon for her hair.

In return you will receive a deep satisfaction, plus the child's picture, personal history, and the opportunity to exchange letters . . . and love. The child will know who you are and will answer your letters.

(If you want to send a special gift, a pair of shoes, a warm jacket, a fuzzy bear—you can send your check to our office, and the *entire amount* will be forwarded, along with your instructions.)

You can join thousands of other Americans who find this to be the beginning of a warm personal friendship with a deserving child.

And your help is desperately needed. Requests continue to come from Seoul, Korea, 15 babies abandoned *every day* . . . Vietnam, more war orphans . . . Calcutta, children living in the streets . . . Jordan . . . Brazil . . . Formosa.

Won't you help? Today?

Sponsors are urgently needed this month for children in Korea, Formosa, India, Brazil, Japan and Hong Kong. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

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shirts to go against my body. But I can't pay you until tomorrow. Our tobacco sells today in Taysville, and Pa will fetch the money home. So I'll pay you tomorrow, if that will be all right?"

"It will be all right," I said.

I knew Uncle Jad was in the back listening, and I knew he wouldn't want me to contrary Mort Simmons. I hoped I was doing things the right way, and decided that I would make the debt good if it didn't get paid.

I showed Mort Simmons all the work shirts we had, and he ended up buying two, size fifteen with a thirty-two-inch sleeve length. He smiled when he left, and I smiled and thanked him for purchasing in this store. When Mort Simmons was gone, Uncle Jad came out of the little office where he had kept himself hidden.

"You played it just right," he said. "You are a good diplomat, Tom! I feel sure he's going to sue, but it doesn't hurt to soften him up. We've let him know how friendly we are. We have built our business here because the people know we are friendly and reliable. We serve the public! And this will be the first time a Higgins has ever been sued. My father before me, Abraham Higgins, was never sued. And I have never been sued."

"I can't figure that man out," I said.

"Well, I can't either," Uncle Jad said. "But I don't think he will be back to pay for the shirts. I think this is the last time we will see him before he sues me. The friendly man that looks at you and smiles and asks some little favor, that is the man who will sue you quicker than you can bat your eye."

At home that evening we told Aunt Effie what had happened, and Aunt Effie, who had always been good at judging people, said she didn't know what to think. She said she was puzzled.

The next day went along very quietly until the early afternoon. I was restacking some shirts when I turned around, and there stood Mort Simmons again. I looked back and saw Uncle Jad scurrying into his office.

"Pa is here with me," Mort Simmons said. "And four of my brothers have come too."

I thought I was going to sink through the floor! His father and his brothers! They had come for Uncle Jad and me! It ran through my mind that this was the way with the people who lived among the high hills and in the deep hollows. Do something to one, even if it is an accident, and his blood kin will never stop harassing you as long as you live. Uncle Jad and I were in a lot of trouble!

"We've come to get some orders filled," Mort Simmons said. "It's shoe and clothes time before real winter sets in."

"All right," I said.

"Come and meet Mr. John Simmons, my pa, and my four brothers," he said.

I said hello to the five big men standing over by the door. And then I filled the biggest order I had ever filled for one family since I came to work in Uncle Jad's store. They took two pairs of shoes each; they took socks, underwear, handkerchiefs, work pants, work shirts and Sunday shirts. And all five brothers picked out suits. I handed out almost five hundred dollars' worth of clothes and shoes, and I was sure there would be no mention of paying till Mort Simmons got through suing Uncle Jad.

After they had everything, John Simmons said to me, "Where is your uncle? I would like to see him."

Here it comes, I thought. I knew that Uncle Jad couldn't run from trouble. He would have to meet this Simmons family and tell them he had an attorney to represent him. They would have to consult his attorney. Or his attorney could talk to them.

I went back to the office and told Uncle Jad that John Simmons and his sons were asking for him, and that they had ordered almost five hundred dollars' worth of merchandise. Uncle Jad's face lost its color just like it had when his car hit Mort Simmons and flung him upon the side of the big oak.

"Guess I'll have to go and face them," he said. "You with me, Tom?"

"Of course," I said.

We went back to where the Simmonses were standing with bundles of merchandise in their arms, and more bundles around them on the floor. Uncle Jad was shaking. His lips were twitching nervously, and he kept jerking his head.

"Mr. Higgins, I wanted to meet you," John Simmons said. "You are a fine man. That's the reason my son Mort was in here yesterday. And that's why I brought my other sons here today to get new Sunday suits and winter clothes and shoes."

"Thank you, Mr. Simmons," Uncle Jad stammered. He couldn't understand why he was being called a fine man.

"We've got our tobacco money now," John Simmons said. "No charging anything. Here is what we owe you, including the cost of those shirts Mort bought yesterday."

Uncle Jad and I stood there, so surprised we couldn't speak, and John Simmons handed over the money, every cent. "As I have said, Mr. Higgins," he said, "we know from what happened last Sunday that you are a fine man."

"Last Sunday? You mean the accident?" Uncle Jad was still stammering.

"It was not the kind of accident you mean," John Simmons corrected him. "You see, my son Mort has a fault. He's as absent-minded as can be, never thinks what he's doing or looks where he is going. I have warned him many times about that fault, but he keeps walking out in front of cars, and he tells me he just can't think why it's so hard for him to remember not to do it. He will be marked by a car one of these days."

Uncle Jad was beginning to recover himself. Color was beginning to come back into his face.

"You see, Mr. Higgins," John Simmons said, "my son Mort has been struck by cars half a dozen times, and you're the only man who ever picked him up, took him to the doctor, and was even nice enough to fetch him back toward his home. I just want you to know that his mother and I appreciate what you did. And buying from you is a good way to thank you. We will be back to your store and trade with you from now on. Thank you."

Uncle Jad and I shook hands with all the Simmonses, and they smiled and we smiled. I have known my Uncle Jad since I was a little boy big enough to remember anything. And I never saw him so happy as he was right then, though he still had a puzzled look on his face. ☐

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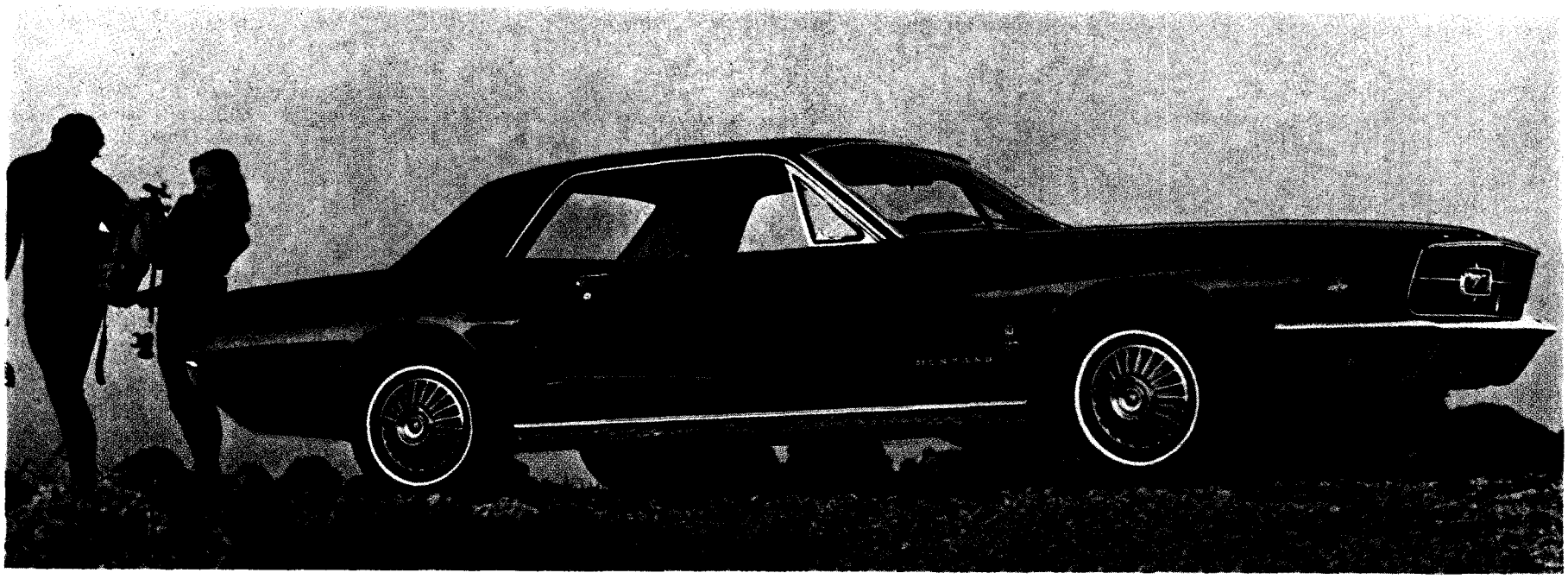

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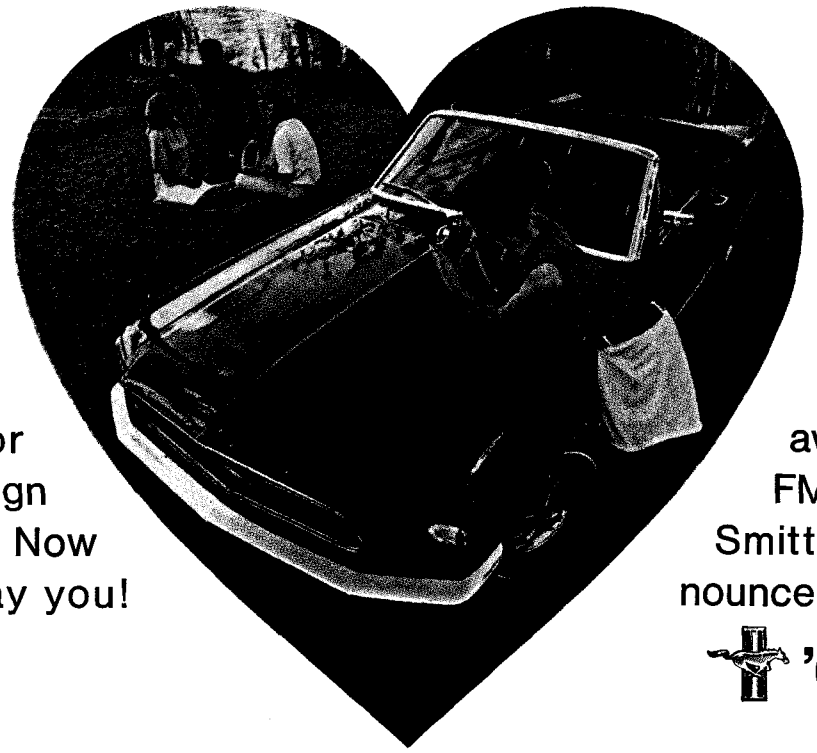

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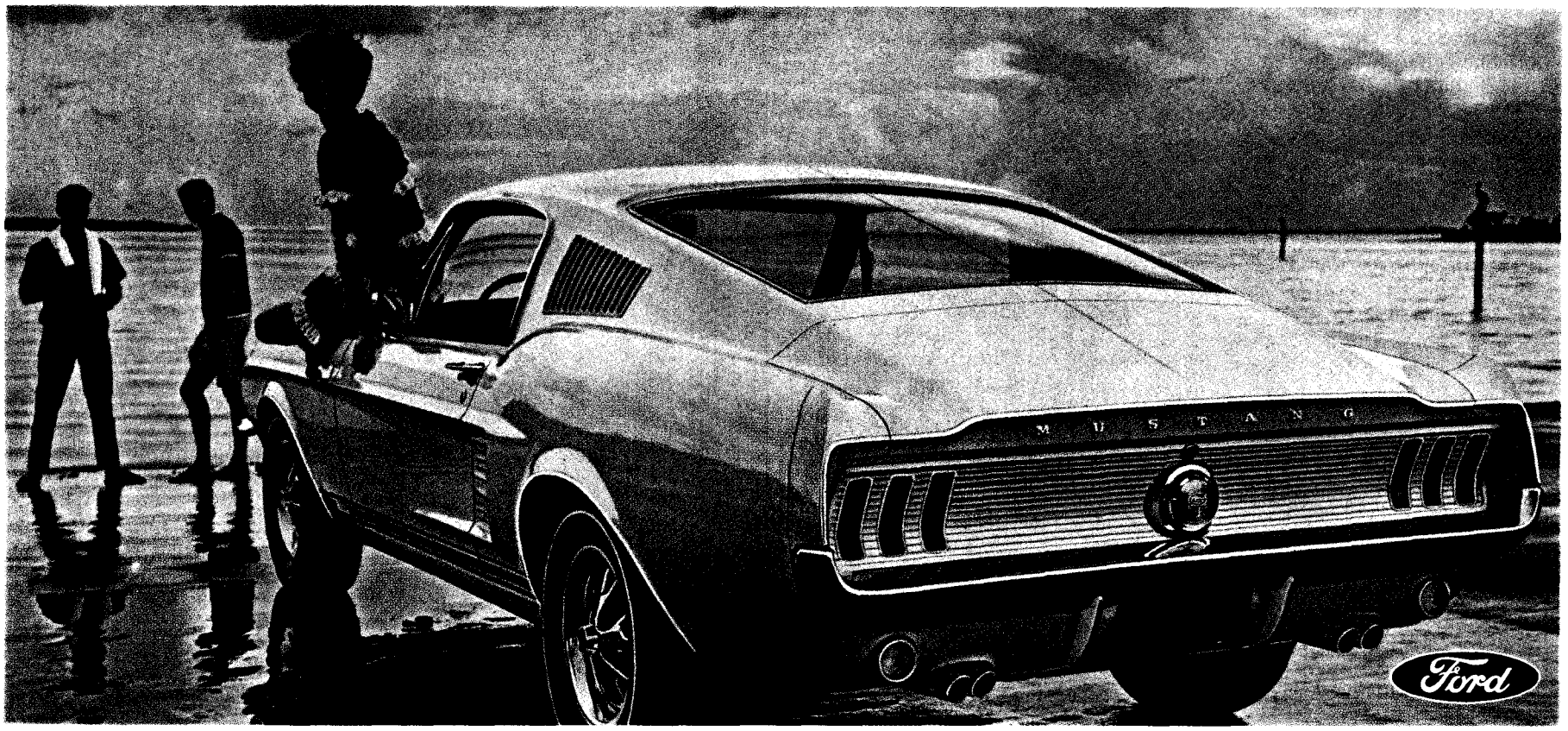

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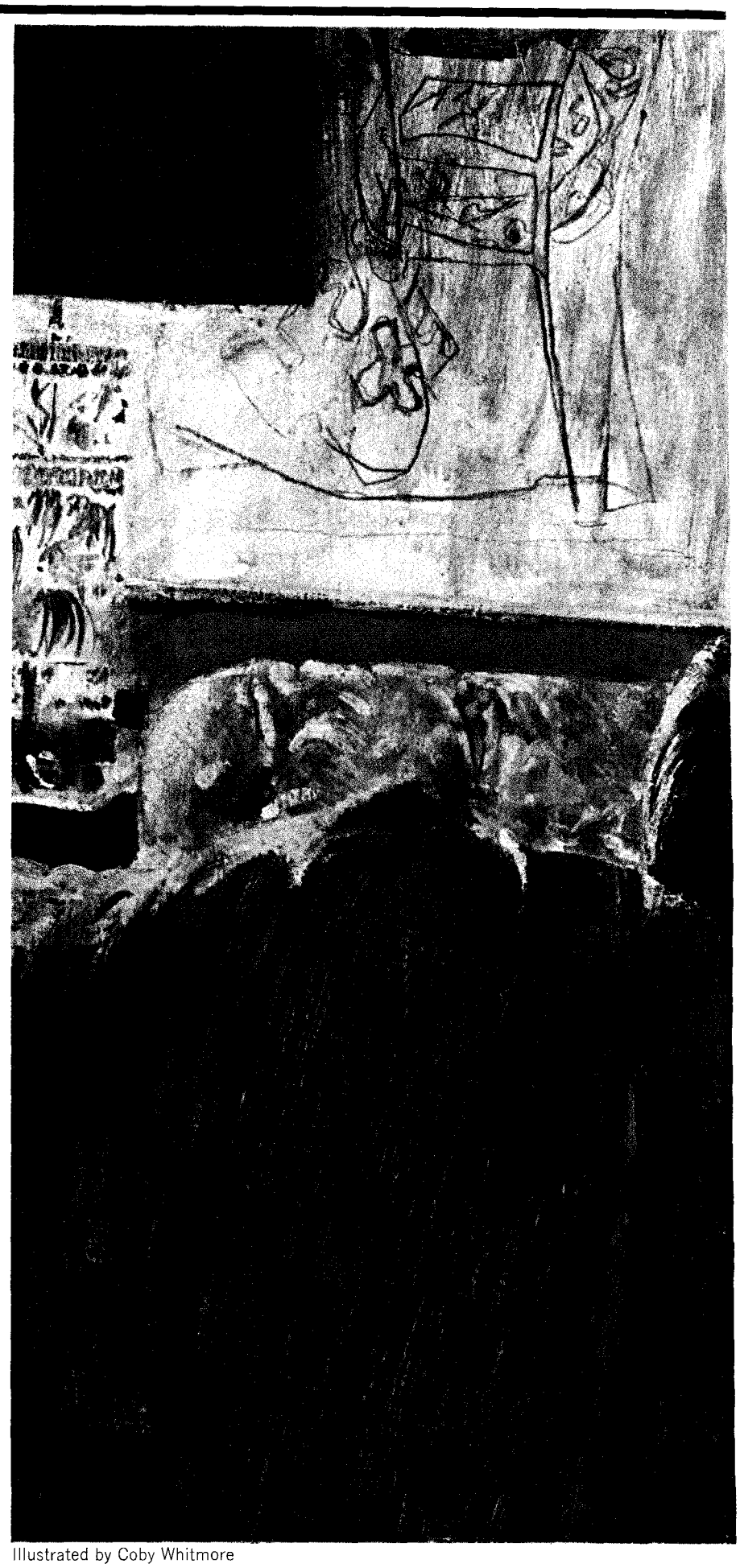
THE SPANISH SUIT

Cloth, thread, buttons, a tailor's artistry—

BY WARREN MILLER



Illustrated by Coby Whitmore

"Well, and how do you like Spain?" the driver said, turning round to him at the stoplight, presenting his gray face with its wrinkles and scaly skin. Generations of hungry ancestors were involved in the production of that face; it had taken centuries to form.

"Spain? I like it very much," Simmons replied.

"And so you should," the driver said, "for after all, it is of your making."

Simmons made no attempt to understand this. He merely said, "It is true," one of many Spanish phrases he had learned from a book for tourists, part of his quick refresher course.

Simmons relaxed. Trying to understand a foreign language was such a strain; after a week in Madrid, even his muscles felt sore. The taxi, he thought, rode with remarkable smoothness. Like most Spanish taxis, it seemed to have been constructed out of several other cars, and bore not the mark of any known maker but only of some welder's craft. They're really very good at this sort of thing, Simmons thought. He didn't know why, but he found something sordid in this kind of construction. There was a cunning in it.

Inwardly, Simmons practiced a tolerant laugh. He wanted very much not to be the kind of American tourist all his friends had returned to tell him about. At the same time, he did not consider himself an American ambassador abroad, but simply a civilized man.

Besides, he had worked too long and too hard, for more than fifteen years—for fifteen *solid* years, as he put it—to play any role other than that of a man out to enjoy and indulge himself. God knows I've earned it, he said, looking out of the taxi window at the shops and cafés, and, disapprovingly, at the rather too large sky which was like a silver dome specially designed and constructed for Madrid. He did not think this provincial capital deserved such a sky; it was too grand for such a poor, depleted place.

This thought was one which Simmons, in any case, would not have lingered on, but it was almost immediately driven from his mind by the sight of a group of young women. The girls of Madrid had surprised him; so many were blonde and wore copies of Chanel suits. Even now after a week, it still came as a surprise to him. He had imagined that all Spanish women looked like those he had seen as a boy on the insides of cigar-box lids: dark, voluptuous, somnolent. Well, well, he said to himself, tolerant of his own mistakes.

He was on his way now to the tailor, for the final fitting of his suit. This was to be his first tailor-made suit, and he found that it was, in its own way, quite thrilling: the fact that this suit was made for him, was his alone, and could never, not possibly, fit anyone else the way it fit him.

He had already rehearsed several stories which began, magically, with the words: "My tailor." Or better still: "My

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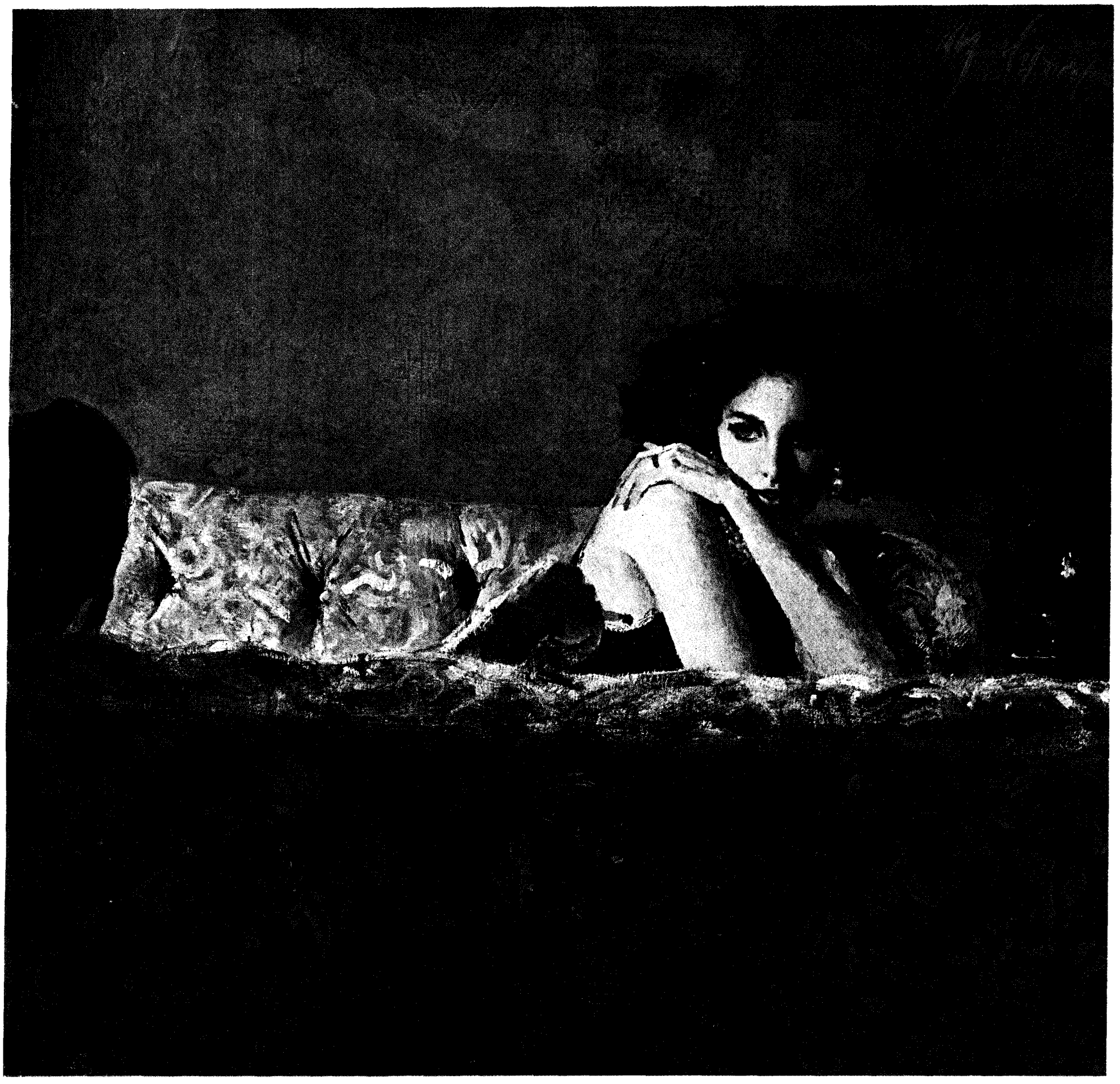
and something more, at once magical and devilish. Something that had a life of its own.



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tailor in Madrid." He took this suit as a sign of his having arrived, of having made it in the world. He saw it as the guarantee of final success and thought it interesting that, after his first visit to the tailor, the whole trip had taken on a new aspect: It had come to give him a foretaste of retirement, of those years when he'd have all the insurance paid up, money in the bank, dividends rolling in, and not a worry in the world.

Simmons was happy with his wife, and their marriage, though childless, had been a satisfactory one; he had no doubt it would continue so. He was forty-five and in good health, but he found that he was looking forward to old age, to retirement, to being, as he put it, on the beach.

This trip had given him the time to think in a much more composed way about the prospect of retirement. Simmons liked to plan ahead. Now he saw them—the years ahead—no longer as a completely vacant expanse. The notion came to him with startling clarity and suddenness: He would spend his retirement visiting the tailor, having suits made.

The vision was repugnant. Where do these thoughts come from? he asked himself, appalled; and he applied himself once again to the seeing of sights from the taxi window. Well, well, he said. He thought it must have something to do with the change of water.

It was the water, yes; and the change of air; and the general shock of foreignness. It had begun, he remembered, the very night of the day that he and his wife, Roberta, had arrived in Spain. He had spent the afternoon in the hotel room, resting from the flight, writing letters and cards to friends back home. When he and Roberta went out for dinner that night—all the guidebooks had warned about the late dinner hour in Spain, and so they did not leave the hotel until after nine—he took the letters to the desk clerk and bought airmail stamps. There were three stamps for each letter and two for the cards, and while he was paying for them the clerk hit the bell and cried, "*Botones!*"

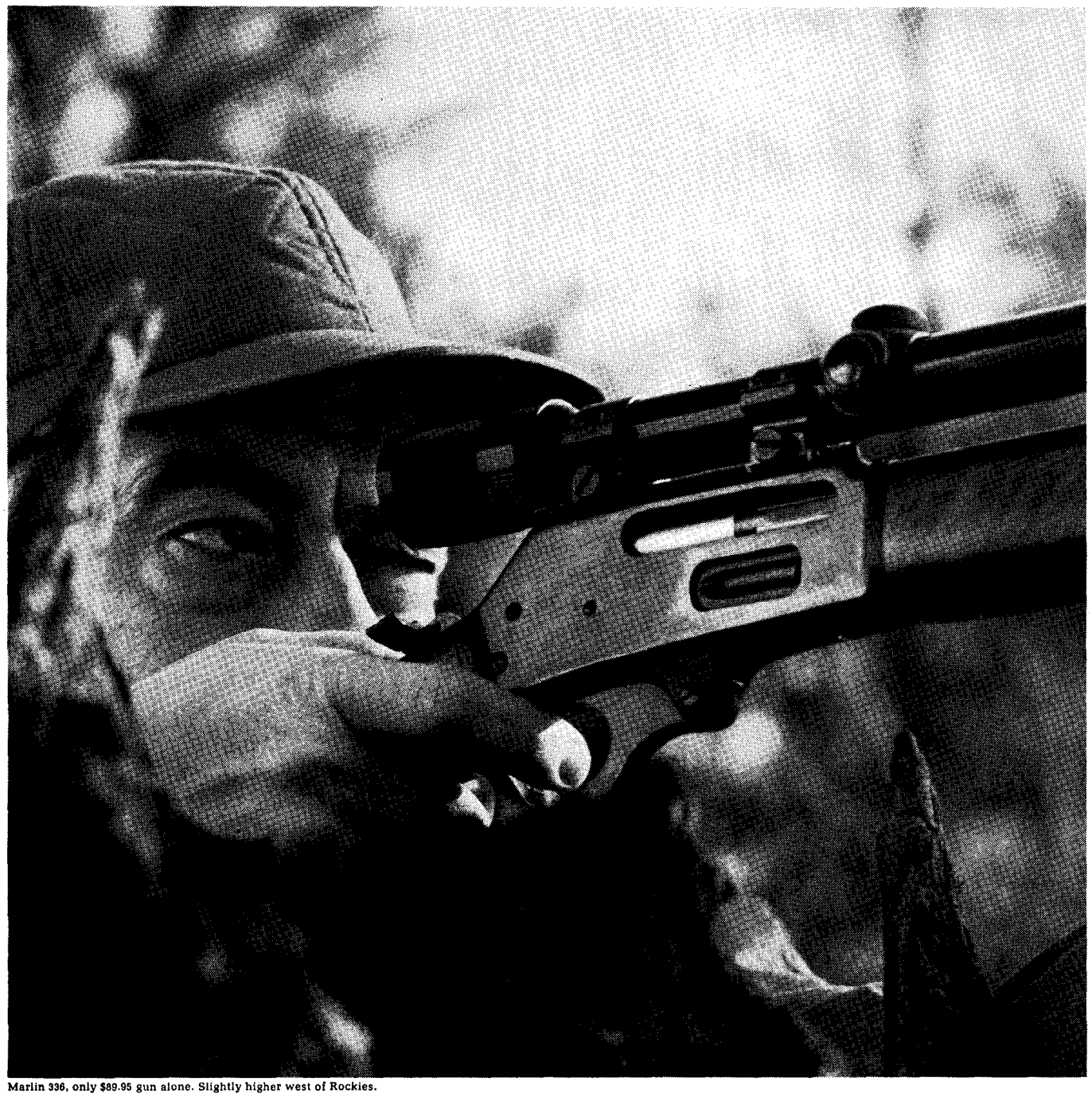
The bellboy appeared at Simmons's side; he wore a pale-blue uniform with two rows of buttons on his short jacket. Simmons thought at first that he was a midget, but after a moment saw he was indeed a boy, perhaps twelve years old. Simmons was outraged that a child so young should be working, and worse, that he should be kept up so late.

When Simmons picked up the first stamp and was about to begin stamping his letters, the clerk said, "That's all right, sir. Buttons will lick them for you." Simmons was shocked, but it suddenly occurred to him that if he stamped the letters himself, the boy would get no tip.

"Yes, of course," he said, without looking at the clerk or the boy. He gave the child ten pesetas and walked away, warmed for a moment by the sense of his own generosity. Ten pesetas was seventeen cents. Seventeen cents must seem an enormous sum to that boy. When he got outside, he remembered that he had figured this out according to the official rate of exchange, but he had not bought his pesetas at the official rate, and he realized that after all he had given the boy only a dime. Still, he thought, even a dime to that child is quite a nice sum; and it was at moment he had his first ugly vision.

He saw himself filling a bowl, a rather good-sized bowl, with mucilage, and presenting it to the boy to eat. He poured the mucilage out of a bottle he had not seen since childhood. It was LePage's mucilage, and he saw, with absolute clarity, the bright red and black and yellow of the label, the florid lettering. It was a disgusting vision, and he got rid of it as quickly as he could, and fortunately was able to do so by the time they got to a well-recommended restaurant. Late as it was, they were still the first to have appeared, but Roberta said, "Never mind, dear," and the headwaiter seemed genuinely pleased to see them. The food was excellent, and Roberta, he noticed after a while, looked exceptionally pretty. He had forgotten what nice shoulders she had. The low-cut dress she wore was really quite revealing, and he caught himself staring at her breasts. When he looked up, Roberta had on her face that expression he had come to know so well. She seemed always to be waiting for something.

When they returned to the hotel at midnight—they were tired from the flight, and the food and wine had made them very sleepy—the bellboy was still on duty. He smiled, and it seemed to Simmons, lightheaded as he was, that the boy was saying, "I shall never



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forget you, sir." Simmons nodded, very pleased, and returned the smile.

The night manager, who spoke English very well, came out of his office and, on behalf of the entire night staff, welcomed Simmons and his wife to the hotel, and put himself, personally, at their disposal. Simmons said, "Actually, you probably could be of help to me. I want to have a suit made. I've been given the name of a tailor, Santander Brothers, and I wonder if you could ——"

"Of course," the night manager said. "Yes, they have an excellent reputation and are well esteemed; but here in Madrid we are famous for our tailors. There are many good ones, and many who are, though less well known, as good as the Brothers Santander and not so expensive."

"Is that so?" Simmons said.

The night manager, with fantastic dexterity, produced a card from his vest pocket, and with the desk clerk's pen wrote down the name and address of a highly esteemed tailor for Simmons. "I could even make the appointment for you, sir," the manager said.

In this way it had all been arranged; and it pleased Simmons very much, because now he had a tailor of his own, one he had himself discovered and who was not even mentioned in the guidebooks.

"Well, here we are," the driver said, offering Simmons another view of his relic of a face, "and it has really been a pleasure to carry you."

Simmons leaned forward to read the meter, reached into his pocket, and calculated the tip. He got out of the cab, looking up at the now familiar building where his tailor was, perhaps even at this moment, sewing the last stitch on his first handmade suit. Simmons thought, How odd; I have advanced to what my grandfather took for granted. And he suddenly saw history, the march of generations, as a crazy geometry, an elliptic and eccentric spiral, impossible to read, without sense. It left him with a feeling of vertigo.

The cold handle of the bronze-and-glass door restored him; the marble floor and walls of the lobby reassured him. Near the ceiling there were carved borders of roses and angels. He stopped to marvel at the profligacy of it, not of materials only but of time itself. How had they found so much of it? How had they *managed?* He thought that time was a product peculiar to the nineteenth century, a natural resource which had begun to run thin and never survived into his century.

There was an elevator, but his tailor was on the second floor and Simmons took the stairs; he had read that such exercise, in moderation, was good for the heart. Having a President who had suffered a heart attack had made Simmons and his friends very sensitive to such things. Heart specialists on television and in newspapers made them aware they all had that tough and fragile thing inside them; sometimes Simmons thought he was merely a protective shell designed, and assigned, to protect this tricky mechanism. Occasionally he even put his hand to his chest, to assure himself that it was still running.

He took deep breaths as he climbed the stairs, consciously giving exercise and oxygen to the masterful thing whose captive he was.

At the top of the stairs, on the second floor, Simmons paused and allowed his breathing to regulate itself. Here the walls were of ordinary plaster and the floor of wood. Time, apparently, ran out when the builders got up here. But the corridor was twice as wide as those in modern buildings, which showed how hard it was to break the habit: They still thought they had a little time left over and had converted it into space. No more carved roses, true, but expansiveness was itself a decoration.

His tailor, Mr. Nuñez, was a young man, perhaps thirty, with a seamed face and a small moustache. This moustache lived a life of its own: Even when Nuñez's face was in complete control of itself, the moustache twitched and fluttered, as if eager to be off or itching to grow larger. Nuñez's eyes indicated that he was not unaware of this phenomenon, and he often looked at Simmons apologetically, as if to say, "I would let it grow bigger, believe me I would, but I can't afford to."

The shop was small, and only a little light, cloudy and uncertain, leaked through the window; in amount it was equal to that given off by the bare bulb which hung dead center from the ceiling, trembling with each footfall, depending from a desiccated electric cord which had begun to curl up, as if from shame. There was more light produced by the reflecting surfaces of mirror and pressing iron, and the glass covering the large photograph of Nuñez's father.

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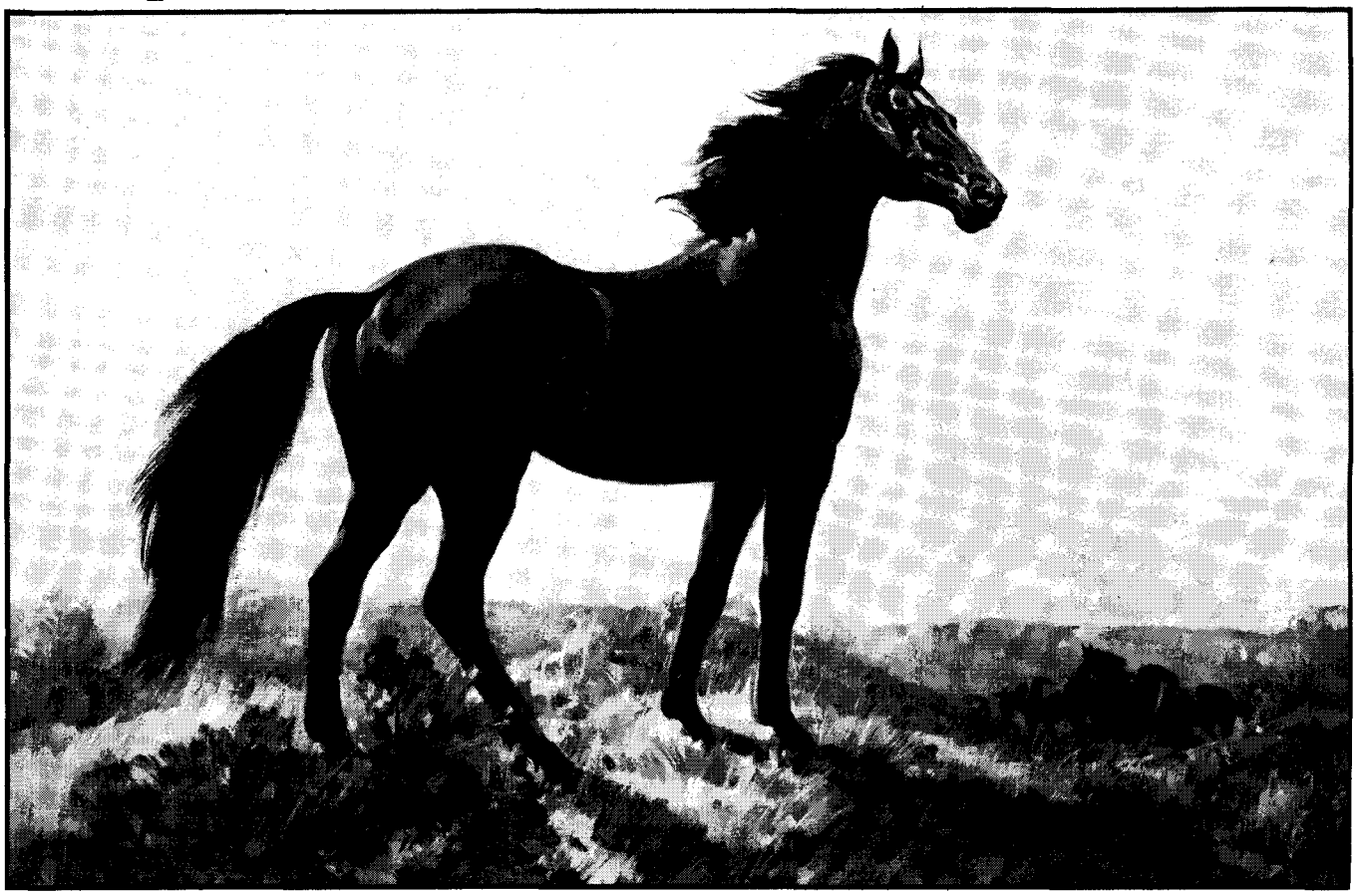

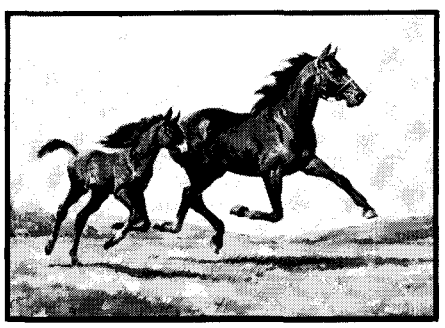

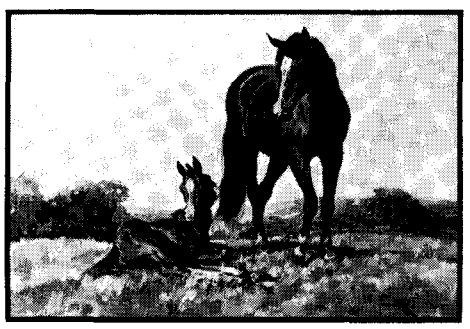

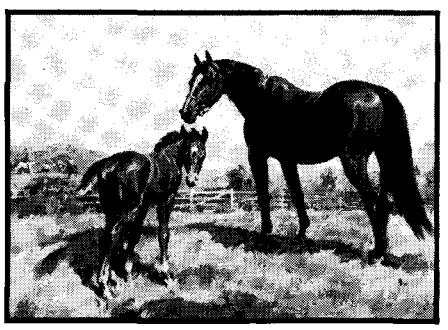

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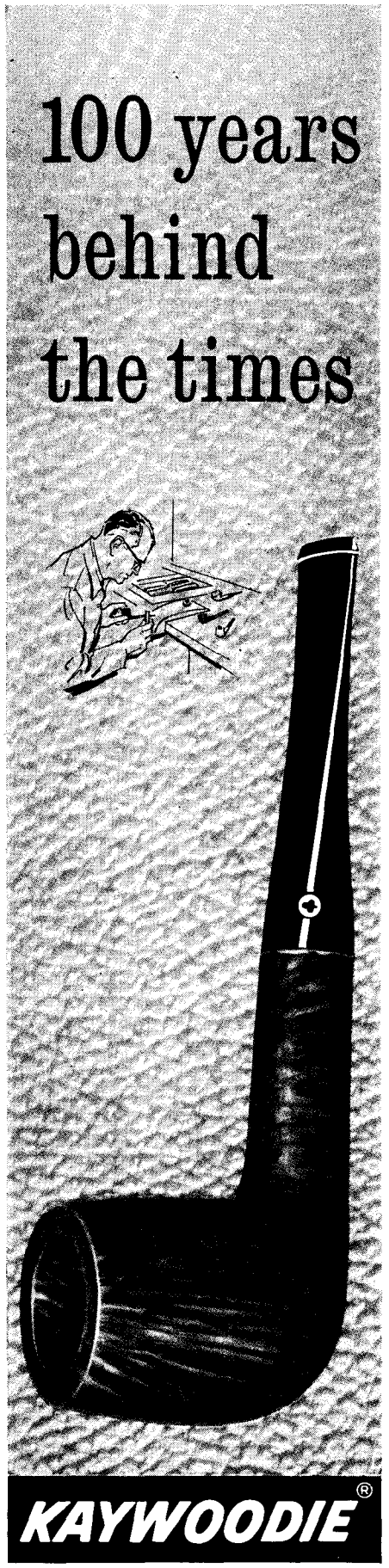

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Along one wall were metal shelves which provided more than enough space for the few bolts of cloth which represented Nuñez's meager stock. Among this very limited selection, Simmons had found exactly what he was looking for: a very English Glen plaid which was, nevertheless, a product of a textile mill north of Barcelona.

As soon as Nuñez closed the door behind his American client, he leaped onto his worktable, crossed his rickety legs, and, in the same movement, snatched up the jacket of Simmons's suit and took it to his mouth, as if he were going to eat it. Simmons almost cried out in alarm, but Nuñez merely bit the thread, said, "Finished!" and, with a magician's flourish, held up the coat, slid down from the table, and approached the suit's new owner.

He helped Simmons out of his old suit and into the new one. When the moment came, when finally Simmons slipped his arms into the sleeves of the new coat, it was not a fitting but an investiture. He smiled at his image in the mirror, at his marvelous newness, at the sensation of fulfillment which this suit gave him. It was a construction; it was armor; it was his alone. The lapels were wider than those he was accustomed to, and the shoulders were rather heavily padded in the Latin way. He moved his torso within the shell of the jacket, and his smile widened. He liked, really liked, the way this suit proclaimed its foreignness. There'd be no need to tell anyone anything. This suit was a fact. Even strangers would know him for what he was: a man who had arrived.

"You like it, sir?"

"Very good," Simmons answered, "very, very good." He put his hand into the trouser pocket and was momentarily alarmed to find no money there. He picked up his old suit and transferred the contents of the pockets.

Nuñez was delighted that his craft had produced such results. He clapped his hands and said, "All is precisely as I had wished it to be."

With a few words and gestures Simmons conveyed to his tailor that he would like the old suit wrapped. He counted out pesetas to the value of forty-five dollars, and his tailor wrote out the receipt. Copperplate, Simmons thought, watching it roll off the point with magical fluency and exactitude, as if the writing had been contained in the barrel of the pen and was now not so much written on the paper as released onto it. Nuñez took three tax stamps from a box and affixed them to the receipt. Everything but sealing wax, Simmons thought.

He turned away and looked at himself once again in the mirror. He saw a cardboard box materialize on the table behind him, and then the tailor carefully folded and packed the old suit. Simmons prepared a sentence in Spanish; his few hours of brushing up in this language had suddenly begun to pay off; phrases long ago forgotten now amazingly returned, and the sentence formed itself with fantastic ease.

"The women of Madrid astonish me," he said. "So beautiful and well dressed."

"Well dressed, yes," Nuñez said. "But their stomachs . . ." And here he made with the four fingers and thumb of his right hand a beak, the fingers stiff and hard, and he rapidly opened and closed the beak of this bird which had suddenly grown from his wrist.

"Surely not," Simmons said. "But there is such an air of prosperity." Once again, and this time without preparation, the words rolled from his tongue, as they had come from the barrel of Nuñez's pen.

The tailor said nothing. He tied the last knot on the box.

Simmons rolled his shoulders, trying to accustom himself to the padding of the jacket. I feel like an all-American halfback, he said to himself, lightly. Nuñez now had lighted a candle and was heating the end of a brown stick of wax which had appeared in his hand. He dripped wax onto the knot; it puddled and formed itself into a ragged circle. Nuñez touched the end of the stick of wax, testing it for coolness; and then with a stubby metal bit he pressed the wax four times, leaving the die's mark on the seal.

Too perfect, Simmons thought; no one will believe it. He put the receipt in his wallet and picked up the box, careful to keep his sleeve clear of the wax. He shook hands with Nuñez and said, "Thank you very much. It has been a great pleasure, and I hope to return, and I will certainly send my friends."

Nuñez smiled and held the door open for him. Simmons took the elevator down. In the taxi he studied the wax seal, trying to read the tailor's mark, but it was very small. He was not sure, but he thought it must be a bird of some sort; something winged, surely, perhaps a swan.

When he got back to the hotel, he saw Roberta in the lobby, having tea. Only when he stood by her table did she recognize him. "Good heavens," she said. "I thought you were a Spanish gentleman on the make."

He laughed, delighted. "Do you like it?"

"Marvelous," she said. "But it may take me a little while to get used to those shoulders. You taper like a lifeguard."

He laughed, sat down beside her on a velvet love seat, and turned sideways to the table; he crossed his legs carefully and sat forward so the jacket would hang right. Whenever anyone entered the lobby he looked up to see if he had been noticed. He was very pleased. Later, when he and Roberta returned to the hotel from dinner, the night manager spread his arms as if about to embrace Simmons and said, "Ahhhh, per-fect!"

Simmons and his wife left next day for Paris, and a week later were in London. His delight in the new suit did not diminish; he found that whether he wore it on the plane or packed it in a suitcase it remained unwrinkled; it maintained itself in armorial perfection. Simmons noticed, or believed he noticed, that on the days he wore his old American suits, waiters and doormen did not move for him with the same respectful haste as they did when he wore his Spanish suit. The suit gave him something, he had no doubt; it marked him, he was certain, as someone out of the ordinary, someone very special.

It had been a quite perfect trip; even before it was over Simmons was seeing it in retrospect, had begun to reminisce several days before they boarded the boat at Southampton. In Paris, he had bought Roberta a long string of pearls, and in London he bought her antique silver objects. She wore the pearls wrapped around her neck so that they formed a high collar, a nacreous shell around the tower of her throat. It was obvious she liked them very much, and the silver too; but it was just as obvious to Simmons that he had not yet found that one thing which she wanted above all, because she still greeted him every morning with the same expression on her face, what Simmons had long ago begun to call her "waiting look." Sometimes he thought her sadness was the result of childlessness. Years back, when it was still a problem to be talked about, the doctor had advised her to face reality. Simmons had no trouble at all in doing so; and he had thought Roberta had none either, but he could be wrong about that, he told himself.

Still, even so, he had to say that the trip had been an unqualified success; when he got back home he would have nothing but good to report. It is true that in Paris several packs of cigarettes had been stolen from his hotel room, but this was a small matter. It bothered him a little because they were not American cigarettes; he knew how Europeans were about American cigarettes, and he could well understand some chambermaid or porter taking a pack or two of Luckies. But Simmons smoked the cigarettes of the country he was in; it was always possible to find a filter tip with blond tobacco. Even in Spain he had no trouble about this and smoked a brand called Bisonte. It had been, in fact, two leftover packs of these cigarettes which were stolen.

Small matter. He did not bother mentioning it to the management.

Also, he had been told that in the great hotels of Europe one could still find the kind of service a Victorian traveler would have taken for granted, the kind of service men of Simmons's generation had really never known. He had had visions of men in little aprons polishing door handles and brass plates, chambermaids in starched uniforms with armfuls of linen, a housekeeper with a large ring of keys on her belt. And it is true that in his hotels in Paris and London he did see these things, occasionally; but it was perfectly clear that the standards had gone down. They almost never bothered to empty his ashtrays; and oddly enough, in both hotels he had noticed orange peels under his bed.

But such things were merely cause for raised eyebrows, and he would surely have forgotten all about them by the time he got home if the same thing had not happened on the boat. They returned on one of the great

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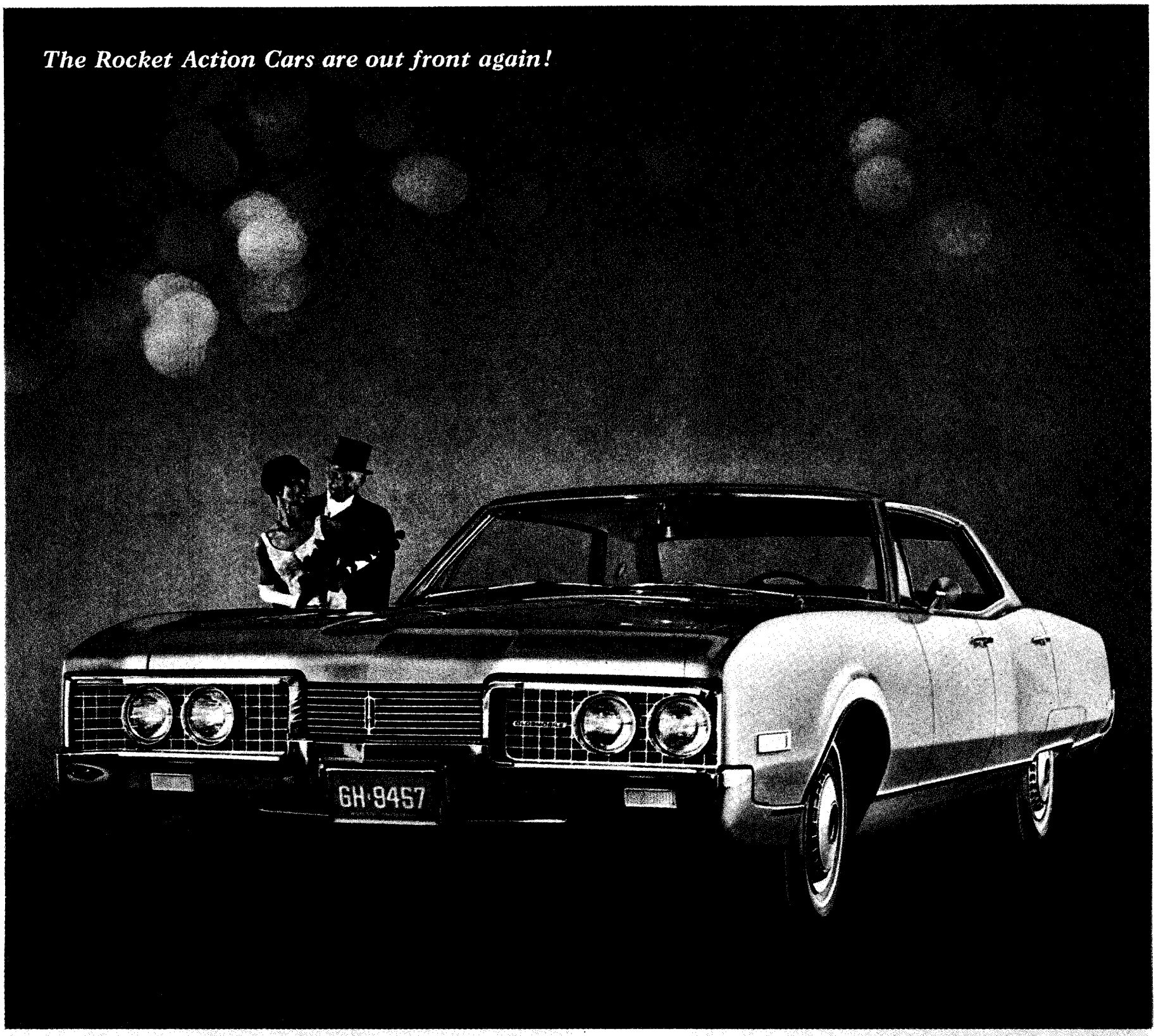

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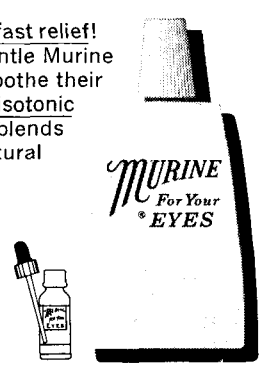

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"Stop calling me 'Boy'!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

SPANISH SUIT—

English liners, and, on coming back to his cabin one night, he discovered that his last pack of cigarettes had been stolen. He rang for the steward. No, he said to Roberta, no, it wasn't the lousy twenty cents or whatever, he just damn well wanted a smoke and there wasn't any.

"But this just doesn't happen in first class, sir," the steward said, genuinely shocked.

"It has happened now," Simmons said.

The steward held a small silver tray against his leg; the vibration of the ship's engines was reflected there, a subtle agitation. "I shall have to inform the purser, sir," the steward said, but obviously he was reluctant to do so.

"Never mind," Simmons said, reminding himself that he was after all a civilized man. "Just see if you can get me a pack of cigarettes, won't you?" He was sorry he wasn't wearing his Spanish suit; he was certain his words would have carried more weight.

The steward smiled gratefully. "Have mine, sir, if you don't mind English cigarettes."

He handed Simmons a rumpled pack of Ovals. Simmons thanked him and said he would take only two, one for now and one for the morning.

"No trouble at all, sir. Keep the pack. I can always get another from one of my mates."

"Thank you very much then, steward."

He closed the door and began to undress; he lit a cigarette and noticed the ashtray was full of butts again. He shook his head.

"I think you handled the whole thing very well, dear," Roberta said.

Later he was glad he had taken the whole pack, for he woke in the middle of the night and could not fall back to sleep. A noise had wakened him, he supposed; through the porthole he watched the moonlight tilt and shift. When the ship lunged to starboard, the closet door swung open and struck the bulkhead, making a soft, hollow sound. He could see his Spanish suit twisting on its hanger, as if it were anguished by captivity and longing to be free. Now, rocked by the ship, touched by moonlight, he permitted entry to unfamiliar notions and wondered what he was taking back with him, what presence hid in his new suit and waited to be smuggled through customs to the promised land, a furtive stowaway leaving a trail of orange peels and stolen cigarette ends.

Except for the orange peels and the ashtrays, it was a pleasant and uneventful crossing. On the last day he woke early and came out on deck in time to see Coney Island slide smoothly by, mysterious and faintly sinister in the mist of morning. Surreptitiously, although he was alone on deck, he slipped his hand under the slightly too wide lapel of his new suit, and let it rest for a moment on his heart. It seemed fine, in good order. He would walk around the deck once before breakfast, for exercise, and to stimulate his appetite.

Four hours later they were in their apartment. Simmons was on the telephone to his office, and Roberta was removing dust sheets from the furniture; they were speckled with the city's dirt, the greasy soot that seemed to penetrate the glass of the windows; no way to keep it out. By early afternoon the refrigerator was producing ice cubes again and was full of fruit and meat delivered by the Puerto Rican grocery boy; the suitcases were unpacked; and Simmons decided he would, after all, go down to his office and just have a look-see at his mail. It was too hot in New York for the new suit, but he was determined to wear it on his first day back. Then he would have it cleaned and put away until fall, he told himself.

His secretary greeted him with nervous joy; her white teeth flashed messages of welcome. She always made him feel like a hero just returned from a dangerous mission, even though most of the time he was only coming back from lunch. "Love your suit," she said.

He told her all about the tailor he had discovered. It was his first telling of it, and Miss Newcomb enjoyed it immensely. He wanted very much to lean back in his chair, elegant and relaxed, and tell her all that he had seen and thought; and it was only with a great effort of will that he was able to recall himself to duty and, with Miss Newcomb's aid, go through the months' mail.

At four o'clock he stopped work and took Miss Newcomb in a taxi to her apartment, where he often stopped for a drink on his way home. Once outside the air-conditioned office building, the suit seemed immediately to absorb the heat of the day, as if it were storing it up against the hard winter sure to come. There's your Old World wisdom for you, he said to himself, smiling at the idea.

In the taxi, Miss Newcomb laid her hand on his. "Glad you're back?"

"Oh, yes," he said.

Miss Newcomb smiled and touched his padded shoulder with her forehead. "It's a marvelous suit," she said. "I adore it. I can't make up my mind, though, whether you look like something absolutely wonderful left over from the 'Thirties ——"

He laughed and said, "Or . . . ?"

"—— or an English colonel in mufti. But either way," she said, "it's great, great, great."

"I'm very glad you like it."

"Perfecto," she said. It was one of her favorite words.

Simmons was amused by her language; it was part of her youthfulness, what made her so attractive. With Miss Newcomb beside him, her hand on his arm, and his own city presenting itself to his view, he felt a marvelous sense of certainty and power, here in this taxi which was one car and not a crazy amalgam, and driven by a man whose face was safely anonymous, not memorable and haunting, not a relic, not a souvenir of ugly history. Simmons banished the memory of the Spanish driver's face; he touched the magical iron cloth of his suit; the thrill of it charged him with a feeling of boyish vigor and reminded him of a time when he was certain he would never die. He circled Miss Newcomb's wrist with his thumb and forefinger.

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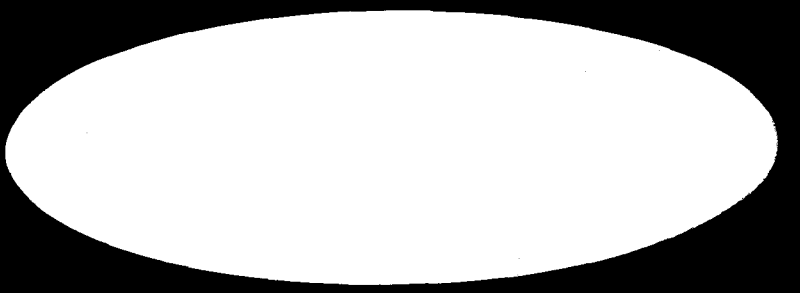

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When they arrived at her apartment, the first thing he did was call Roberta and tell her he'd be late. He was always very good about this.

Simmons sent his suit to the cleaners, and when it came back he left it in its plastic bag to protect it from the soot. Every morning he saw it hanging in the closet. After a while, it seemed to him that he was really checking to see if it was still there. This notion amused him; he admitted to himself that the suit had taken on a kind of talismanic quality. And why not?, he asked himself, always tolerant of his own superstitions. It has brought me nothing but good luck, he said to himself; there hasn't been a bad day since I bought it. Business was better than ever and his private life a joy. Even Roberta seemed happy.

He had noticed this within a week of their return: Her waiting look had turned to something more like fulfillment. It reminded him of their honeymoon. There was about her now that same air of surprise, gratitude, and shyness. He could tell by the way she touched him; it was her way of thanking him for something. He did not know what it could be. Perhaps she has faced reality at last and discovered an inner peace, he told himself; and he found this a satisfactory answer.

Breakfasts, however, were a bad time. She sat across the table from him, smiling, smiling as if there were some marvelous secret they shared. Perhaps, he thought, she is coming early to that time of her life. It would account for the odd way she smiled at him, and for the rather stunning nightgowns she had suddenly taken to wearing, and the pink silk robe she now wrapped herself in to drink coffee with him at eight in the morning.

"Kept ladies always wear pink silk robes," she said, her smile full of secrets. "That is why I bought it."

"It's very pretty," he said, after clearing his throat. He had hardly trusted himself to speak.

"Oh, *you!*" she said, and looked down shyly.

Also, some nights, before going to her room, she would come in to his, where he was working at some contract or estimate, and not kiss him good night in the ordinary way but would take off his reading glasses and kiss his temples and eyelids, and with her hand caressing the back of his head. It was a manner altogether new, and he was too astonished to be made anything but thoughtful by these attentions.

Then too, at these times, she would say disturbing things, such as, "My secret lover." Or, "You, my dearest, my midnight visitor." And, "Oh, you wild man, you." Then she would put his glasses back on and, always, as she went through the door, would look back over her shoulder, coquettishly.

Clearly, a doctor's advice was called for; but Simmons delayed, hoping this—what should it be called?—this *seizure* would work itself out and disappear as suddenly as it had come.

Apparently, in spite of her smiles and air of well-being, Roberta was having a hard time of it too; for whenever he awoke in the night he heard her rustling and pottering through the apartment. Several mornings each week she slept late, and when this happened he always found the evidence of her night prowling: an overflowing ashtray, a demitasse cup, and the thin, cylindrical *espresso* coffeepot she had bought in Madrid. And often, in the kitchen, he would find dirty dishes and crumbs on the plastic work surface, the mayonnaise jar with the lid off, and the scraps of a piece of meat which had been left over from dinner.

It was alarming, but he had Miss Newcomb for comfort and, after a while, found that she preferred him in the role of worried husband. She became very wifely.

Still, after a few months of this, he had to admit that Roberta seemed to be thriving, had put on weight—was beginning to look rather like the Spanish lady on the lid of the cigar box—and seemed to be very happy indeed. Once or twice he had even wakened in the night to hear her laughing in her sleep.

And it was precisely when he thought the situation well in hand, all cause for worry past, that he went to put on his Spanish suit one morning and discovered it was missing. "Oh, God!" he said, and had a vision of Roberta, scissors in hand, quite mad, cutting his suit to ribbons. With something close to frenzy he pushed his suits along the closet bar, one at a time, hoping he had simply overlooked it. But it was not there, it was not there. He sat down. I must be calm, he told himself. He was perspiring; he unbuttoned his shirt, one part of his mind thinking: I will have to shower again. He reached for a ciga-

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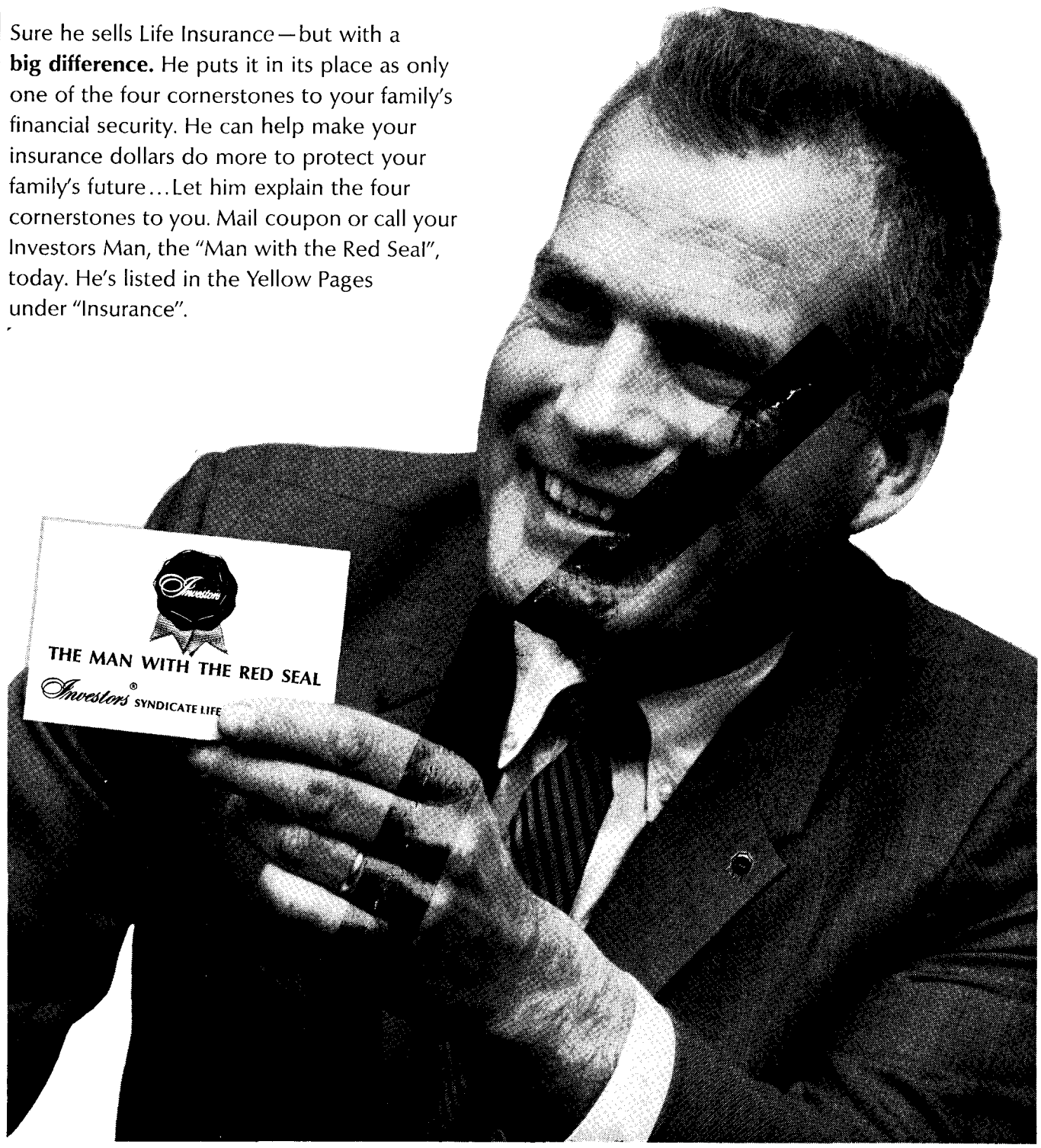

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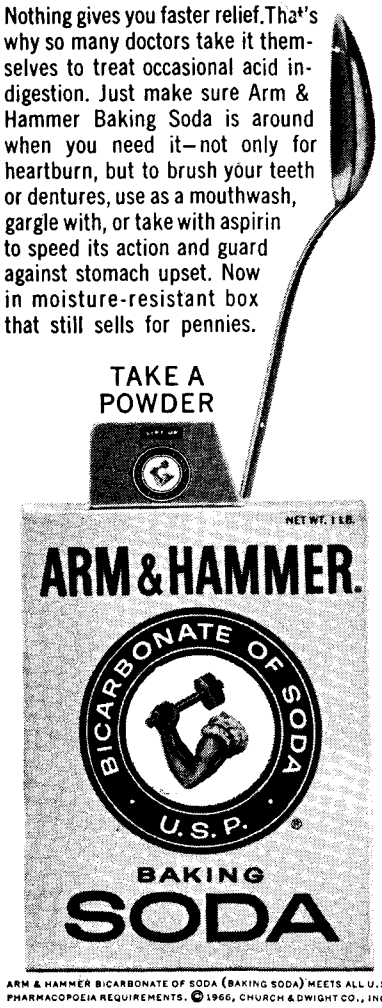

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rette; the box on his desk was empty. He swore and went into the living room and found two still left in the alabaster box on the coffee table. There was the usual demitasse cup and ashtray heaped with ends, and now—and for some reason he took this as the final insulting blow—a dish with some bread crusts and tomato seeds floating in oil.

"One might as well be living with an Italian peasant!" he said—almost aloud, so fierce was his anger.

Then he sat down, and after a few puffs at his cigarette he felt calmer and thought perhaps Roberta had sent his suit to the cleaner. It was unlikely, but this was the only reasonable explanation he could come up with. Another thought then came to him, less reasonable but of such compelling urgency that he found himself on his feet and moving toward her room before the thought was even fully formed.

The door was ajar; he pushed it open slowly, not making a sound, and what he saw froze him into an even deeper stillness. Her nightgown, leaf green, lay on the floor at her bedside, insubstantial and shifting in the light breeze that blew through the window. Roberta, her face slightly swollen with sleep, was only half covered by the sheet. He had never seen her so desirable nor ever thought her capable of such an attitude of abandonment. Desire stirred within him, but he remembered his anger and opened her closet doors. His suit was on the first hanger, and, furious now, not caring how much noise he made, he savagely pulled it out from among her dresses. Roberta did not waken. He closed the bedroom door behind him. "Shameful!" he said, and shook his head.

Even the shower did not calm him; still angry, he punished himself with the towel. He said, "Yes, healthy appetite; getting fat, of course, but inside she is very sick!" He took this as a personal affront, as if by getting sick she had betrayed him. And how shall I get her to a doctor? he asked himself. Her doctor was a friend, Ted Myers. Simmons left a note for Roberta:

> Haven't seen the Myerses for long time. Why not invite them dinner Fri. night?

Roberta invited the Myerses and they, happily, were able to come. In his taxi on the East River Drive next morning—a time of day he had come to set aside for personal, as opposed to business, thoughts—he decided not to telephone Ted Myers but to let him come unaware that anything was going on. Doctors were like that, Simmons knew: If they were told to look for something, they were more than likely to find something. What he'd do, simply, was this: The day after the party he'd call Myers and ask him. Just spring it on him and get an educated reaction. Simmons wished that the psychiatrists would put out dream books like those he had read when he was a boy; then, he could simply look under the various headings—Suit, Closet, Wife—and get a line on the whole thing. He shrugged. Oh, they're working in the dark, too, he told himself, recalling that Ted Myers had once said, "There are still some things at which we just have to throw up our hands."

He leaned his head on the back of the seat and closed his eyes. He was tired; he had not slept well. In the beginning, Roberta's night prowlings were as nearly silent as she could make them; lately, however, she had become quite brazen, and he was often wakened by the noise of clattering dishes and what sounded like books being dropped. He wondered if she was trying to let him know that she was disturbed. He groaned. The only comforting thought, really, was that the psychiatrists did not know very much either.

In fact, as it turned out, they knew even less than he thought; for, after an altogether unremarkable and even charming dinner party, Ted Myers said, as he was leaving, "Simmons, you're a lucky man," and he punched him lightly on the arm to show he meant that Simmons deserved his luck. And when the door was closed and Simmons turned and looked at his wife, he knew what Myers meant: She was beautiful. Or not beautiful, perhaps, but something even better: a beauty. She smiled at him then, in her altogether new style, and patted the sofa, inviting him to join her. He did so, transfixed, hypnotized almost, by this sudden new vision of her.

When he was halfway to her, she turned off the lamp; for a moment, before the light of the sky made itself felt, the room was completely dark, and he stopped, then continued toward her. Her arms were open for him; he saw the light on her bare shoulders, smelled the odor of her perfume, then felt her warmth.

"So glad they've gone," she said. "I've been waiting all night to get my hands on you."

His heart, that delicate member, responded in an alarming way. Roberta was so new to him; Miss Newcomb was now the familiar, the comforter. He felt a pang at the thought of her; it was betrayal, but he was sure she'd understand. Roberta was importunate, not to be put off; the intensity of her demand frightened him. "*Mi vida*," she said. "*Mi cielo*." To Simmons she seemed now as foreign as the words she was uttering. What had come over her? Was it Europe? It was said to have terrible effects on a certain kind of American.

Afterward, he sensed her disappointment, even though her voice was very gentle and what she said was clearly meant to be soothing. "You must be very tired, dearest."

He agreed that this was so. "It's been a rough week," he said. "And I haven't been sleeping well lately."

"How awful. If I had known I would have spoken to Ted. He could have prescribed something for you. Why didn't you tell me?"

"And have you," he asked, and paused to clear his throat, "have you been sleeping well?"

He saw her shy smile. "Never better," she whispered.

He moved away from her, to a chair, and lighted a cigarette; and realized then that he might as well have left the room. His presence seemed to be of no interest to her any longer. She was wholly engaged in looking at her body, silvery in that light. There was a fantastic pride in her face as she looked at herself. It seemed to Simmons she was taking joy in her own flesh; there was more than merely satisfaction in the way she raised each leg into the light and gazed at it. But she had not forgotten him; she turned on her side and held her hand out to him. "Give me a puff, dearest," she said. When he leaned toward her he saw her eyes and the adoration that was all for him. She did not immediately take the cigarette, but first reached up and touched his face with her fingertips. He wondered at her ways.

She drew up her legs and locked her arms around them, hugging herself. "Go to bed, love," she said, "and sleep well, and sleep late."

He stood up at once. "You'll catch cold there, Roberta."

She stretched her legs again. "No, I'll go to bed soon; I just want to enjoy this a little longer."

Simmons slept very well that night. He woke toward morning. Not moving, he listened to the sounds: footsteps, dish drawn across table top, click of cup on saucer. Familiar now. Even reassuring. He thought of getting up, of going out of his room to confront this person. No, better not, he decided. Really, everything was quite perfect; it was a lovely arrangement. Simmons faced reality; he had always prided himself on his ability to do that. We complement each other, he told himself. We have our arrangement, Simmons said to himself; we've made our little deal. A great happiness surged through him. He had to stretch his body to contain it all. This was what he had worked for during those fifteen solid years. "How good life is," he said, and fell into a sleep as deep as death.

When Roberta came into his room it was almost noon. It had been years since he had slept so late. Not quite yet awake, trying to read his watch—could it be so late?—Roberta's presence in the room—what was she carrying?—confused him and he felt angry and betrayed. This passed at once when he saw she was carrying a tray. She lowered it to his bedside table, then sat down beside him and poured the coffee. She unfolded a napkin for him, and while he sipped the coffee she tore off pieces of the buttered toast and fed him.

"You need your rest," she said, "and you need nourishment, and you deserve the very best."

He smiled.

She refilled his cup and, offering it to him, looked up shyly and said, "What fantastic strength you have, and what powers of recovery! Really, dearest, you astonished me." Wide-eyed, she shook her head in mock censure and said, "You are such a boy!"

He tried to laugh.

"You really are," she said.

He stared at her, unable to speak. She turned away and lowered her head, misunderstanding his penetrating look. "Oh, surely not!" she cried, laughing.

He laughed too and said, "No, no, I'm going to bathe now."

She insisted on running the tub for him; and as if it were a long journey, she bent down and kissed him before leaving. Her pink robe fell open and she did not pull it together until she had stood up, and even then took her time about it.

Simmons listened to the water running in his tub, looked at the tray beside his bed. "Oh, yes," he said, "this way is not bad at all." He drew the blanket up to his chin, savoring the last minutes before rising. He lay there in his narrow, elegant bed, hands folded on his chest, eyes closed with the bliss of being alive. □

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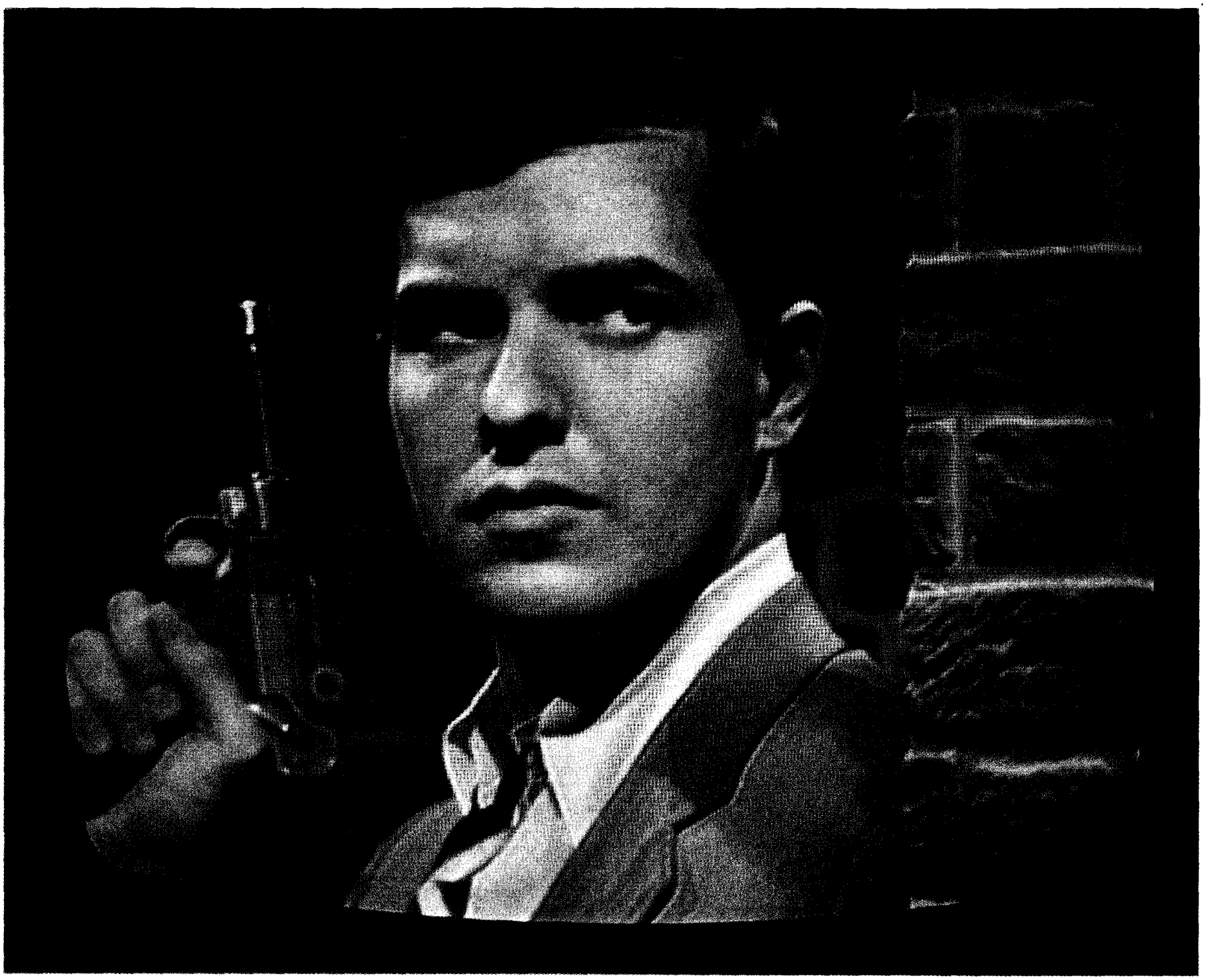

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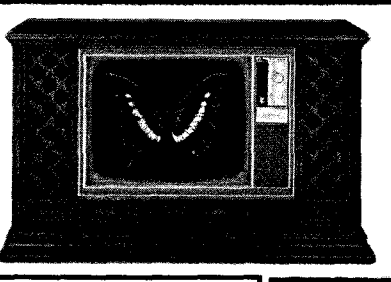

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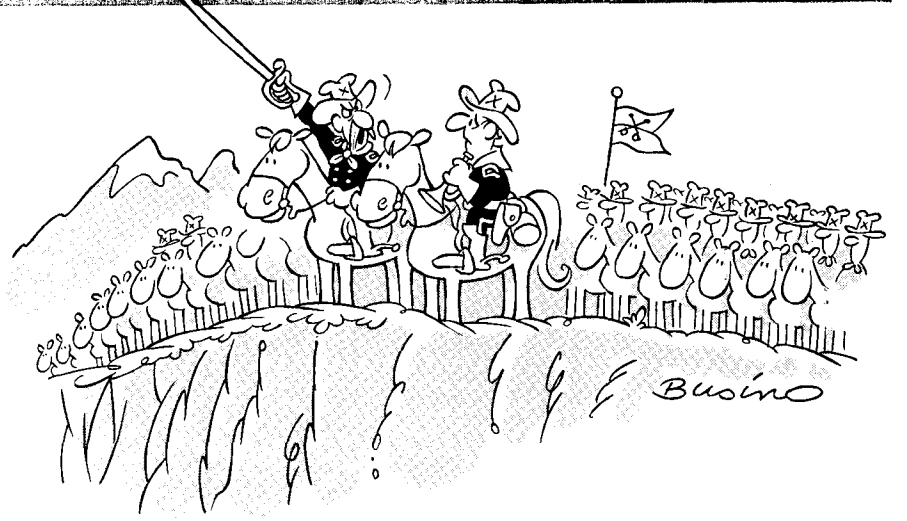
"You're sure she's got a friend?"

"Everybody is trustworthy when they're a kid."

Post scripts

*"Model 180, eh! Blow out the fuel line—
on that one it's always the fuel line. . . ."*



"What do you mean, will I hum a little bit of 'charge' for you?"

"I don't care how loud you kids holler, that back window stays up."

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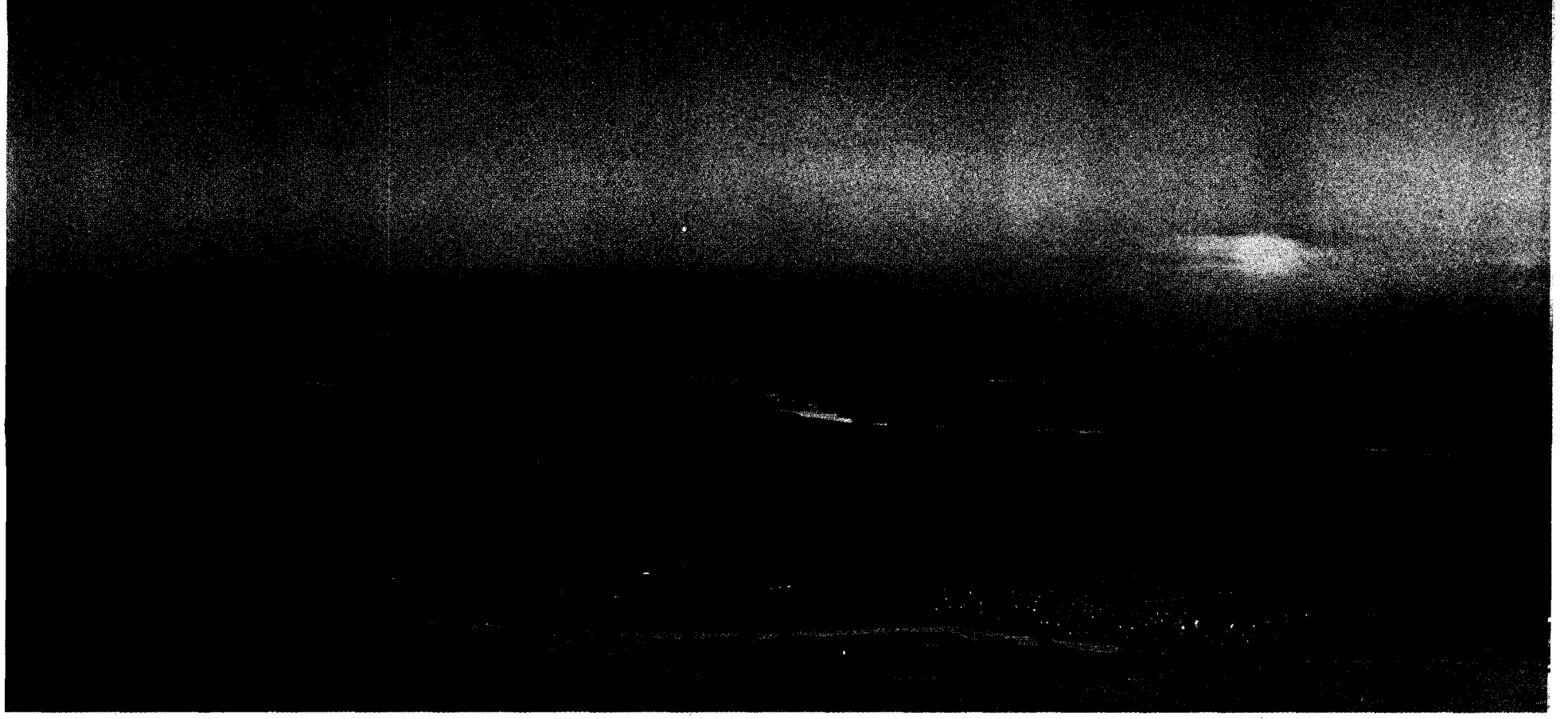
World... this is Canada



Ours is a land radiant with promise, bountiful and big . . . covering nearly four million square miles!

And across its length and breadth we will soon be celebrating the *Centennial of Canada's* Confederation.

On July 1, 1867, our forefathers joined hands. From different lands —mainly France and the British Isles—speaking different languages, they came together with a common purpose. And around a conference table, 100 years ago, *a new nation was born.*

Now we stand on the threshold of our second century. A glowing future lies ahead.

We're 20 millions . . . from many races and many places . . . and steadily growing. The rich, natural resources of a beautiful country are part of our heritage—and we have the vitality and "know-how" to harness them. As a member of the Commonwealth and of the United Nations we have also learned the wisdom of sharing with other peoples.

We are fast taking our place as one of the great industrial and trading nations of the world.

Almost half of the world's pulp and paper . . . possibly this very piece . . . originates in Canada. Our major exports include wheat, iron ore, oil, uranium, nickel, asbestos—along with many other products of our rich and fertile fields.

Our artists, scientists and technicians have gained global recognition, Canada's own scientific satellite, Alouette I (ours was the third nation to have a satellite in orbit) reports daily on the earth's ionosphere.

And around the world the aircraft of many nations rely on Canadian electronic guidance systems.

Skyscraper cities now dot the land. Networks of railways, highways, *airlines and waterways link us* from Atlantic to Pacific.

And everywhere, throughout 1967, we'll join together to celebrate our nation's 100th Birthday. The Centennial festivities will be 4,000 miles wide . . . and a year long.

At Montreal, starting April 28, we'll celebrate for six months at the INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION —EXPO 67—the magnificent and imaginative WORLD'S FAIR, where the pavilions of 70 nations are rising on a 1,000 acre island site, to depict what man is doing with his world.

We'll celebrate across our seven time-zones . . . from coast to coast.

Now that our first hundred years as a nation are all over but the shouting—and we are in good voice—we would love to have you join in.

WORLD, THIS IS CANADA

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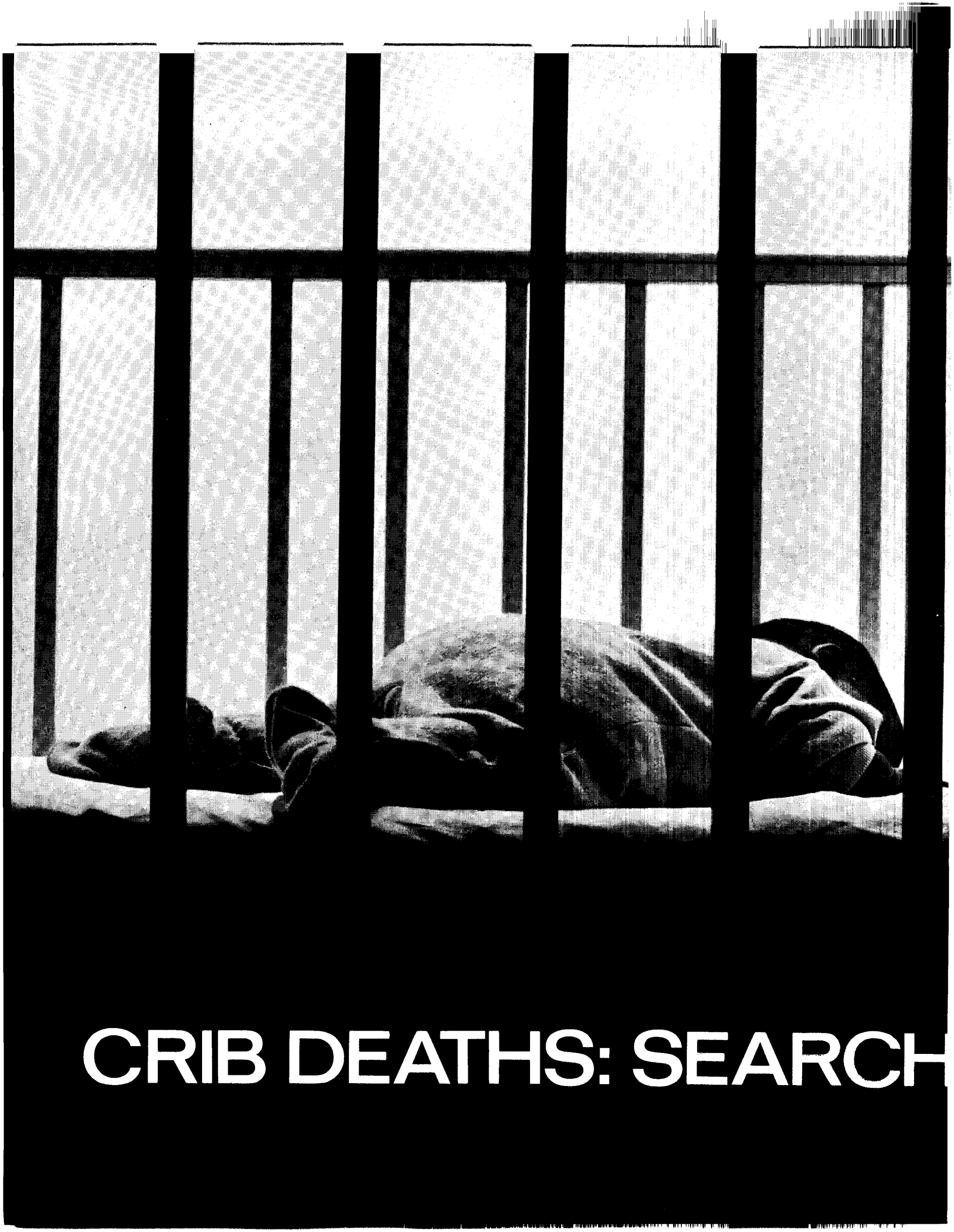

CRIB DEATHS: SEARCH

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Each year more than 20,000 American babies die suddenly, for no known reason. "Suffocation" has always been blamed, but an intensified new research effort may point to the real cause.

"I had taken a snapshot of Donnie just twenty minutes before it happened, and it shows him up on all fours, his head lifted, looking around and smiling. He was a healthy, happy baby; quite advanced for five months. The pediatrician had seen him only two days before and said he was fine."

The young Seattle mother, pretty, dimpled, brushed back her fine black hair. There was a catch in her voice as she resumed. "I put him in his car bed in the rear, got into the front seat and leaned back and patted him. He was laughing and playing. Then we drove off and he fell asleep. When we arrived at my mother's house a few minutes later, I turned around to pick Donnie up. He was not asleep. He was dead."

Across the room a small woman in her mid-30's slowly set her coffee cup down on the table beside her. "It was three days before last Christmas," she said. "Diana was three months old. On Tuesday I'd had her in at the doctor's for her DPT shots, and that night she woke up at eleven-thirty and took part of a second bottle. Then she quit and cried herself to sleep. In the morning I fixed breakfast, got my husband off to work and my eight-year-old daughter off to school and was alone in the kitchen with my two-year-old. About eight o'clock I went into the baby's room and saw she was lying very still. Too still. I turned her over and tried to give her mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. But it was too late. She was gone.

"I know nothing I could have done would have helped her. But to think that I let her cry herself to sleep. That's what gets me."

From around the circle of 18 parents, gathered for a meeting in this attractive Seattle home, came nods and murmurs of understanding. For each had experienced a similar shattering loss – sudden, mysterious and frustratingly unexplainable. And their stories, with minor variations, can be matched all over the country. This silent, invisible killer, the leading cause of death among infants between the ages of one week and one year, creeps into the homes of rich and poor alike, and the most alert care cannot insure against it.

A Brooklyn infant died in a shopping cart as its mother strolled through a supermarket. On Mercer Island, a Seattle suburb, a baby died during his afternoon nap on the terrace, while brothers and sisters played nearby and his mother sat in the next room. Still another child, the six-month-old son of two Midwest doctors, died in his mother's arms, with the father standing not two feet away. As Cleveland's deputy coroner and medical examiner, Dr. Lester Adelson, expressed it, after examining hundreds of tiny victims and interviewing their parents, "The baby can go from apparent health to death in five minutes."

The death of a child, from whatever cause, is heart-breaking. When no obvious cause can be found, as in the estimated 15,000 to 25,000 "crib deaths" occurring each year in the United States (and they are reported at almost the same rates in other parts of the world), the hurt is doubly sharp. "You can understand death from a heart defect, or cancer, or kidney disease," a Connecticut mother remarked. "But when a perfectly healthy baby dies, you just can't accept it. You keep wondering what you did that was wrong, or what you failed to do that you should have done."

Actually, the parents are blameless. At present these mysterious deaths can be neither predicted nor prevented, and the medical profession is almost totally baffled. After studying hundreds of cases, a Temple University pathologist, Dr. Marie Valdés-Dapena, wryly subtitled one of her medical reports, "The Scope of Our Ignorance."

But the investigators are not discouraged by the false leads and blind alleys they have followed. Crib death has been called a "disease of theories." And in a new concentration of research effort, financed mainly by the Federal Government's National Institute of Child Health and Human Development, Dr. Dapena and others are testing these theories and running down clues in the hope of finding causes that will eventually lead to prevention.

Among the possible culprits are a fast-acting virus, a complex of viruses, a lapse in the body's immunity defenses, an allergic phenomenon, or a combination of factors which by chance fall together in the infant marked for sudden death. All of these are coming under new, intensified scrutiny.

While the search for a solution goes on, parents in several cities have organized to bring comfort to newly bereaved families through phone calls, letters, meetings and personal visits. Some of the more active of these groups are the Washington Association for Sudden Infant Death Study, in Seattle; the Mark Addison Roe Foundation, with headquarters in Greenwich, Conn., and Denver, Colo.; the California Association for Sudden Infant Death Study in Fremont, Calif., and the Guild for Infant Survival, in Baltimore, Md.

Members of these organizations have done much to alleviate the bewilderment and punishing self-blame that enmesh the afflicted families. There are sometimes even charges of neglect by husband or wife; and grief over their baby's death may be followed by breakup of the family. Often the doctor is blamed for not having detected "something" in his routine checkup. Baby-sitters or grandparents may be accused of carelessness. Little brothers and sisters who had been told to "watch the baby" have suffered prolonged guilt feelings.

Public misunderstanding, too, has been cruelly destructive. Families have sold their homes and moved away because their neighbors had shunned them after the baby's death and refused to let their children play together.

The whip of imagined guilt with which thousands of parents have lashed themselves—sometimes for 20 years or more—is the product of an ancient but persistent notion that these infants have been accidentally suffocated in their bedclothes or rolled on by the mother in her sleep. Going back to the Bible story of King Solomon and the two women who claimed the same baby (I Kings 3:19), one reads that the dead infant exchanged by its mother for the living one had "died in the night because she overlaid it," that is, rolled on it. Dr. Abraham B. Bergman, a pediatrician, and

By STEVEN M. SPENCER

Photograph by Phil Marco

FOR A MYSTERY KILLER

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Dr. J. Bruce Beckwith, a pathologist, both of the Children's Orthopedic Hospital in Seattle, speculate that this was a case of what we'd now call sudden, unexplained death.

They rest their conclusion on abundant evidence. In the first place, many of the infants were not covered at all, or when found were on top of the blanket. Second, babies at the age when most of the sudden deaths occur—two to six months—are strong enough to roll or lift their faces off the mattress or to wriggle out from under a blanket. Some years ago Dr. Paul V. Woolley Jr., of Detroit, tested this common observation by deliberately laying ordinary blankets over the heads of sleeping infants or placing them face down on the mattress. Even the smallest was able to squirm until he got an open airway.

Another theory was that sudden enlargement of the thymus gland, at the base of the neck, caused death by squeezing the baby's windpipe. Doctors called it *status thymicolymphaticus*. But as Cleveland's Dr. Adelson observed at an international conference on sudden infant deaths held in Seattle in 1963, the suspect thymus glands are now believed to have been of normal size. They seemed enlarged only by comparison with the glands of infants dying of various infectious diseases. The latter thymuses, erroneously considered normal, were really shrunken and atrophied.

"I think *status thymicolymphaticus* is a prime piece of medical gobbledygook," Dr. Adelson concluded. "It is polysyllabic, has Latin endings, and sounds impressive. It merely serves to confuse the issue."

Little was done, however, to clear away the confusion for the distraught and guilt-ridden parents of the dead babies until August, 1962. In that month Jedd and Louise Roe, then of Greenwich, Conn., now of Denver, established a foundation "to dispel misunderstanding and misconceptions surrounding sudden infant death, to give hope to families that something is being done, and to 'plant the seed' that will encourage research." They named the foundation for their six-month-old son, Mark Addison Roe, who had died suddenly in October, 1958.

Neither the Roes nor their doctor was completely satisfied by the autopsy finding of "bronchial pneumonia," although this was much less traumatic to the parents than the erroneous "suffocation," which has been written on so many death certificates. But "bronchial pneumonia" is only one of several convenient stopgap labels applied to cover medical uncertainty as to the true nature of the condition. This is not to say that some lung disturbance may not be involved. Indeed, the pathologists usually find bloody fluid in the infants' lungs. But they doubt that pneumonia is the underlying or triggering cause of death.

While planning the foundation, the Roes were appalled and occasionally angered by the callous attitudes some bereaved parents had encountered. Most doctors do everything they can to ease the shock and to assure parents that the death could probably not have been prevented even if someone had been at the cribside. But the Roes were told of doctors who made blunt or thoughtless remarks, or, perhaps fearing they'd be wrongly blamed, refused to tell the family anything.

Jedd Roe himself nearly came to blows with a detective who stopped him as he arrived home after receiving the tragic news in his Manhattan office. "I was just getting out of the car," Mr. Roe recounted, "when this detective came up and said he wanted to ask me some questions. I said I didn't want to talk just then, that I only wanted to get into my own house and see my wife and baby. 'Just one question,' he said, and I said, 'All right, what is it?' 'Well,' he asked, 'did your wife love this baby?' I was so angered by that remark that I tried to throw a punch at him and would have hit him if our pediatrician, Doctor Frederick Lee, hadn't restrained me."

By now the publicity generated by the Roe Foundation and other parent groups has reached many police departments, and grief-stricken parents are interviewed with more tact, often after a police or fire rescue squad has tried to revive the baby. Actually, it was the wife of a Seattle detective, Francis R. Jones, who several years ago helped found the Washington Association for Sudden Infant Death Study. A newspaper item about the Jones baby's sudden death in September, 1961, was seen by Mrs. Fred Dore, whose own infant had died in the same way on the same day. Mrs. Dore, wife of a Seattle lawyer and state legislator, wrote to Mrs. Jones to console her and to pass along what her pediatrician, Dr. Robert Polley, had told her about the condition. The two families got together and with another couple, Mr. and Mrs. David Marx, formed the nucleus of an organization that today conducts a program similar to the Roe Foundation's but more local in scope.

"We may be local," observes Mrs. Dore, the association's dynamic young president, "but with about two hundred sudden deaths a year in the state, we are often kept busy answering calls and letters from parents and relatives desperate for information. All of us are volunteers, working from our homes, and most of us have children—I have five. By pointing out that doctors at present know no way to predict or prevent such deaths, we hope to alleviate the feelings of guilt. We know how much just talking to another parent means during this terrible period."

More difficult to heal is the traumatic impact of the tragedy upon little brothers and sisters. "Night after night, following Bobby's death, my two older boys, about four and six, slept locked in each other's arms," a Long Island mother said. "One of them didn't want me to get rid of the baby's clothes. He insisted the baby would need them because he often saw him at night, sitting in his little chair in the bedroom. And they would say to me, 'You told us God took the baby because He loved him. Well, you say that God loves all of us, so couldn't God come down any time and take us, too?' We actually had to take one of the boys to a psychologist for a while. It was a long time before they accepted the baby's death."

A second major effort of the parents' groups has been to stimulate research, which had been lagging badly except for the work of a few pioneers. And the pioneers had to buck resistance to the basic essential in the search for clues—prompt postmortem examination of every infant dying suddenly and without known cause. Pressure for such a program was begun in the state of Washington in 1956 by Dr. Sherod M. Billington, a veteran pediatrician in the Seattle area. As chairman of the Washington State Medical Society's committee on maternal and child welfare, he made considerable headway, but his project wasn't given a clear go-ahead until two public officials who had themselves lost infants to the sudden-death syndrome swung their influence behind it. They were a new coroner, Leo M. Sowers, and a state legislator, Fred Dore. In 1963 Mr. Dore pushed through a bill appropriating $20,000 a year for the infant autopsies, to be performed in the University of Washington Hospital or the Children's Orthopedic Hospital. Washington's thus became the first state legislature to take this step.

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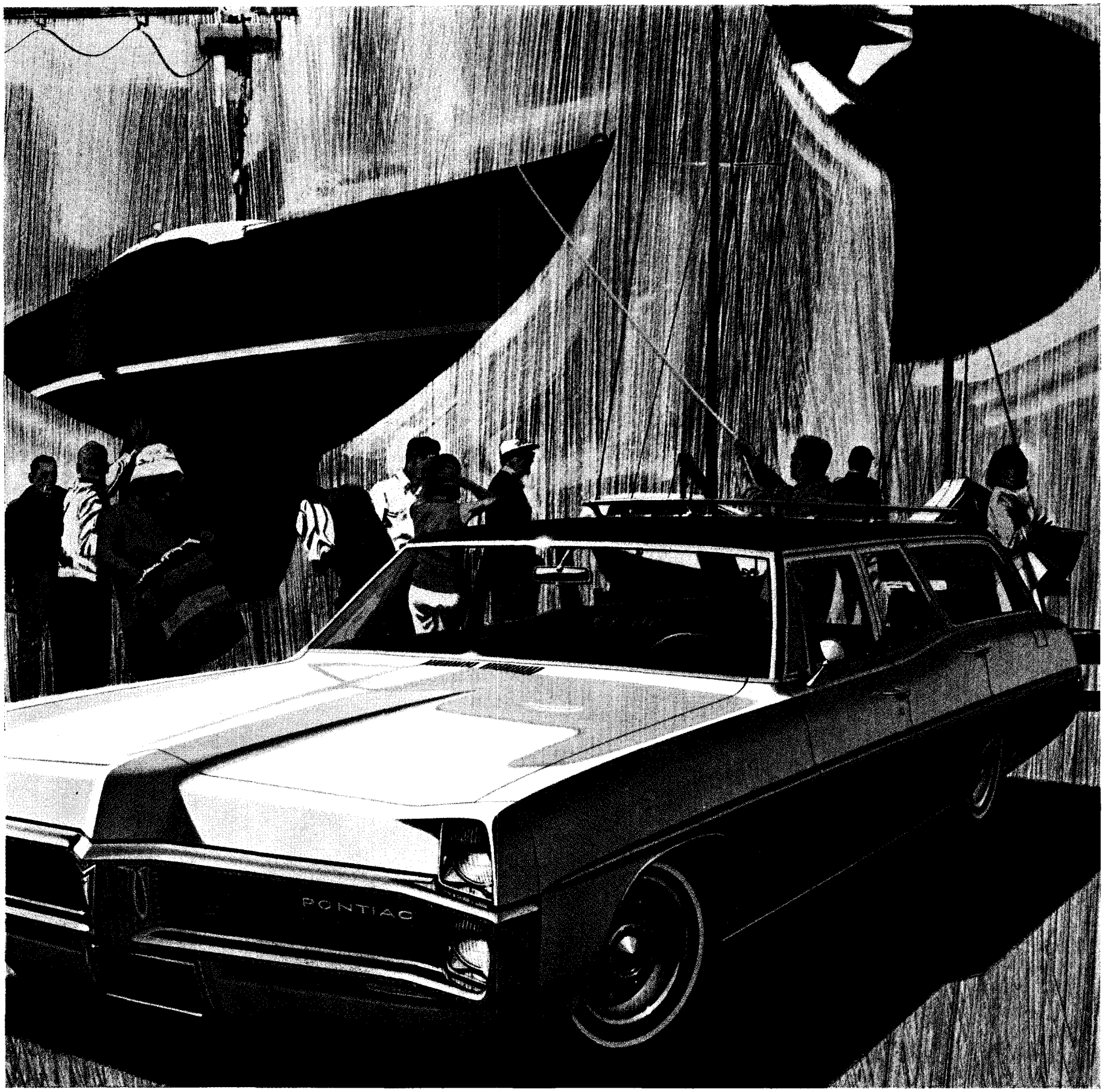

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In the same year the university's medical school organized the international conference on "Causes of Sudden Death in Infants." The recently published proceedings have been made available to every pediatrician in the United States.

Primed with state money, the Washington research project has since received a three-year grant of about $120,000 from the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development. With these funds, Pathologist Beckwith and Pediatrician Bergman are making a thorough study of all the sudden infant deaths in King County and some from surrounding counties.

As soon as he completes the autopsy, Dr. Beckwith phones the parents to tell them whether or not their baby's death can be explained. "This is very important to the parents, who in the past could not get results of autopsies without a long wait," Dr. Bergman remarked. "And it helps nip in the bud that distressing self-blame." Parents do appreciate the prompt calls. Said one of the Seattle mothers, commenting on Dr. Beckwith's kindness and consideration, "He told me that my baby was 'obviously such a well-cared-for child.' Nothing could have been more comforting."

In examining the circumstances of the death, Dr. Bergman has the tactful assistance of Mrs. Margaret Pomeroy, a graduate nurse and the mother of three children. Mrs. Pomeroy visits the home within the first two weeks after the funeral, for a tape-recorded interview. She works from an exhaustive eight-page questionnaire covering such details as the position in which the baby was found, when and what he'd last been fed, the type of bedding, whether or not there had been complications in pregnancy, and various questions about the parents' medical history.

"Many mothers offer their own suggestions as to possible causes," she reported. "Several have pointed out that their babies died at the age when they were just beginning to sleep all through the night, and they wonder if this has something to do with it."

"As a matter of fact, this is one of the things we're looking into," Dr. Beckwith revealed. "Of the 136 infants we have examined, 102 died of some unexplained cause and all 102 apparently died in their sleep, though the interval between being put to bed and being found dead may have been as short as 10 minutes."

Does something happen to the baby's windpipe in sleep that could shut off his air? "We don't know," the doctor said. "We know this is a death without noise, but we wouldn't go so far as to say it's a death without struggle. And we frequently find inflammation of the larynx." In pursuit of this clue he is making thirty-seven measurements of each infant's larynx and windpipe, preserving their shape with a silicone cast and then making detailed microscope sections of them.

A sudden allergic reaction to cow's milk has been proposed and widely studied, especially by British doctors, but most American authorities doubt this theory, pointing out that many of the young victims had never been fed cow's milk.

A great many signs point to an overwhelming infection as the probable killer of these babies. The deaths are more frequent in the fall and winter months. The infant often has a slight cold or "sniffles," though never serious enough to worry the mother or the doctor. And many investigators have found evidence that crib deaths are more apt to occur in crowded neighborhoods, where there may be more exposure to germs.

Although two British doctors recently isolated two common types of respiratory bacteria from "cot death" victims, a virus cause is favored by many researchers, including Dr. Beckwith and Dr. James R. Patrick, pediatric pathologist at the Children's Hospital of the District of Columbia. Dr. Patrick doubts, however, that a single virus is responsible. He thinks two or more may be involved.

Further support for the infection theory comes from evidence that the infant's immune defenses have become dangerously low at this age. Dr. Frederick C. Robbins, professor of pediatrics at Western Reserve School of Medicine in Cleveland and co-winner of the Nobel Prize for his work in culturing polio viruses, points out that the protective antibodies the baby receives from the mother at birth are constantly declining over the first year. "By three months of age the polio antibody level at least is getting pretty low," he said.

This leads to the suggestion, made by Dr. Beckwith, that vaccinating the babies against crib-death viruses, if they are once identified, might restore the protective levels, just as vaccination does in polio.

However, Dr. Robbins cautions against assuming the guilty virus is near capture. "We have no very strong definitive data that implicate virus infection," he comments. "But we have no very good evidence that it is anything else, either."

The most disturbing question which remains is how any germ can kill with such frightening speed. None of the classic infectious diseases, from cholera and plague to diphtheria and blood poisoning, take their victims off so quickly. Only a fatal heart attack, a chemical poisoning or the occasional lethal allergic reaction to penicillin, which can occur within one or two minutes after the injection, can match crib death in suddenness.

It would appear that any viruses involved here either multiply with devastating speed or seek out an unusually vulnerable point of attack in the baby's body.

Perhaps, as several of the researchers have proposed, there are multiple causes. Says Dr. Beckwith, "It may be that a child with a certain type of nervous system, or a weakened immunity state, or both, becomes infected with a certain type of virus, and these factors combine to cause death."

Dr. Bergman compares the crib-death syndrome to an atomic explosion, which occurs when the critical mass has been reached. The great challenge, then, would be to find some way to stave off such a lethal explosion.

Still, this is only a theory. While the medical search is being pressed as never before, the identity of the silent baby killer remains a mystery. □

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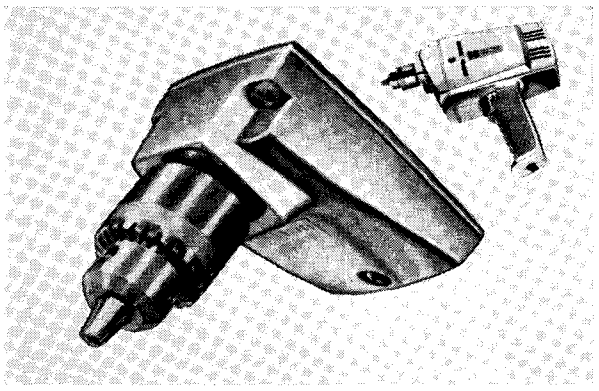

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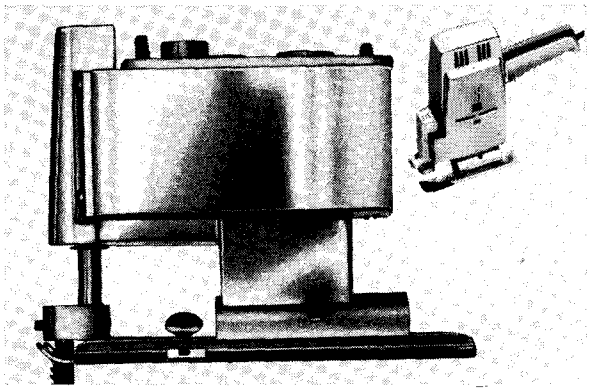

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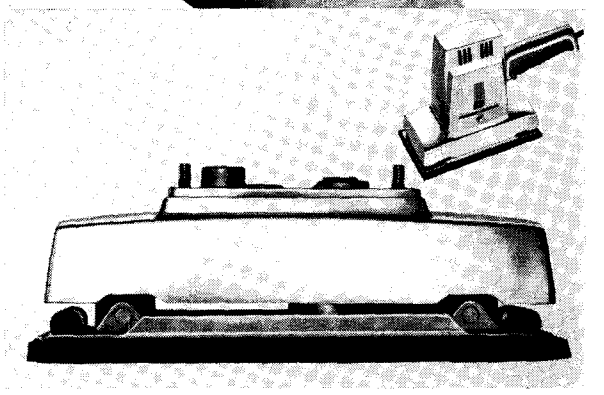

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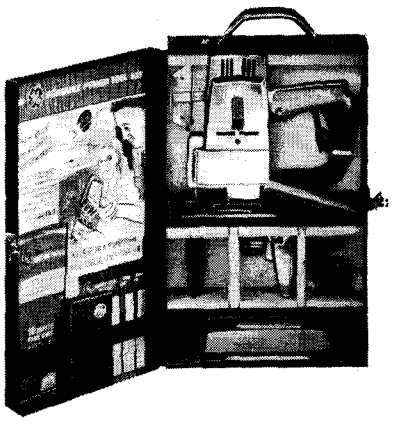

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5112 Lomas Blvd. N.E.
Las Cruces Skaggs Drug Center
Roswell Wimp's Inc.
Santa Fe Tempo Store

OKLAHOMA
Oklahoma City
Caston Lumber Co.
Hyde Drug Co.
Shawnee Gambel's, Inc.
Tulsa
Looboyle, Inc.
Murmic of Tulsa
Oertle's
Skaggs Drug

TEXAS
Abilene Star Dist. Co.
Amarillo Skaggs Drug Center
Andrews Star Dist. Co.

TEXAS (Cont.)
Austin A. & A. Appliances
Beaumont J. J. Newberry
Borger Star Dist. Co.
Brownsville
Duffey's West. Auto Assoc. Store
Gulf-Mart
Bryan Parker-Astin, Inc.
Carrollton
Foxworth-Galbraith Lumber Co.
Corpus Christi Cage Hardware
Dallas
Sanger-Harris Co.
303 N. Akard
8335 Westchester
100 Big Town Shop. Ctr.

TEXAS (Cont.)
Zangs, Beckley & Kiest
700 Plymouth Park Shop. Ctr.
46 Highland Park Shop. Ctr.
Sterling Jewelry & Dist. Co.
Mercantile Continental Bldg.
5801 E. Northwest H'way
Titche-Goettinger Co.
Main, Elm & St. Paul
100 Northpark Center
Deer Park Cashway Lumber
Denison Walter Jennings Furn.Co.
Dumas
Foxworth-Galbraith Lumber Co.
El Campo Mickelson's Appl.

TEXAS (Cont.)
El Paso
Cashway Bldg. Material Co.
Freeport Henke's Family Center
Galveston
Schreiber-Miller Furn. Co.
Groves Barker's Disc. Dept. Store
Houston
Cashway Lumber
Clayton Tire Co.
Foley's (All Stores)
Stahlman Lumber Co.
La Marque
Schreiber-Miller Furn. Co.
Levelland Star Dist. Co.

TEXAS (Cont.)
Lubbock
Furr's Family Center
Hester Hardware & Lumber Co.
W. D. Wilkins Co.
Midland Midland Drug Co.
Odessa
Abell Lumber & Hdwe. Co
Odessa Drug Co.
Orange Henke's Family Center
Pasadena
Pasadena Hdwe. & Sport. Goods
Plainview Star Dist. Co.
Richmond Schulze Home Furn.
Rosenberg Cashway Lumber

TEXAS (Cont.)
San Antonio
Barker's Disc. Dept. Store
Grieder's Appliance Center
Gulf-Mart
Seguin Sagebiel's
Snyder Star Dist. Co.
Sweetwater Star Dist. Co.
Taft Cage Hardware & Furniture
Tomball Shaw's T.V. & Appl.
Van Alstyne
Western Auto Assoc. Store
Victoria G.E. Appl. Center
Wichita Falls
Fedway Dept. Store
Skaggs Drug Center

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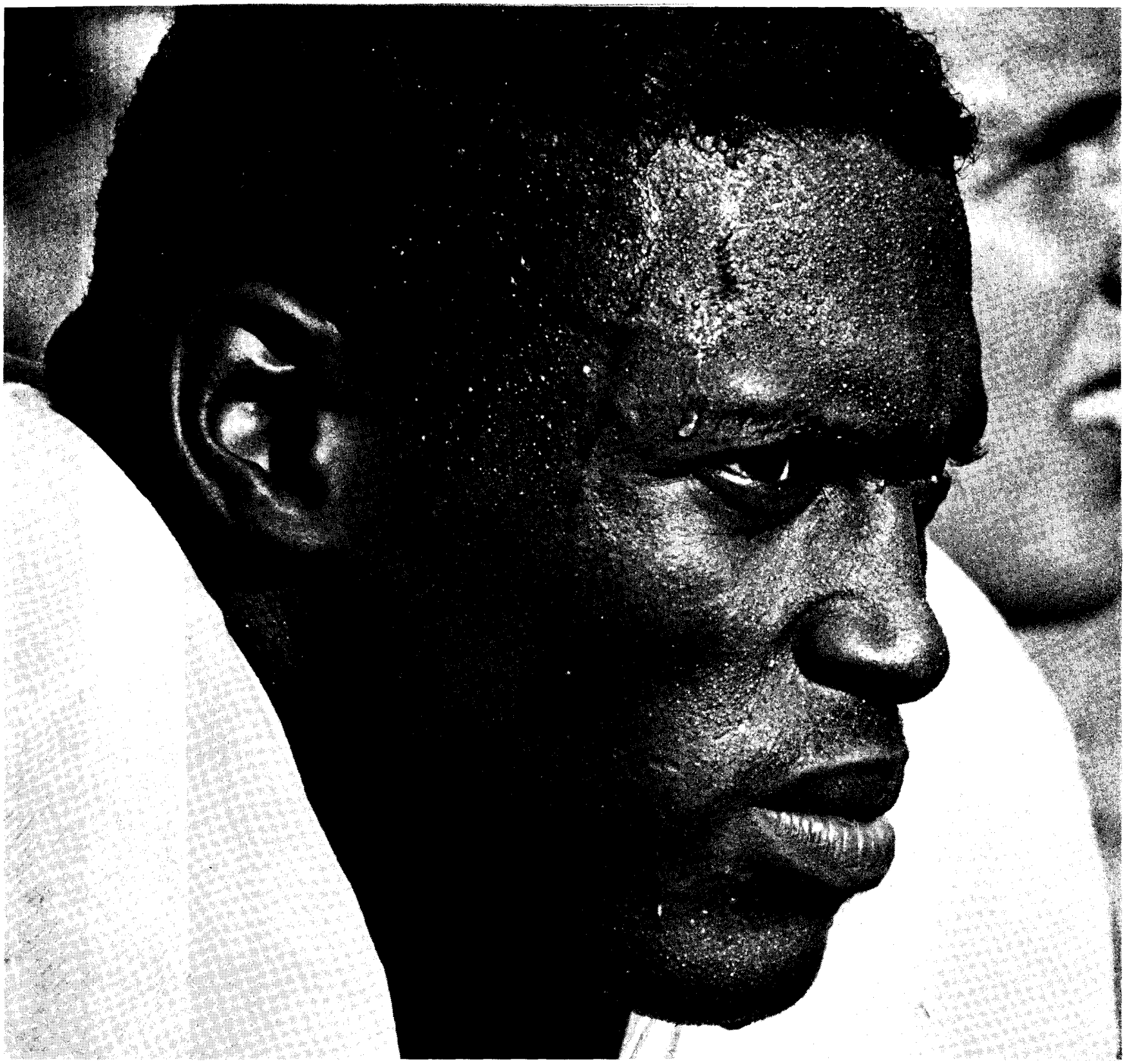

Squad meeting!" Floyd Little had barked, coming off the practice field. Coaches were barred. Now, standing in front of a wide blackboard that said "Please leave chairs in order, thank you," Little slowly measured the 50-odd men in the room with an angry gaze. Normally he is a jaunty figure who bounces across the Syracuse University campus, wearing a brightly colored little porkpie hat that sits atop his small, dark head like a maraschino cherry on a pudding. On this afternoon, however, Floyd Little clearly was furious.

He had stripped down to a shredded T-shirt. One sleeve was gone, exposing his enormous biceps. His legs, snugly wrapped in soiled practice pants, were so bowed that he looked as though he had been lifted motionless from a saddle. "I don't know if you guys realize it," Little began, "but we got a football game to play in two days. Two *days*. But nobody would know it from the looks of that practice today.

"I was pretty disappointed in that Red team," he went on in a gravelly voice. "Hell, if I gotta play with a couple of guys who don't know a simple 9-38. . . . *Why don't you guys learn a couple plays? I never seen such a bunch of deadasses in my life.*"

Captain and star halfback of the Syracuse team, Little normally speaks in language free of obscenities, but this was a time for the blunt talk of football dressing rooms. In 48 hours Syracuse was to play Baylor in Waco, Tex. The players huddled together in the rear of the room, half of them seated in the back rows and the rest standing against the green cinder-block walls or perched on tables, as if the empty rows of chairs up front offered a protective barricade against Little's words. The Red team—the second-string offense—was taking most of his sting.

"Hell, if I'm gonna play with *you* guys, I'm not gonna play. I may as well stay home and watch the game on television. I've never seen a bunch of guys like you in my life. I'm *tellin'* you. We goin' down there this Saturday, a big bunch o' turkeys. *Study your plays.* I remember the Boston College game last year. I got my butt handed to me 'cause we didn't know any plays. I know my plays better than the coaches, but I study them. You guys out at night trying to pick up a few things, why don't you pick up a few plays?" For a moment Little was speechless with rage. Then he said, "Krok, how were your guys today?"

"Good," Krok answered softly. John Krok, a senior, is the middle guard of the defensive line.

"Well, if your guys don't do it, we may as well stay in the dressing room. . . . Herbie, you got anything to say?"

Herbie Stecker, a senior defensive end, shook his head. "Wienke? . . . Towne? . . . Bugenhagen? . . ." None of the seniors had anything to add, so Little tried to end the meeting on a hopeful note. "Awright, let's go down there and get them." There was not much conviction in his voice.

Little slept only two hours that night. He is a perfectionist, not content with the possibility he may become the first player since Doak Walker of the 1940's to make the nationally recognized All-America teams three years running, and so he pays the penalty of perfection—sleepless nights and the sort of furious eruptions that are seen only now and again in football, from a Bobby Layne or a Joe Schmidt. He is not in the least reluctant to assume a coach's prerogatives, although he is a Negro dealing with a squad that is largely

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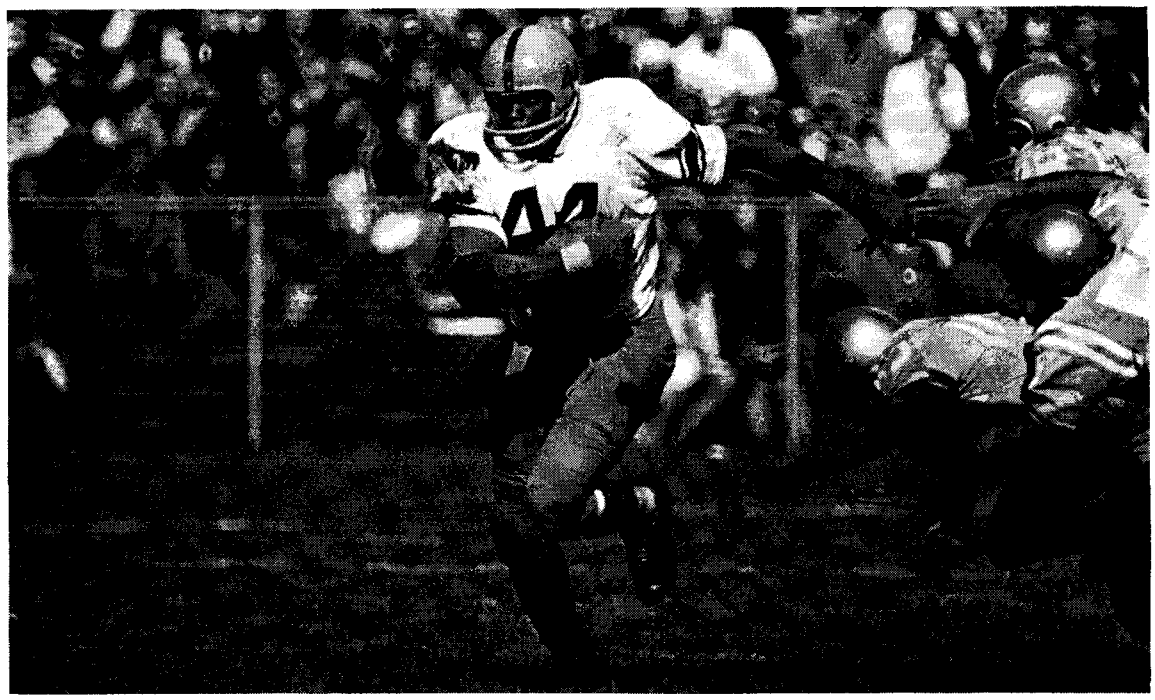
'HALF A GLASS OF FRESH BLOOD ON SATURDAY MORNING'

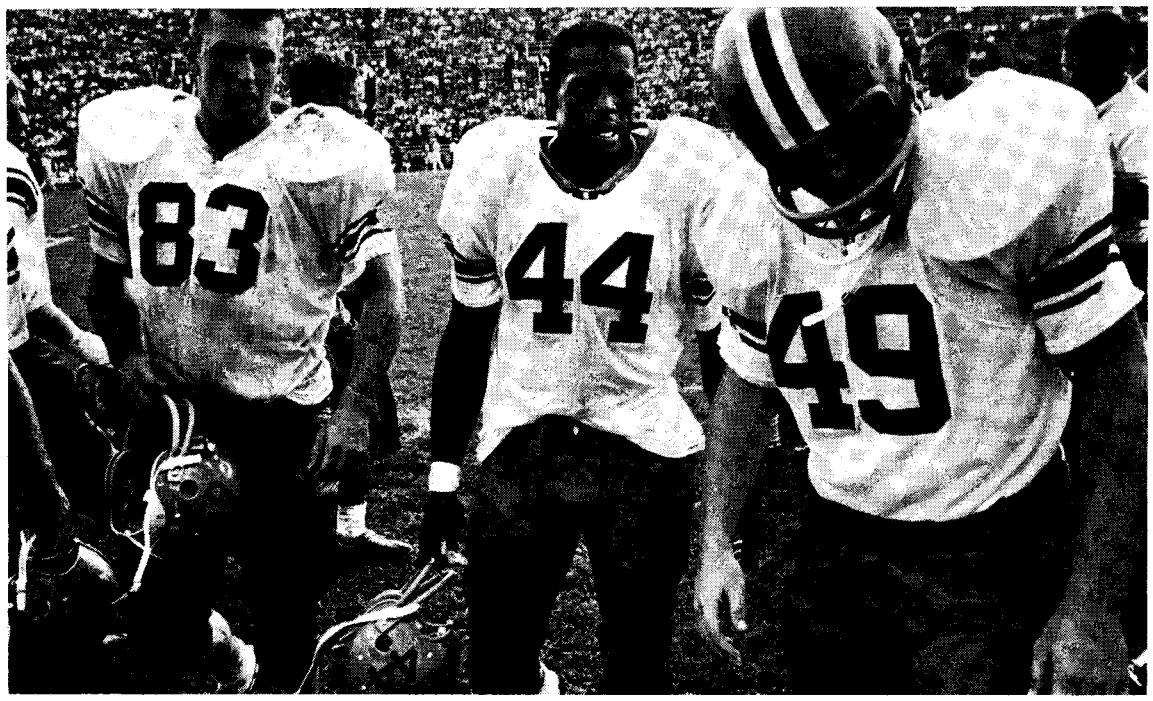
That's only partly a joke when Floyd Little talks about what it takes to score touchdowns

By MYRON COPE



Little on the go—in scrimmage he flabbergasted the coaching staff by lugging a swarm of tacklers a distance of eight yards.

He drives his team: 'Hell, if I'm gonna play with you *guys . . . I may as well stay home and watch the game on television.'*



white. All week his teammates had seemed pleased with themselves, knowing they were favored to defeat Baylor, but Little's intuition was the same as that of head coach Ben Schwartzwalder, who acidly told a reporter, "We got the sweetest kids you've ever seen. So you ask me, is the morale good? Hell, yes. They're happy."

Baylor swamped Syracuse, 35–12. But Little scored his team's two touchdowns—"a great back," said Baylor coach John Bridgers afterward. When Syracuse lost its next game to U.C.L.A., 31–12, Little again scored twice. So he remained eligible to play the role that Schwartzwalder describes as "part-player, part-coach."

When he is not obsessed with the game of football, Little is full of cheer and outlandish speculations. ("Listen," he says in the hoarse, conspiratorial whisper he often adopts, "if you pushed my legs together I'd be six-two and a great receiver.") He joshes teammates and, drowning out frantic protests, assaults their ears with howling, shower-room renditions of *Ebbtide*.

But Little boils inside because his teams have failed to win a bowl invitation during the past two years—"a few guys, I'd smell alcohol on their breath in the dressing room before a game"—and, given its poor start, Syracuse is unlikely to make it to a bowl this New Year's Day.

Since Schwartzwalder appointed him captain last spring, Little has tried all sorts of tactics to ignite Syracuse, preaching a brand of Puritanism that at best is tricky business among large, rough young men.

During spring practice Little phoned academic borderline cases to remind them to study. He routed players out of dormitories to lift weights. Much to Schwartzwalder's surprise, he presented a lineman at the coach's office to be dressed down for poor attitude. "In team matters," says Schwartzwalder, a little gray-haired man peering over his spectacles and looking for all the world like a proprietor of a general store, "he has no feeling for any of the kids. If Herbie Stecker, his roommate, stayed out all night, Floyd would come tell me. And he'd do it before he told Herbie."

Surprisingly, the boys from Syracuse have uttered not a peep of protest against their Jack Armstrong. To the contrary, let an opposing linebacker strike a foul blow at him and on the next play fullback Larry Csonka, a 240-pounder, will run over the culprit to teach him manners. Quarterback Rick Cassata treasures a jersey that Holy Cross ripped off Little's back in a futile attempt to halt an 85-yard touchdown run. Cassata thumbtacked the jersey to the ceiling of his dormitory room, where it dangles as a daily inspiration to him.

The point is, the players tell you, that Floyd Little is simply the finest player in college football. He stands not quite 5-11 and weighs only 190 pounds. He has run the 100 in 9.6 and is uncannily elusive in the broken field. Through a vigorous weight-lifting program, he has developed into a ballcarrier of such power that in a recent scrimmage he flabbergasted the coaching staff by lugging a swarm of tacklers a distance of eight yards. He is an excellent pass receiver, an accurate marksman on the running pass, and a blocker with more sting, says Schwartzwalder, than fullback Csonka. What, then, does he leave to be desired?

"Well," the coach answers, "he doesn't pass left-handed, and his mother didn't have twins."

Last year Little scored 19 touchdowns, more

Photographs by Joseph Consentino

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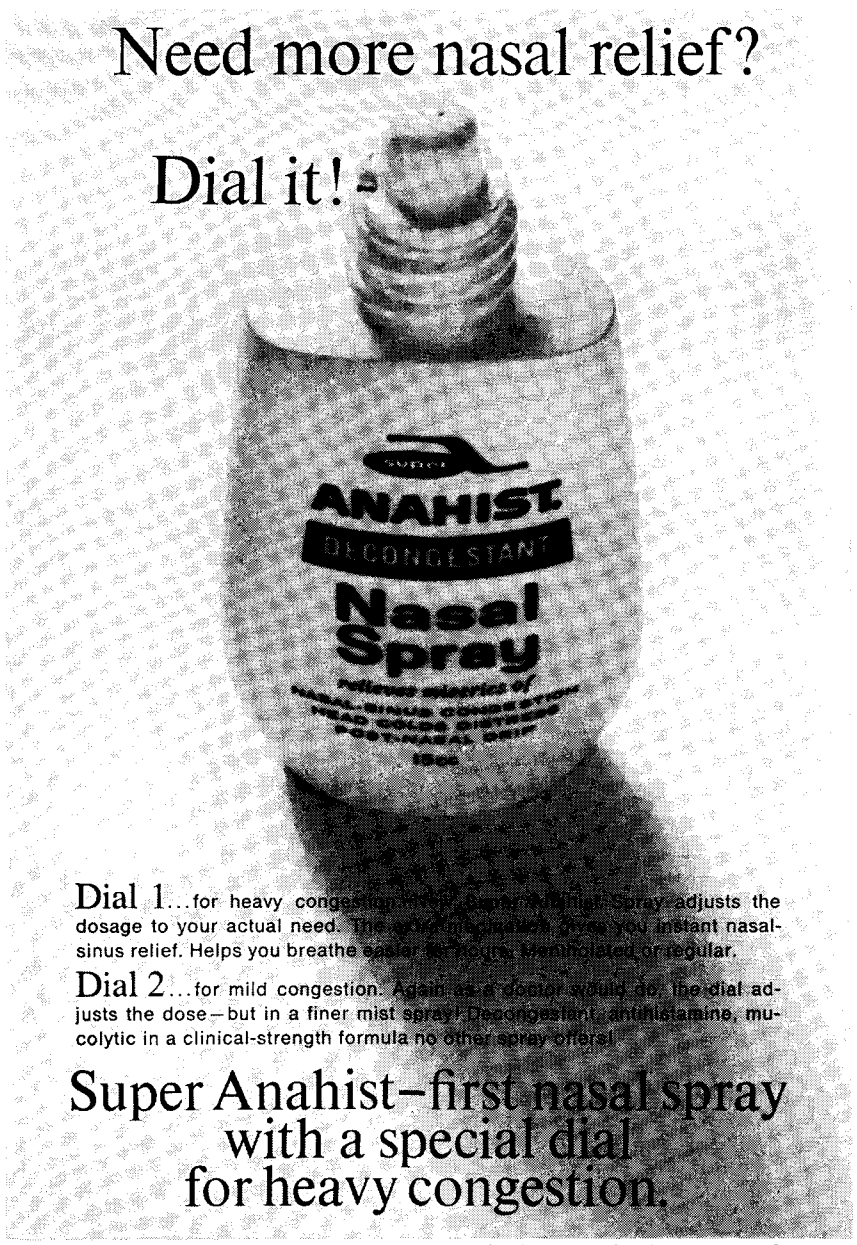
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Look for the
POST Christmas gift order form
bound between pages 64 and 65
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Science Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery Stops Itch—Relieves Pain

New York, N. Y. (Special)—For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids, stop itching, and relieve pain—without surgery.

In one hemorrhoid case after another, "very striking improvement" was reported and verified by a doctor's observations.

Pain was relieved promptly. And, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction or retraction (shrinking) took place.

And most amazing of all—this improvement was maintained in cases where a doctor's observations were continued over a period of many months!

In fact, results were so thorough that sufferers were able to make such astonishing statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem!" And among these sufferers were a very wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing.

All this, without the use of narcotics, anesthetics or astringents of any kind. The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®)—the discovery of a famous research institution. Already, Bio-Dyne is in wide use for healing injured tissue on many parts of the body.

This new healing substance is offered in *suppository* or *ointment form* called *Preparation H®*. Just ask for Preparation H Suppositories or Preparation H Ointment with special applicator.

than any other collegian in the nation, and he scored five in Syracuse's first three games. But even these figures really do not reflect his ability. Little has a habit of vanishing like a puff of smoke when Syracuse seems securely penned in its own territory. Seven of his touchdowns in 1965 came on runs of more than 60 yards. Yet touchdowns themselves, the acts of crossing the goal line, fail to exhilarate him. In fact, when he has escaped the last defender, Little often slows down in order to give the opposition another shot at him to revive the sense of contest. For Little, the supreme moment is the confrontation between ballcarrier and tackler; man to man, when feints are pitted against reactions, cold turkey. "That's where the fun is," Little says. "I throw him the nine of hearts, and he takes the bait. He throws out the nine of diamonds, and it's gin for me."

Joe Paterno, head coach of Penn State, considers Floyd Little and intones, "The best defense against him, I have decided, is to have my old mother in Brooklyn say a novena." Paterno keeps remembering a play from last year's Syracuse game. The Penn State punter had barely gotten his foot into the ball when the Syracuse rooters were on their feet, roaring, "Go, go, go!" At the Syracuse nine-yard line, Little took the punt while his blockers lumbered to the left side of the field to form a wall for him. Often he takes off in the opposite direction—"just to draw the flies"—and then scoots back to the wall. His blockers remain put, certain only that it is useless to try to anticipate his impromptu tactics. This time, however, Little headed for the wall, dancing seven lateral steps to his left. Then, suddenly, he cut and ran up the middle, as unprotected as a fox in a meadow.

Three Penn State men tore at him in rapid succession. Little gave the first one a leg, then whisked it away. The second man slid off his hips, and the third tried to seize his bowed legs in both arms. It is harder to embrace both uprights of a goalpost, but not much. Floyd bolted right through the tackler and was gone on a 91-yard touchdown run.

Little returns punts so brilliantly that he is under standing orders never to call for a fair catch unless the nearest charging opponent is literally only a step away. Given two steps to maneuver in, Little is a threat to squirm free somehow. "A lot of guys think I'm stupid for catching punts inside my ten-yard line," he says, and then adds in that confidential whisper, "but *geez*, I never get caught back there."

Defenses, of course, have usually been stacked against Little, for throughout most of his college career Syracuse has lacked a dangerous passer to relieve the pressure on him. Opponents rough him up, hoping to lure him into a fight that will prompt the officials to eject him from the game. "Against Penn State," Little says, "if you don't have your knife, your gun, and your blackjack, you don't even go out there." Boston College blackened his eye, and Maryland knocked him unconscious just before half time. In the dressing room assistant coaches cut away his uniform, figuring he was through for the day, but Little opened one eye and told Schwartzwalder, "I'll be out there." Three minutes into the third quarter he trotted onto the field and entered the lineup.

This spectacular determination to keep going has made some people wonder what Little is trying to prove. Is it a campaign to overcome the handicap of having a black skin? A determination to set an example for his race? "I've never thought about it," Little insists. "I don't think many people know what their inner motives are." Why, he seems to be asking, do the old Jack Armstrong virtues require a rationale anyhow?

But he is aware, at the very least, that on the hilly Syracuse campus he is the embodiment of a tradition unlike that of any collegiate football power in the country, and that he has tall standards to live up to. He wears the number 44 on his uniform, the same number worn by the great Jim Brown in 1956 when he led Syracuse to the Cotton Bowl. Brown, who later went to Cleveland and became the greatest running back in professional-football history while playing for the Browns, was an enigmatic figure at Syracuse. He was convinced (although he never said so in those days) that some of the coaches and players automatically doubted his ability to walk the straight and narrow because a Negro player who had preceded him had been regarded as troublesome. Brown walked the line precisely—but with frosty, almost murderous reserve.

"I never tried to sell Jim that he should be friendly with the coaches," Schwartzwalder says, "but I did try to sell him on the idea he should be friendly with the players. He did not buy it. He would draw this line, and it didn't matter what anybody thought of him. Still, having had Jim has put me in a better position to deal with these other kids."

Among the other Negro kids was Ernie Davis, from Elmira, N.Y. Brown, who eventually found much that pleased him at Syracuse, helped recruit Davis, a light-skinned, powerful halfback who would wear the 44 that Brown had glamorized. Unlike Brown, Davis was never aloof—never anything but accommodating. "Ernie craved love," Schwartzwalder says.

"To the student body, Ernie Davis was a *bona fide* hero," says Andy Geiger, the university's assistant athletic director. "Everyone loved him."

Like Brown, Davis made All-America. He led the Orange to two bowls and seemed certain to become a pro star with Cleveland, where he was to play beside Jimmy Brown. Then Davis got leukemia. At 23, knowing that he was about to die, Davis wrote a note to his roommate on the Browns. "Have to go to the hospital for a few days. Don't tell anybody. I'll see you around." As Jim Brown later put it, "Ernie Davis was not afraid to die. But he was embarrassed for grieving his friends."

With Davis and Brown the tradition of 44 took hold, and Syracuse became box office. Schedules grew stiffer. Wherever a Negro boy emerged as a can't-miss prospect, Schwartzwalder and his assistants were already steps ahead of the nearest recruiter. "I don't sell them," Schwartzwalder says. "Our colored boys do. John Mackey"—the Baltimore Colts' star end from Syracuse—"will go anywhere and do anything for us." There were others, the coach notes, not quite so gung-ho. At

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It's a compliment, not a complaint.

A truck driver obeys the rules of the road. The written ones, like speed limits. And the unwritten ones, like courtesy.

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In 1965, for example, trucks accounted for more than 16% of all vehicle registrations, but of all vehicles involved in accidents, only 10.8% were trucks.

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Some fleet operators have their drivers make as many as 35 separate safety checks before every trip. Tires, of course, are on the checklist.

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And the trucking industry chooses the right tires for the job, and regularly checks for tread wear, unbalanced or misaligned wheels and overloading.

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Your living depends on your driving, too.

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MEMBER ATA FOUNDATION AMERICAN TRUCKING INDUSTRY

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least one player told him quite matter-of-factly that he despised all whites, including him.

Ernie Davis, in his last days, was selling Syracuse to Floyd Little, who scored 33 touchdowns in a single season at Bordentown Military Institute in New Jersey. Grief-stricken by the news of Davis's death, Little phoned Schwartzwalder and said, "I'm coming to Syracuse."

He had not exactly seemed destined for the campus life. Little's father, a pants presser and factory hand named Fred Little, died of cancer when Floyd was six, leaving Lula Little to raise six children, ages five through ten. They lived in a government housing project in Waterbury, Conn., supported by relief and Social Security. "We wasn't raisin' any hell with that Social Security, I'll tell you that," says Floyd. He was a silent, painfully shy child, ironically the victim of racial gibes from his own family. He was darker than the others and had thick lips and an angular head. Innocently cruel as children often can be, his brothers and sisters called him Cheeta, after Tarzan's ape.

Outdoors, Floyd clung to the skirts of his sister Betty, who was almost five years older than he and who, he says, made him the swift runner he is today. "She could outrun any boy her age," Floyd explains, "and I'd run right along with her, holding her skirt. A couple of times people separated us, and I was hysterical."

Little's sensitivity, in those days, was traumatic. When he mispronounced a word in a third-grade reading exercise, his classmates laughed at him; from that day forward, Little refused to read aloud in class.

In New Haven, where the Little family moved when Floyd was 13, he became a superb ballcarrier in high school, but his transcript would not qualify him for a major university. From his junior-high days on, he had worked seven days a week until 10 P.M. behind the counter of a delicatessen. "My mother never had a chance to buy herself a dress or a pair of shoes," Floyd explains, "so all I thought about was how to help her. I didn't care too much about school. I never studied."

Luckily, college football coaches have great faith in man's latent intellectual prowess, especially when the man in question can run like Floyd Little. A number of them, unwilling to see Little disappear from the pool of prospects, persuaded Bordentown Military to grant him an athletic scholarship. Two years at Bordentown not only improved Little's skill as a ballcarrier but transformed him from an introvert into a self-assured platoon sergeant. A late bloomer, he made the dean's list in his second year at Bordentown, although he still couldn't read aloud in class. "I picked up the book once in English," Little recalls, "and went dumb. Nothing would come out of my mouth."

Little was avidly recruited by a flock of major football colleges, including Notre Dame. When he chose Syracuse, after Davis's death in 1963, a number of malicious rumors quickly spread throughout the sport about the inducements that had led to his choice. One of the uglier tales came out at a football convention in Washington when a high-school coach flashed a knowing smile at Rocco Pirro, Syracuse's burly line coach, and said, "Well, we both know that Syracuse got Little by promising him white girls."

Pirro did not bother to point out to the man that Little had pinned a Negro coed, Joyce Green, who earns up to $200 a day modeling fashions on quick jaunts to New York. Instead, Pirro seized him by the shoulders, lifted him straight off the floor, and methodically banged his head against a wall until he was pried loose by other coaches.

The grapevine carried other items. That Little was a moron, surely not qualified for so much as a night course in TV repair. (He actually is a C-plus history major, with a sincere interest in poetry.) That Little is a retired Marine, 32 years old. (He was 24 last July 4.) "The stories don't bother me," he says. "The other day a high-school teacher told me that all the people on the faculty at his school are saying I'm married and have three kids. I told him, 'Tell 'em we're expecting a fourth, and the wife is doing fine.'"

Speaking at banquets, where many expect him to be the classic example of the inarticulate college "jock," Floyd quotes Tennyson, Browning, and Wordsworth, for the delight of seeing jaws sag. "Y'oughtta be there when I give 'em Thoreau," he giggles. "Oh, that's real strong stuff."

In more serious moments Floyd almost despairs of having been cast into the academic struggle because he could carry a football. Although he would have preferred an English major to history, he found that his upbringing had implanted the twisted grammar of the Negro ghetto in his speech. "Who was there to tell me what I was doing right or wrong?" he asks. "I just started speaking English four years ago." He labors at composition and with an appealing modesty confesses his shortcomings. "The thing that really depresses me, just depresses me to death, is I work and work for hours to get ready for an exam, and a few of the other students sit around playing cards—and then I get a C and they get an A."

Yet when warned by a teammate to drop out of a bacteriology course taught by a professor reputed to be resentful of athletes, Floyd answered, "No, I'm *gonna* stick it out and get me some tutors." It was the only course he has flunked. His pluck has earned him membership in the select Orange Key and the senior honorary society, Tau Theta Upsilon.

There is another side to Little that becomes apparent only rarely. It came out not long ago when an acquaintance, in casual conversation, asked him about his kid brother, who was serving in Vietnam. "How's he doing?"

"He likes it," Little answered.

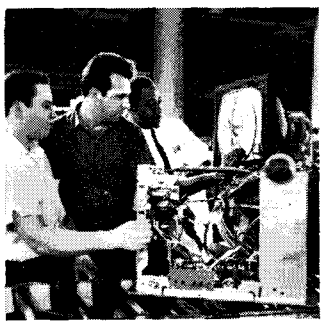
"Likes it? You mean he likes the Army life?"

"No. He likes the combat. We all got that in our family. I've always had it."

The man at the locker had just read a paper that Little had written for a class in composition. It was titled *Stranger on the Shore* and was penned in a fine, delicate hand. The paper began: "It was a lovely summer afternoon, as the waves rode the shore, bringing in the sweet smell of the ocean. While lying on the beach in deep contemplation, I watched a dog prowl slowly by. He appeared to be lost. . . ."

But Little, under questioning, kept insisting quite seriously that he has a killer instinct in him. He recalled a day in prep school when a husky football teammate from the South had taunted him in the cafeteria. Floyd said that he had beaten him senseless—beaten the boy so severely that he had had amnesia for two days.

There may indeed be something of the killer in Floyd Little, at least a trace of fury that flares, for example, when he launches into tirades against teammates who let him down. But he is much more in character making fun of himself—he enjoys playing the role of subhuman that the football grapevine assigned him. A fellow student once asked him how he manages to get "up" for a game. "Well," Floyd whispered, leaning forward, "I drink half a glass of fresh blood on Saturday morning. I sleep in a darkened cage and eat raw hamburger. On Saturday afternoon they let me out, and geez, I'm so happy to see light I just run all over the place." □



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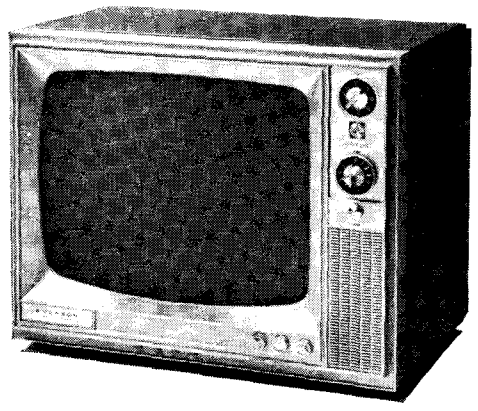

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The Embattled Crusader of Conway County

(continued from page 29)

Majesty" was Judge Scott; "The King" was Sheriff Hawkins. Then she discovered satire. "The Morrilton King is our leader," she remarked in a clumsy parody of the Twenty-third Psalm, "and we are in want. Because of him, we work for cheap wages and drive our barely passable roads."

On June 1, 1963, county clerk C. C. Brewer filed a $100,000 libel suit against the *Democrat*. He objected specifically to the news article and column Wirges had written six months previously about the filing of complaints contesting the school-district-election results. In his deposition Brewer admitted that everything Wirges had said was true. "The fact that he published it is the thing that I am complaining about." Furthermore, Brewer added, it was time that someone hauled Wirges into court "because he's always writing about county officials."

Two months later, county judge Tom Scott filed a second libel suit, this one for $200,000. Scott charged that he had been damaged by Birdtown Birdie.

The Brewer trial opened before Judge Wiley W. Bean on the morning of October 16. To handle his case, Brewer had retained the county's most illustrious citizen—Arkansas Lt. Gov. Nathan Gordon. At 50, Gordon is a handsome, ruddy-complexioned man with an incongruously high-pitched laugh and a tendency to rub continuously at his eyes. He has served as lieutenant governor ever since 1947; he had returned to Morrilton from the South Pacific as an authentic hero—a Navy pilot whose exploits earned him a Congressional Medal of Honor as well as "a couple of D.F.C.'s and five or six air medals."

In the past 20 years Gordon has presided over each session of the Arkansas State Senate and has—on several occasions—served as acting governor. In 1954, shortly after Marlin Hawkins's father-in-law had been convicted and sentenced as a result of a highway scandal, Gordon granted the father-in-law a full pardon. Understandably, Gordon's ties to Sheriff Hawkins have been close ever since.

Gordon's case rested on one basic contention: Although his client, Brewer, had not been named by Wirges in either the news story or the editorial, he had been libeled nonetheless because everyone in Morrilton knew that Brewer had been in charge of the absentee ballots. Yet when Wirges's attorney, a wiry, tenacious, immensely capable man named Tom Eisele, polled the jurors, not one of them could name the man who handled these ballots.

This development didn't bother Gordon at all. With the dexterity of a master juggler, he shifted discussion away from Wirges's articles and began to complain instead about the legal challenges to the school-district-election results. Eisele protested that this had absolutely nothing to do with the libel charge, but Judge Bean overruled his objection.

Even before Wirges took the stand, the judge had ruled, in effect, that the editor was guilty. "I don't think proof makes any difference on this," he explained later.

On the second to last day of the trial, Gordon called Joseph Anderson, a Negro bus driver, to the stand and from him elicited testimony that a "blond man"—presumably Wirges—had offered him $600 to sign a statement about election irregularities. Under cross-examination, however, it turned out that Wirges had not even attended the meeting where the bribe had allegedly been offered. More significantly, when he was asked to identify the "blond man" in court, Anderson could not. The man he was referring to, it later developed, was a county official.

But Gordon was not easily upset. He maintained that Anderson's testimony still "had the ring of truth." He said that Wirges was "an influence for evil" and charged that "the blackest day ever in Conway County history was the day Gene Wirges arrived." Then he talked about the punishment that Wirges deserved.

". . . under the Babylonian law," Gordon explained, "a person who committed libel was put to death. Later, in Great Britain under King Alfred, the penalty was cutting out the offender's tongue. I think sometimes that is a pretty good remedy for such an offense. . . ."

Now, his voice becoming more strident, his face reddening in anger, Gordon concluded his argument by quoting from the Psalms of David in the Old Testament: "'. . . let the lying lips be put to silence which cruelly, disdainfully and despitefully speak against the righteous,'" and the Fifty-second Psalm, "'Oh, thou false tongue, therefore shalt God destroy thee forever. . . .'"

In less than an hour, the jurors reached a unanimous agreement. Wirges was guilty and would have to pay Brewer $75,000.

Eight days later the Scott trial began with Judge Paul X. Williams presiding. Lieutenant Governor Gordon also represented Scott, and the jury seemed friendly enough to him. Jury foreman John Henry Scroggins, for example, was even identified as Gordon's business partner.

The proceedings contained about as much suspense as a television commercial. On the third day of the trial Judge Scott took the stand himself. A jowly, slow-moving man with a supplicating manner, he denied under oath that he had ever used county employees or equipment on private property. Eisele promptly whipped out photographs showing improvements that had been made on a road leading to Scott's private cabin on Petit Jean Mountain. Reluctantly, the county judge admitted that county labor and equipment had been used, but only "to keep the forest from burning down." Then Eisele introduced pictures of work performed on private property that had been partially owned by Lieutenant Governor Gordon. Did Scott know about that? Had the county been reimbursed? The county judge lowered his head.

Eisele was optimistic. "They [Scott and Gordon] think you'll bring in a verdict for them regardless of the evidence," he told the jury. "It's an insult to you."

The jurors didn't seem to feel insulted. On October 31—after deliberating for one hour—they returned to the courtroom to say that Wirges was guilty again. This time his assessment was $200,000. That figure had been promptly agreed upon, one of the jurors said later, "because all they wanted to do was close that paper."

One Sunday morning soon after the end of the trial, Wirges was walking to mass with two of his five children when a Morrilton businessman stopped him and asked, "What right have you to go to our church?" A few mornings later he was awakened at 5 A.M. by a telephone call. A woman had been caught sloshing gasoline on the walls of the *Democrat*. The woman was not arrested.

In November, Wirges and two other members of the Better Government League arranged a meeting in Little Rock with Governor Orval Faubus. They showed him evidence of voting irregularities and asked for an official investigation. Faubus said that he would study the matter, then added candidly, "The political establishment of Conway has strongly supported me. I don't think there's much I can do."

At this point, Wirges faced the immediate danger that Brewer and Scott would seize the *Democrat* to satisfy their claims. He was able to persuade R. A. (Brick) Lile, an associate of Winthrop Rockefeller and president of a Little Rock firm called Transportation Properties, Inc., to assume control of the paper. On December 3, 1963, Lile's company became the official owner of the *Democrat*. His representative arrived an hour ahead of Brewer and Scott's representative.

But as a condition of the transfer, the new owners of the *Democrat* insisted that Wirges quit as editor; they did not care to be sued. Wirges agreed. Ironically, Wirges's friends, not his enemies, shut him up. Transportation Properties hired a lanky ex-Associated Press reporter named Clifton Wells as editor and instructed him to steer clear of controversy. He did.

Legal and financial struggles had sapped most of Wirges's energy. For the first and only time in his five-year campaign, he was almost ready to acknowledge defeat. "We were up to our ears in judgments," he recalls. "We were out of the paper, out of a job, out of everything—except court. Christmas was coming and all our money was gone. We hadn't even been able to buy any toys for the kids."

But if he had nothing else, he still had loyal friends. Robert Mobley, Gerald Laux and Dr. Charles Wells, his old supporters in the Better Government League, quietly raised $600 and delivered it to Wirges's home. In Little Rock, Wirges's lawyers purchased bundles of toys and shipped them to Morrilton by bus. "The kids had the biggest Christmas ever," Wirges says. "I was so happy, I almost cried."

Although he no longer had a newspaper, Wirges decided to investigate an inconsistency that he had found years before while going over the state audits: Conway County was making roughly five times as many arrests as other counties, yet it wasn't collecting a commensurate amount of money. "They might make two thousand arrests a year and only turn in five thousand dollars," Wirges explains. "It didn't make any sense to me because I knew from talking to them that many of these drivers were being fined seventy-five and eighty dollars." County audit records at the state comptroller's office, however, failed to list the individual fines. They reflected only the total sum collected. Unless Wirges could get details on the arrests, he had no case at all.

Then he received an unexpected bonus. A disgruntled state employee gave Wirges records of all the arrests which one officer had made over a six-year period. The records contained the names of the people involved, the charges placed against them and—most important—the disposition of their cases. Wirges was ecstatic. Clearly, there was a wide discrepancy between the fines listed as paid on the records and those reported as collected in the county audit records. A large amount of money, it seemed, had reached the sheriff's office and simply disappeared.

"I contacted Winthrop Rockefeller," Wirges recalls. "I told him that we'd obtained some good records, and that there was no way of knowing what else we'd find if we kept looking. He agreed to pay our expenses, and that's when our investigation really started."

In the weeks that followed, Wirges and his friends photographed thousands of documents. Only a few of their pictures were needed to prove his case.

At 7:30 P.M. on February 20, 1960, for example, one Joe Mott was driving at a speed of 10 miles per hour on Highway 64 near Morrilton. As he slowed to make a turn, his car was sideswiped by a truck. State policemen immediately arrested him for driving while intoxicated (DWI). Their ticket number 124945 indicates that Mott paid $80.35 in fines and costs to the sheriff's office. Yet county records—signed by Justice of the Peace Rufus W. Morgan Jr.—show that Mott paid only $14 on charges of "drunk," "disturbing the peace" and—incredibly—"speeding." Nowhere in the records did Wirges find an explanation for the missing $66.35.

As he pored over similar cases, Wirges began to find an apparent pattern. The state police would arrest a man and charge him with a single offense—usually DWI. Rather than spend the night in jail, the man would waive his right to a trial and forfeit an amount ranging between $50 and $250 to the sheriff's office. Then he would drive away. The justice of the peace would record on the official transcript the fact that the defendant had paid fines of a few dollars each for some minor traffic violations. At the end of the year, state auditors would find only that the amount of money turned in by the sheriff's office matched the amount of money recorded as collected in the justice-of-the-peace transcripts. It was as simple as that.

But Wirges still felt he needed additional evidence. Accompanied by his wife, Betty, he traveled through Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Oklahoma, Tennessee and Missouri tape-recording interviews with men and women who had been arrested in Conway County. Several of these drivers still had canceled checks endorsed by Sheriff Hawkins which proved that they had paid far more in fines and costs than the county records reflected.

Things were beginning to look up for Wirges. In June, 1964, Dr. Charles Wells, Gerald Laux and Robert Mobley purchased the *Democrat* from Transportation Properties, Inc. They wanted to reinstate Wirges as editor, but felt this might be an invitation to more legal harassment. They gave the job to Betty Wirges instead. Gene went to work as her assistant.

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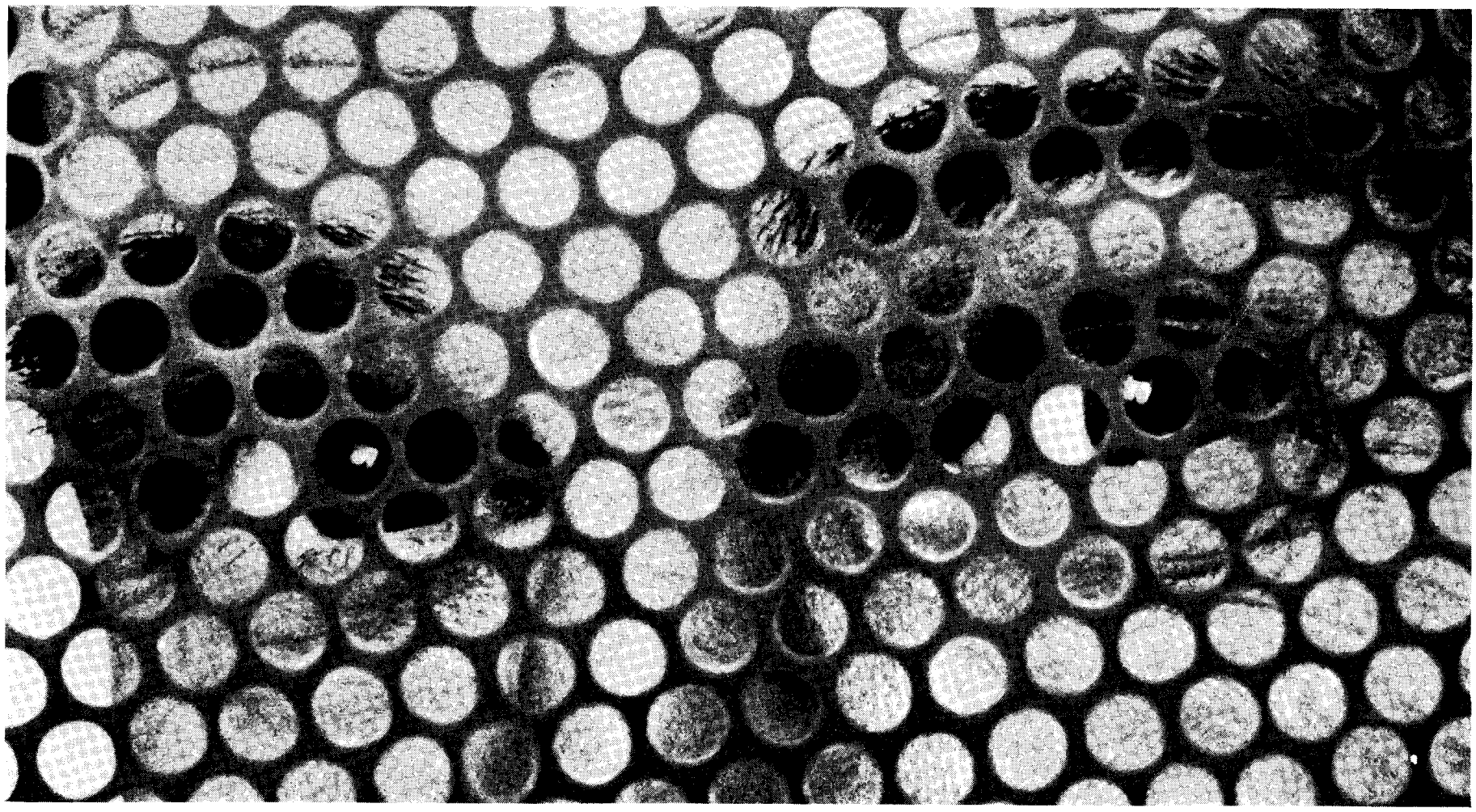

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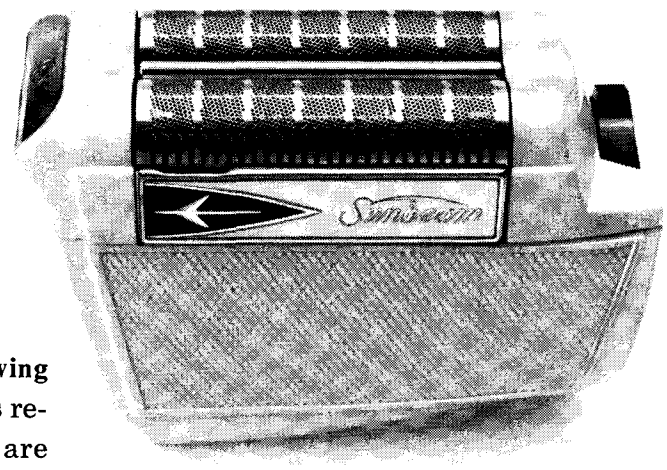

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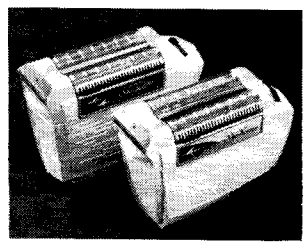

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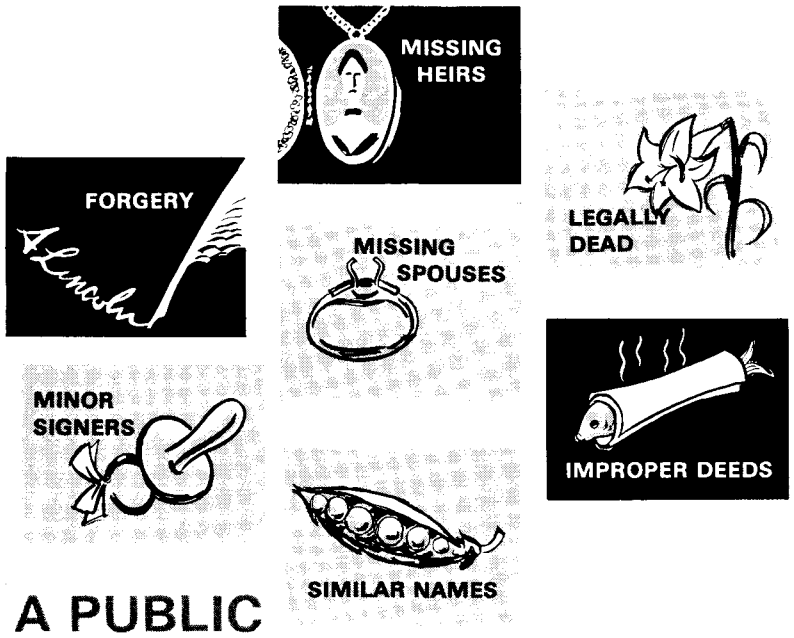

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CRUSADING EDITOR

By summer's end, Wirges decided he had gone as far as he could with his traffic-arrests investigation. He took the evidence to prosecuting attorney Jeff Mobley. But Mobley was unable to help. The statute of limitations, he explained, had already expired. Therefore, he could not file any charges.

Wirges could think of only one other way to bring the facts out into the open. On October 1 he called a press conference in Morrilton. He produced copies of official records, displayed canceled checks and let newsmen hear his tape-recorded statements. As soon as the conference ended, Sheriff Hawkins demanded an investigation. Judge Bean promptly impaneled another grand jury.

Wirges appeared as the first witness. He repeated what he had said to the press and handed over his records. Then he pointed out that three county officials—Sheriff Hawkins, Justice of the Peace Rufus W. Morgan Jr. and former deputy prosecuting attorney Charles Eddy Sr. —had had an opportunity to handle the money. Since a large portion of that money was missing, he added, the jurors would probably want to question these men.

To his amazement, Wirges himself was indicted for slandering Hawkins. Two days later the jurors summoned Wirges back to court. When he discovered that they had not checked his records carefully, he refused to answer any further questions. Judge Bean promptly cited him for contempt and clapped him into the rickety, foul-smelling jail on the third floor of the courthouse. He was not allowed to shower, shave, brush his teeth or change his clothes. On the first night, however, he was permitted to see a doctor. Two days later he received visits from his parish priest, Father Anthony Lachowsky, and from his wife. That meeting upset Betty Wirges so much that she went directly to Judge Bean and begged him to release her husband. She agreed that he would answer all the jurors' questions.

During his confinement Wirges had hit on a wild scheme of launching a new attack against Sheriff Hawkins. The plan involved one of Wirges's friends, a chicken farmer named Leon Brents who also happened to be a justice of the peace in rural Nichols Township. Once he was freed, Wirges showed Brents his traffic-ticket evidence and persuaded him to issue a warrant for Hawkins's arrest. Brents set up "court" on his front porch and ordered Hawkins to appear for trial. Judge Bean warned Brents not to proceed. When Walter Savage, a 77-year-old justice of the peace in nearby Plumerville, swore out a similar warrant against the sheriff, Bean exploded.

On October 20, Bean told his grand jurors that Wirges and Winthrop Rockefeller had joined in a campaign to "scatter venom and hate among your people. . . ." After dismissing Wirges's evidence as "whimsical," he added ". . . .The harm this great crusade of Mr. Wirges and his financier friend has brought to Conway County can never be measured in dollars and cents. . . . We are actually living in a state of anarchy. Do you want to continue to live in chaos, or should we find out who the culprits are and handle them in accordance with the law?" He suggested that the jury investigate the possibility of violations involving the crimes of anarchy, conspiracy and usurpation of the power of the court.

The jurors immediately indicted Brents, Savage and Wirges on conspiracy charges. "Wirges will know or should have known at the time," his indictment read, "that said allegations constituting the charges were false, unsubstantiated proof and further, that the statute of limitations on said allegations, if true, had long since run. . . ."

The one-day trial produced no surprises. The jurors found Wirges guilty of conspiracy. They fined him $250 and sentenced him to four months in prison.

On April 19, 1965, the Arkansas Supreme Court set aside the $75,000 judgment in the Brewer case. "According to the undisputed proof," the justices declared, "every statement of fact [in the article] was true. If a news article cannot report these election contests as a matter of public interest, we hardly see how it can be stated that freedom of the press really exists."

In May, citing a "fatally defective" indictment, Judge Carl Creekmore quashed Wirges's conspiracy conviction. And in June, Judge Paul X. Williams dismissed the $200,000 verdict in the Scott libel trial. "I thought the tide was starting to turn," Wirges recalls. "I thought we had them on the run."

But Judge Bean was not finished yet. In October, 1965, he impaneled a new grand jury which promptly reindicted Wirges for slandering and conspiring against Hawkins. Wirges complained fruitlessly that this constituted double jeopardy. Then, without disclosing any details, the jurors indicted him again—this time for allegedly perjuring himself in a previous trial. Never before in Arkansas history had a man faced trial on a charge of committing perjury—a criminal offense—as a result of his testimony in a civil proceeding.

To make matters worse, the prosecution refused to disclose the specific language that Wirges had used when he had allegedly perjured himself. In effect, Wirges and attorney Tom Eisele had to prepare for a trial without knowing exactly what it was they were preparing for. Eisele did discover, however, that the state would attempt to prove that Wirges had lied in testifying two years before that he had not written any part of the Birdtown Birdie column which resulted in Judge Scott's libel suit. He learned also that the state's star witness would be the Birdtown Birdie herself—Mrs. Eulena Stout—who had agreed to testify against her former editor.

In essence, a perjury trial is nothing more than a swearing match. Two persons give conflicting accounts of the same event. Jurors then assess the credibility of each before deciding which one is telling the truth. To win his case, Eisele had to find a way to demolish the credibility of Mrs. Stout.

A few weeks before the start of the trial, he took her deposition. She stated that she had been married four times, and that she had never been in trouble with the police "except for a traffic ticket." At the time, Eisele had little reason to doubt her claims. Nevertheless, he hired an investigator and asked him to check her out.

Then—and only then—did Wirges learn of his former columnist's past. Eulena Mae Stout, the investigator found, was the marrying kind; she had

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wed at least eight men. "When I was fifteen years old, I got married," she was to explain later. "From the best I can figure out, when things would get dull, I'd go and get married again so there would be something to celebrate. The guys that I was married to—I don't even remember their names. I started drinking. I guess I was one of the worst alcoholics that ever was. Never stayed in one place long enough to let any grass grow under my feet. I guess you could say I was quite a rounder."

She was indeed. Police records in Missouri, Oklahoma, Texas and California indicated that she had been arrested at least 22 times on such charges as drunkenness, vagrancy, prostitution and failure to seek treatment for a venereal disease. Eisele's confidence ballooned. No jury, he thought, could possibly believe the testimony of a woman with such a past.

The trial began at 10 o'clock on the cool, bright morning of February 1, 1966. As the first order of business, the opposing attorneys had to agree on a jury. Eisele quickly exhausted his challenges. Orville Avery Sr., who is related by marriage to Sheriff Hawkins, took his seat in the box. Jury candidate Earl Henderson admitted on *voir dire* examination that Judge Scott had built him a road "around election time." Eisele moved to disqualify Henderson because of this, and also because he was an illiterate. Judge Russell Roberts denied the motion. Then an elderly Negro named B. W. Marshall approached the witness stand. The judge asked, "Is there any factor which would prevent you from reaching a fair and impartial decision in this case?"

Marshall hesitated. "Well, not but one thing," he replied. "I don't know this man here (pointing to Wirges), but that fellow over there (pointing to Sheriff Hawkins) is my special friend. You know, I always just vote for him."

Judge Roberts tried again. "Will you give the defendant a fair and impartial trial regardless of who's involved?"

"I will," Marshall nodded vigorously. "I will. I will. I will. I will."

Angry now, Eisele demanded that Marshall be excused from the jury. Judge Roberts denied the motion. "I'm going to let him sit up there," he said.

On the second day of the trial, Mrs. Stout took the stand. Wearing a hairpiece and a rather severe, high-cut black dress with a silver broach at her throat, she resembled nothing so much as a demure matron who has been subjected to a grievous injustice.

She testified that she had written many—but not all—of the Birdtown Birdie columns. On several occasions, she said, someone had added paragraphs to her submissions. Eisele requested her to identify the columns which she had not written herself; she did so confidently. Then he asked what he thought would be a point-scoring question: How could she explain the fact that Wirges had copies of these columns—on her stationery and in her own handwriting—when she said she had not even written them?

Mrs. Stout didn't blink. Calmly, she replied that since she had been "keeping things like that to write a book with," she had transcribed the columns in longhand after they had appeared in the *Democrat*. She had placed these copies in a box under her bed. Unfortunately, someone had broken into her home and stolen the box. She left no doubt in the minds of the jurors that she thought the "someone" was Wirges.

During the afternoon session, Eisele began to inquire about Mrs. Stout's background.

"Years ago, I was an alcoholic," she replied, "and an alcoholic does many things they don't remember. In fact, my life is just a blank. I could not tell you where I went or what I did or who I was with when I did it. It seems to me that I've cleaned other people's linen all my life."

"Have you ever been treated for alcoholism?"

Mrs. Stout gazed directly at the jury. "Not by any doctor here on earth," she said. "I feel I had the best doctor there is—and that is God."

Now Eisele was ready to ask about her marriages and her police record—questions which he reasoned would help destroy all remaining traces of her credibility. He succeeded in introducing some of this evidence despite Judge Roberts's objections. Still, when Mrs. Stout finally stepped down from the witness stand, prosecuting attorney Jack Yates hailed her performance. "She is a woman of integrity," he announced.

Judge Roberts continued the trial through the night. At 1:20 on the morning of February 3, Eisele made the closing argument for the defense. He maintained the case was preposterous. Not one shred of evidence had been introduced to prove that Wirges had perjured himself or that he had ever written any part of the Birdtown Birdie columns. And as for Mrs. Stout, well, the jurors might want to remember her past before determining whether or not she was telling the truth. At 1:44, the jurors filed out of the dreary, dimly lighted courtroom. "Old Gene owes the state a thousand acres of cotton chopping," one spectator grinned. His friend agreed. "We'll get him this time," he said.

Outside the courthouse, little knots of Wirges supporters stood on the grass and shivered in the early morning chill. They spoke in whispers as if concerned that the sound of their voices might disturb the jurors' deliberations. They needn't have worried. At 3:59, the jurors returned to the courtroom. Their foreman, a stocky, dark-haired man named Kennard Anderson, pronounced the unanimous verdict. Wirges was guilty. Betty Wirges wept. Then she dried her eyes. The deadline for the paper that week was just a few hours away. She still had to write the story.

At nine o'clock on the morning of February 5, Judge Roberts called Wirges before the bench. "It is the order and judgment and sentence of this court," he proclaimed, "that you be delivered to the sheriff of Conway County, Arkansas, who will, in turn, deliver you to the warden of the Arkansas State Penitentiary, where you will be confined at hard labor for a period of three years." Wirges posted a $5,000 bond and announced that he would appeal.

In the months that have passed since the end of the trial, little has changed in Conway County. Sheriff Hawkins still employs his wife, Marvine, as a deputy even though—as he explains it—"she was totally incapacitated" in a recent car accident. He has learned to joke good-naturedly with reporters from north of the "Smith and Wesson line" who visit him from time to time "making believe they are apostles sent by the Lord." He tells them, for example, that he recently took a Dale Carnegie course. "After twenty-five years in public office—the last fifteen as sheriff," he smiles, "there is a remote possibility that I might make a career of it, so I gotta learn how to win friends and influence people." He flatly dismisses the possibility that Governor Faubus will investigate the alleged voting irregularities. "We've talked about this, and the governor's just laughed." Hawkins explains. "He knows Gene's a screwball."

For his part, Judge Scott still has not seen fit to release a statement of the county's financial condition as required by the law. He is attending law school at night, however, and hopes to obtain his degree sometime next year.

Judge Bean is out of the picture; he succumbed to a heart attack last June at the age of 73. County clerk Brewer died of the same cause in 1965. Mrs. Stout and her husband left Conway County shortly after the trial and established a sign-painting business in the tiny community of Alma, Arkansas—about 100 miles away. Nathan Gordon is retiring as lieutenant governor this year in order to spend more time practicing law. He still opposes Wirges bitterly. "He has done this county and town a great injustice," Gordon explains. "I would hope that we could get rid of him. It's possible that he may be leaving involuntarily."

The perjury case is now on appeal before the Arkansas Supreme Court. Even if his conviction is reversed, however, Wirges still faces trial on the separate charges of slandering and conspiring against Hawkins. The *Democrat* still appears on Thursday afternoons. Its columns still describe corruption in the county. Betty Wirges has become a competent editor, yet she would love to relinquish her post. "I'm not a career woman," she says, "and I have no desire to become one. I want to get back to my children and my knitting and my gardening and this house that's falling apart around me. But I can't do it until Gene is free."

The long ordeal has aged both Wirges and his wife. It has dissipated their funds and tinted their attitudes with an unfortunate—if totally understandable—shade of fatalism. "It takes getting used to," Betty Wirges says. "You never really get used to it, but knowing how Gene felt about conditions here, I would have lost all respect for him if he had backed out."

Sitting in his newspaper office one evening recently, Wirges turned philosophical. "It's been an incredibly rough five years," he said, "but if we had the chance to do it all over again, we wouldn't change a single thing. We feel this community—where our children will be raised—is worth it."

At the Arkansas State Penitentiary in Cummins, head warden Clay Smith drives a visitor through the fields. On both sides of the rutted road, prisoners in the long lines are striving to meet their work quotas. Some are hoeing soybeans; others are picking cotton, tomatoes and okra. Trusties bearing shotguns eye them silently. Warden Smith has heard about Wirges and knows that the former editor may be joining the long lines shortly. He is always willing to offer helpful advice. "Tell that fella," he says, "that if he behaves himself real good down here, he won't have any trouble at all." □

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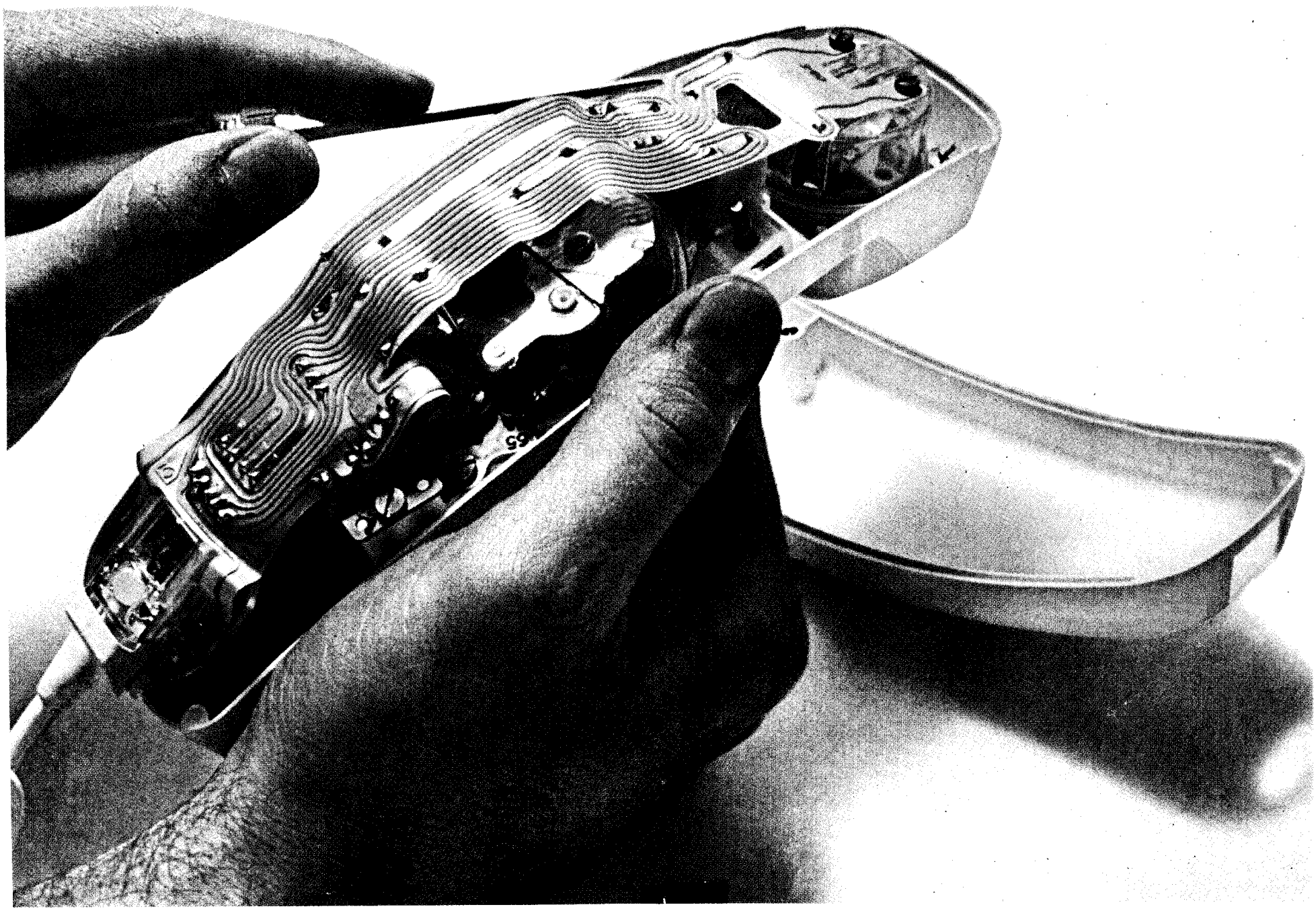

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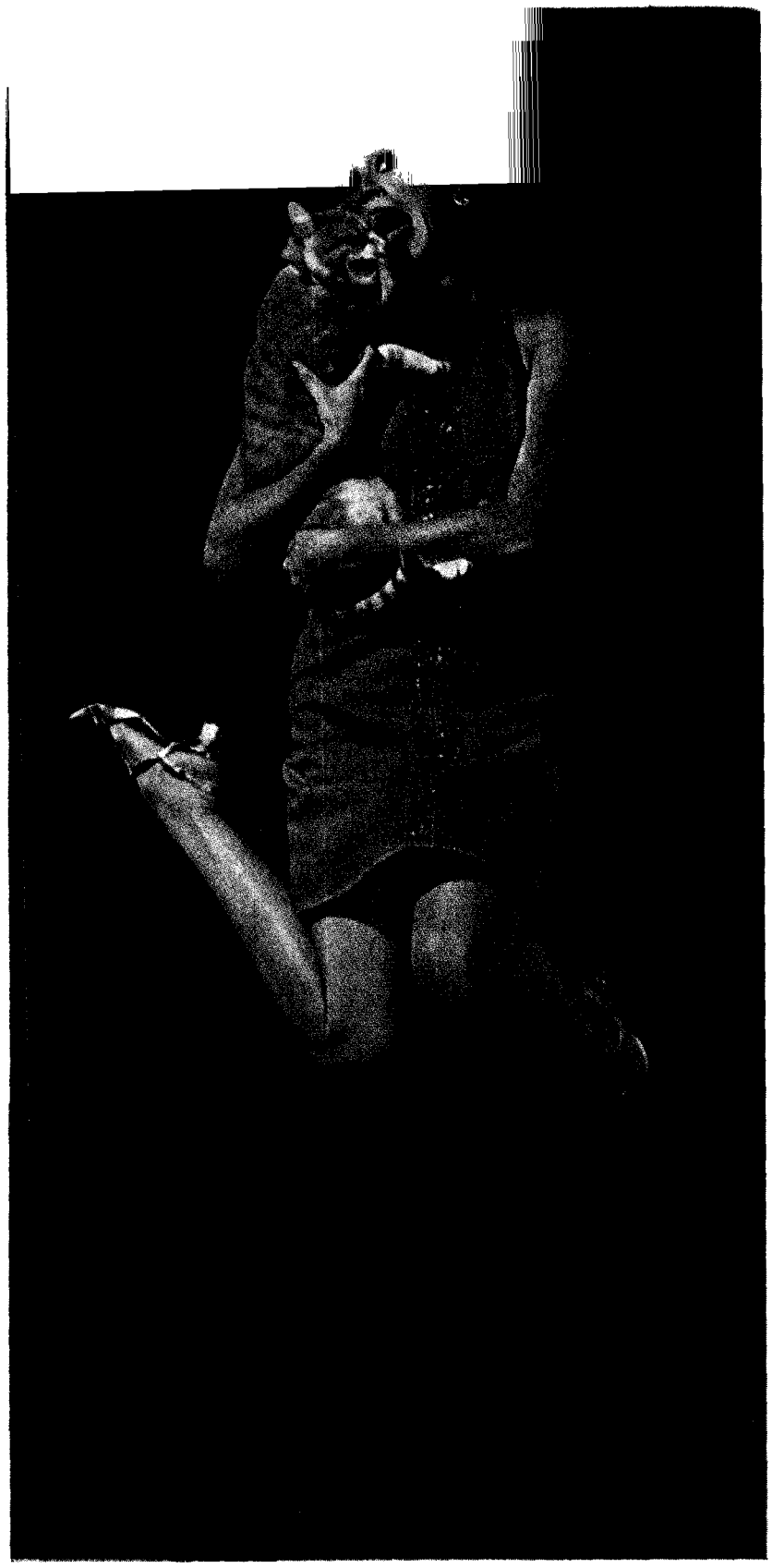

From TV to Tiffany's in one wild leap

Mary Tyler Moore was TV's most lovable wife. Now she's hell-bent for Broadway stardom as the all-too-loving Holly Golightly.

By John Bowers

On the kind of gray, drizzly afternoon that makes New York cabbies shoot up the OFF DUTY sign and fly home to Queens, Mary Tyler Moore strode into the Mark Hellinger Theater on 51st Street in a dancer's determined gait, a scarf over her head, her checked coat buttoned snugly, her feet encased in shiny white boots. And there were those big brown eyes, that generous mouth, that pert little nose. Was she really that pretty, rather uncomplicated girl who had been waltzing into Dick Van Dyke's living room all these years in a welter of apple-pie wholesomeness?

"I'm the sweaty-palm girl," she said in that familiar voice, shoving a cigarette into a holder and lighting up. "I'm so terrified I'm going to be bad in front of a lot of people. I just have to be good."

Setting her features like someone about to sky-dive, she marched into another rehearsal of *Holly Golightly*, the Broadway-bound musical based on Truman Capote's *Breakfast at Tiffany's*. No cameras rolled on dollies, no idiot cards waved aloft, and no close-ups would zoom in to hide a bad stage presence. The TV personalities in this production faced a strange new land. Three bare bulbs lit the stage, and a piano tinkled in the pit. Richard Chamberlain, last seen as Dr. Kildare, now honked his nose from a very bad cold and shuffled through a dance turn. He plays the young writer in the musical, the "I" of *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, while Mary is Holly Golightly, a girl who gets by in New York by collecting $50 from "dates" as powder-room change. "This is all so much more work than TV, but much more exciting," he said in his highly trained, impersonal actor's voice. "And Mary is doing such a wonderful job. She's playing a hooker, you know. Let's face it, a hooker. . . ."

Abe Burrows, wearing a jaunty Professor Higgins snap-brim and cardigan open for his comfortable paunch, was everywhere changing dialogue, breaking into song, and once flinging himself into a sprightly dance step. Director of the musical and author of the script, he threw an arm around performers he talked with, rattled off anecdotes about such luminaries as Ethel Merman and Don Ameche, and constantly saw ways to get laughs and conjure up images on a stark, bleak stage. He immediately brought to mind that perennial hero in true-adventure magazines, the eccentric, unlikely bomber pilot who sets out with a screwball crew on a harebrain mission against all reason and advice ("*My God, Skipper, only a complete loony would try to pull off this caper!*"), but who ends up sinking the entire Nip fleet in the Surigao Strait. "I'll tell you what Mary Tyler Moore's got," he said in his wonderful, raspy, New York voice. "You follow pro football? Well, she's got what every great pro player has—*desire*. She works morning, noon and night. She *wants*. But why, I don't know."

On stage Mary Tyler Moore was no longer lovely Laura Petrie of the *Dick Van Dyke Show*, but a wholly new character from the seeds of *Breakfast at Tiffany's*. "I've lost my *goddamn* key!" she shrieked as Holly Golightly.

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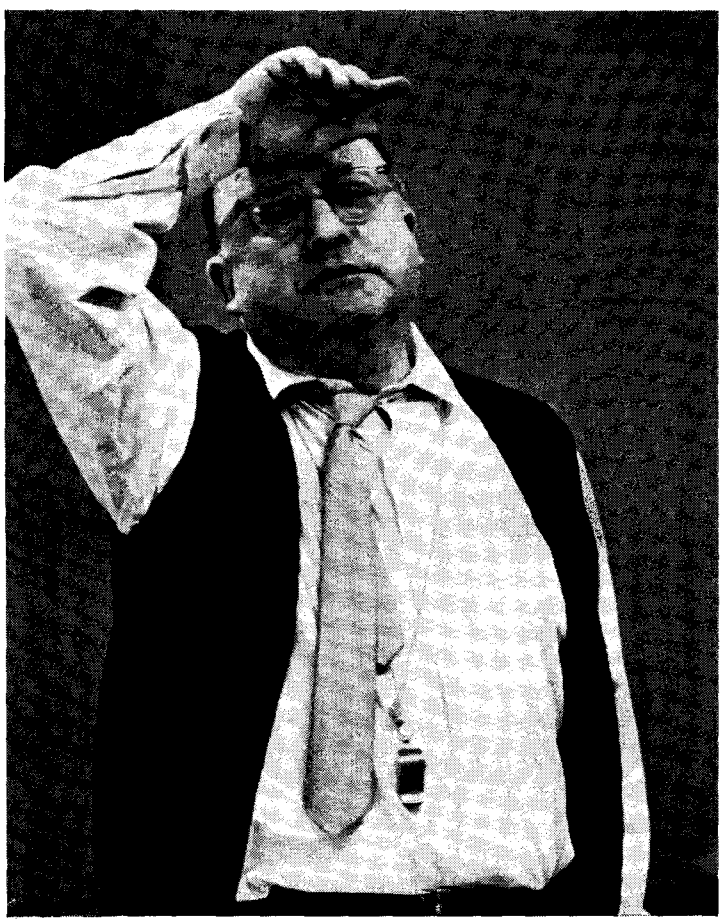
'I had the awfulest nightmare. I dreamed that poor old Morey Amsterdam was going down the kitchen drain. . . .'

Taking a break, she sat ladylike in the orchestra against red velvet and occasionally glanced toward the stage. Girls in leotards and basketball knee guards leaped and fell while Michael Kidd, the short, stocky choreographer, lunged about with a blue L. A. Dodger baseball cap pulled down over his eyes. (Someone had handed out a batch of these hats to the cast for some obscure reason.) "I don't know where I get my ambition," Mary said. "If I'd ever been through analysis, I'm sure I could tell you. As a matter of fact, I think I'll get psychoanalyzed now that I'm here in New York. My past seems so cloudy. . . ."

She was born in Brooklyn on December 29, 1937. ("Why lie? I've got a ten-year-old son.")

When she was eight, the family moved to Los Angeles. As a child she thought up little skits and then performed them in front of her family. In the dim orchestra of the Mark Hellinger now, she lifted back her head and remembered a little tot singing and dancing to applause. "That's where it all started, I guess. I wanted to be loved, and I wanted to hear that applause."

By the time Mary graduated from Immaculate Heart in Hollywood at the age of 17, she was performing for money. In fact, she couldn't attend the senior prom because she had to arise the next morning at six to do a TV commercial. In those days she was Happy Hotpoint, a three-inch figure who danced on a stove. In August, 1955, she married for the first time, and the following July her son, Ritchie, was born. "My husband was ten years older than I, and I didn't know anything back then. The only thing I used to read in those days was the gossip columns in the newspapers. The marriage just folded. That's all I want to say about it."



Burrows: "This is how a girl gone wrong should look."

The girl who was destined to become Dick Van Dyke's TV wife danced in chorus lines for a year and a half after her son's birth. Then she was hired as Sam on the TV private-eye show, *Richard Diamond*. As a gimmick, the viewer only glimpsed her well-turned legs and heard her sexy voice. "They paid me eighty dollars a week, and after I'd been doing it for thirteen weeks, I asked for a raise. They said better be thankful you've got the job because they could always find another pair of legs and a voice. So I quit." Since other shows were eager to reveal Sam's face, she had no trouble finding work. She appeared on *Sunset Strip*, *Hawaiian Eye* and *Bachelor Father*, and in 1961 she became Laura Petrie, the perfect wife, on the *Dick Van Dyke Show*.

Shortly after beginning the series, she met Grant Tinker, who was then with an advertising firm connected with the show. "He was somebody I knew I was supposed to be nice to, and I think that's why I disliked him so much at first. Also, I hated him for being so educated and wearing such perfect neckties. When I was in New York once—for publicity, I think—he surprised me by asking for a date. I thought, 'He thinks he's so hot, I'll show him.' What I was going to do was really wow him on that first date. I'd be so great that he'd ask me for a second one. Then I'd turn him down. But it didn't work out that way."

She is now Mrs. Grant Tinker. Her husband has clean good looks, not unlike Dick Van Dyke's, a firm handshake, and impeccable clothes and manners. Both he and Mary have ready answers for the inevitable questions about their homelife as compared with the one on the Van Dyke show. "Our homelife has never been that funny," says Mary. Her husband adds, "Mary is a lot like her TV self—only she can't cook." By coincidence her TV son had the same name as her own boy, Ritchie. Actually, Mary Tyler Moore lived a very safe, circumscribed life during those halcyon days she played in the Van Dyke show in California.

On March 22, 1966, she played Laura Petrie for the last time in Hollywood. On September 6 she signed a two-year contract with David Merrick to play Holly Golightly on Broadway. Her husband, now an NBC executive, had been transferred to New York as head of East Coast programming; her son had been enrolled in Trinity, a private school in Manhattan; and a half million dollars had been invested in *Holly Golightly*. Now Mary Tyler Moore left the coziness of the orchestra to walk again on stage and shout, "I've lost my *goddamn* key!"

Nearly out of view in the orchestra, but peering intently through his spectacles, sat Truman Capote deep down in his seat. Gone were the golden bangs and tattersall vest of earlier days; now, dressed in business blue, his thinning hair combed back, he was a man looking after his property. Was Mary Tyler Moore his idea of Holly Golightly? "Oh, everyone has known a Holly Golightly. One has passed through everyone's life. Now this girl may not be your Holly or mine—but she's possibly someone's. Miss Hepburn in the movie, incidentally, was not my Holly."

As Capote was easing his way toward the stage exit, Abe Burrows grabbed his arm. "Truman, you know everybody here, don't you? Dick Chamberlain. Mary. . . ."

"Oh, yes, yes. How are you all?"

Mary held her hands behind her and twisted like a little girl who had to be excused. Later she said, "It was my worst moment being on stage while Capote was down front. I didn't want to be bad!"

At the 6:30 dinner break we walked out into the grime and jangle of 51st Street with neon flashing from Broadway. Suddenly a high-strung young man in a black raincoat popped up from the vicinity of a litter basket and stuck an autograph book in front of her.

Panic-stricken that impending laryngitis would postpone opening, Mary became addicted to variety of throat sprays.

"How do you want me to sign this?" she said.

"To Norman," he said, weaving as if in a gale. "I'm from Boston."

Mary had been star-struck herself once, keeping autographed portraits of Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis on her mantel until the day she married Grant Tinker. She appreciated the autograph seekers from California, but feared the New York ones. "I think they get them here, then sell them."

On the corner of Eighth Avenue and 51st Street a man in a porkpie hat and a 1945-style suit was waving his arms, shrieking obscenities to the sky and to traffic that roared and paused along the avenue, a rather typical sight in the city. Shuddering, Mary Tyler Moore walked into a safe, warmly lit restaurant called *Les Pyrenées*. The customers, who could pay $35 for a meal for two, did not gawk at Dick Van Dyke's TV wife. Seated snugly in the back, sipping a Scotch sour, she said, "A man who works with my husband got mugged at 125th Street the other night. He was just trying to catch a train home, that's all. Lord, I hope I don't end up with an ice pick in my heart!"

The waiter, who delivered her medium steak and salad with oil and vinegar, beamed at her as if he might have caught one or two family-situation comedies on TV. "New Yorkers only appreciate their own, though," Mary said. "Like I was in a taxi the other day with David Merrick. When he got out, the driver said, 'Merrick is some guy, ain't he?' He hadn't cared a bit who I was."

She pushed her steak aside and lifted her head back, remembering. "You know, I had the awfulest nightmare last night. I dreamed that poor old Morey Amsterdam on the Van Dyke show was going down the kitchen drain. Literally. Finally, all I could see of him was a huge eye disappearing down the sink. . . ."

Back at rehearsal Mary sat with other actors in the downstairs lounge, going over lines and making comments. Charley Blackwell, the towering Negro stage manager in goatee and Dodger baseball cap, watched the script and guided the run-through. The scene was near the end of the play when Holly is being led offstage by a policewoman. "Take your paws off me, meter maid."

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Mary bellowed to a red-haired actress in black tights. "Quit shoving me, you dirty tramp!"

Suddenly she stopped, raised her chin ladylike, and said, "Charley, could we change meter maid and tramp? I mean, we don't want to suggest that all meter maids in this country are tramps. I know I sound moralistic, but that's how I feel."

The line stayed in. Circles began to show under her big brown eyes.

On Sunday evening the cast went through the entire play for the first time. In a line that should have gone, "I'm going back to *Brazil!*" Mary screamed, in a slip of the tongue, "I'm going back to *California*—I mean, Brazil!" By Wednesday she was down in Philadelphia, working from one o'clock in the afternoon to one at night. Scenery banged and creaked into position in the Forrest Theater, spotlights made eyes and teeth glisten onstage, and tickets were selling out at the box office. Mary Tyler Moore sailed about in a tight dancer's costume that put half her *derrière* in bas-relief, slumping down in an orchestra seat during her infrequent breaks, staring straight ahead at nothing.

"I had a dream last night," she said, in a kosher restaurant across the alley, picking at a medium steak, her eyes huge. "I dreamed I was in an airplane crash on an island. Then suddenly all these bears got inside and rafts came out of the ceiling. I got on a raft and made it back safely to the mainland. . . ."

At another table Abe Burrows was making Michael Kidd laugh with show-biz anecdotes. "I hear they have a pill now that kills what makes you afraid," Mary said, her eyes in their direction. "It's not like a tranquilizer, you know, that makes you sleepy too. This just cuts out that terrible fear, and that's all. I wish they had it on the market this very moment. My knees can actually shake onstage. Literally shake. I simply have to force them not to. After this opens on Broadway, I'm going to have the biggest old cry you ever saw. I'm going to bawl and bawl."

Why go through such torment? Why live now in a hotel room away from husband and son? Why push herself near to a breakdown?

"Because I have to be the greatest. I'm not doing this for anybody on earth except for myself. It's something deep inside me that has to be expressed. If someone has it, he understands. If not, maybe nothing can explain it. I know I'll never ever be satisfied until I do what I know I'm capable of doing . . . .

"I have this nightmare that I've had practically all my life. I'm on a beach and these huge tidal waves come in. I fight, but they carry me away. I claw at the sand, and yet they take me away. I don't know why I dream it. I love the sea."

Tying on a head scarf, she darted in sneakers toward the stage door. Philadelphia teen-agers, hovering nearby for a glimpse or autograph of the stars, did not recognize her at all. Burrows, huffing out of the restaurant with a referee's whistle bouncing off his chest, announced, "This is the great Forrest Theater. When they built it, they got all the way up to opening night and found they hadn't put in any dressing rooms. That's why the dressing rooms are in the building across the alley. . . . Hey, what do you kids want?"

They looked at him, this funny man in a checked hat. What in the world did he know? "We want Mary Tyler Moore! Mary! Mary!"

"Listen, kids, I tell you what. Go down to the Locust Theater. They got Menasha Skulnik down there." Michael Kidd laughed.

Inside, a Philadelphia stagehand in a cloth cap cornered him. "Hi, Mr. Burrows. I've worked on ten straight flops in Philadelphia. Including *Kelly*."

"Yeah that's wonderful." Then in an aside to Michael Kidd, "I guess he thinks I've been

Attempting to abolish their "nice" TV images, Mary and Dick faked outlandish expressions. "Dick wants everyone to know he's abandoned medicine," Mary said.

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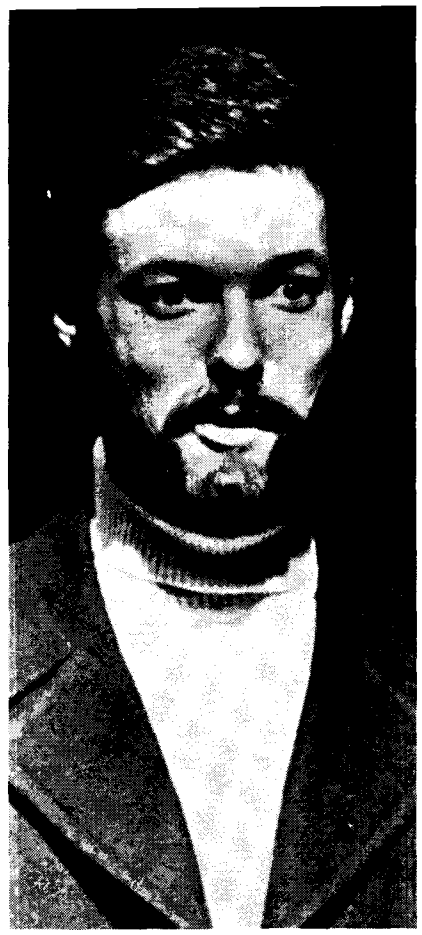
dying to get that news."

Down in the darkened orchestra Richard Chamberlain dozed with his head cocked to the side, a script open on his lap. He popped awake immediately with a smile. He is known in the business as a non-temeramental actor, a nice guy. A native of Los Angeles, he first played in a TV pilot called *The Paradise Kid* that was never shown commercially. "God, was it awful," he said. "A Western. But it did lead into my getting the Dr. Kildare part. I've had such amazing luck in this wacky business. Mary told me about the vacancy in *Holly Golightly* when we were both out on the Coast, or I'd never have known. I've always wanted to work in New York. I just know it's going to broaden me, as a person and an actor."

By Saturday David Merrick, the producer, was in Philadelphia. He had five shows currently running across the land, and *Holly Golightly* would mark his 50th production on Broadway. He stood now by the box-office window, talking in confidential tones to the ticket seller. He wore a rakish velours hat, brown suède shoes, and a light-colored knit tie to go with his greenish suit. He looked like someone suffering from a bad case of the jet lag.

"I never know what's going to make a hit," Merrick said. "It's some mysterious ingredient that's beyond me. For instance, night before last I opened *The Loves of Cass McGuire* on Broadway. It got great reviews"—a terrible tiredness came to his eyes—"and the next day not one single person showed up at the box office. Not one. It's the biggest theatrical disaster I've ever had."



"If the public likes Mary as kooky Holly," Dick claims, "they'll love me in whiskers."

What did he think of Mary Tyler Moore? "I must think well of her or I wouldn't have sunk five hundred thousand dollars into this show. But win or lose with this one on Broadway, Mary Tyler Moore is going to be the next Mary Martin. Mark my word. Who do we have in musical comedy now anyhow? Barbara Harris can't sing, and Streisand you can't get. . . . Mary Tyler Moore has all the ingredients to be our next big musical-comedy star . . ."

The company worked right through Monday afternoon getting set for the opening that evening. The man who played the bartender got his hand caught in some intricately moving, Oliver Smith scenery and actual blood flowed onstage. "Oh, God, get the doctor! Get the doctor!" Mary cried. "He's bleeding!" The actor was patched up, and the show went on. "Mary, Mary," Abe Burrows rasped, "has your mike gone dead? I can't hear you."

"It's not the mike," Mary said. "My throat's gone, Abe."

"Don't worry. Tonight everything will be OK."

"I don't believe you."

"Neither do I."

That night people filed into the Forrest to see Mary Tyler Moore perform on the legitimate stage for the first time, and she had a bad case of laryngitis which she tried to soothe by gulping honey. Well-barbered, perfumed, decked out in their finery, they walked on a soft rug through gentle theater lighting. David Merrick, his dark hair slicked back like that of a riverboat gambler, smiled benevolently by the door that led to the box office. Bob Merrill, composer of the show's music, looked around through tinted glasses like a suspicious Vegas dealer. (He had composed the music for *Funny Girl* and also bore responsibility for the song, *How Much Is That Doggie In The Window?*) Truman Capote rushed to find his seat. Then, as the orchestra finished a peppy overture, the curtain rose for the first time to a paying audience. The applause for Dick Chamberlain, his hair now darkened by morning rinses, was long. Shortly thereafter Mary Tyler Moore came on in dark glasses to just as much clapping. They both had received a star's welcome. Now they must entertain.

Boffo lines by Burrows immediately clashed with Capote's story line of *Breakfast at Tiffany's*. And to further complicate matters, the striking Michael Kidd dances jarred the senses by exploding at odd moments. This hadn't been apparent in the Mark Hellinger Theater in New York. It was now at the Forrest in Philadelphia.

But Mary Tyler Moore did not fluff one line. She perfectly took just the right steps that Burrows had shown her. With some kind of inner strength that is denied most of us, she forced a voice that was cracked with laryngitis to go brightly through songs. When she greeted Doc Golightly, a back-home character played strongly by Art Lund, she threw herself totally into his arms as if he might really protect her at that moment. She skinned her left knee once, falling onstage. She darted through intricate passageways behind the scenes to arrive precisely on cue. And at the end of the first act, real, honest tears eased out of those big brown eyes as she lay alone onstage and held a telegram announcing death.

And finally when it was all over, she did her turn at curtain call, beaming palely toward the perfunctory applause and the people making a break from the theater. Backstage, amidst the shock, Burrows said, "Well, we got it up there. Now we go to work."

He ordered food and coffee for a conference that might last through the night. Dick Chamberlain was happily doing a jig; he said he hadn't had any jitters. Mary Tyler Moore was being comforted by those who had a glimmer of what she had gone through. Associate producer Sam Liff put his arm around her. Capote, won over, talked softly to her. Later Capote said, "When *House of Flowers* opened in Philadelphia, Pearl Bailey walked off stage in the first act, got in her car, and drove back to New York. And she didn't have *half* the pressure on her *this* girl had."

In a gray dressing room Mary sat before her lighted mirror, gazing blankly at the reflection. "Oh, I wish they could have seen it when my throat was all right. I didn't want to be bad!" In a little while a Philadelphia doctor would take a look at her. Someone said, wasn't it too bad Sally Kellerman didn't know Mary's lines, she could take over for a few days. But everyone knew that without Mary there was no show. She would go on tomorrow night and the next night and open the musical on Broadway. Everyone knew the ability of Burrows and Merrick to bring in a Broadway winner no matter whose body, spirit, or written line might be sacrificed. "I predict that it will run fourteen months," Capote said. "A successful, but not a distinguished musical."

But on this awesome night in Philadelphia Mary Tyler Moore—not a wife or mother, but an actress—went back alone to her room in The Barclay. The chorus, the bit players, and the rest of us went to the Variety Club and danced all night. □

Mary's cast in a wacky role in which she makes love with anyone who doesn't look like her brother Fred. In this scene, she decides Jeff (Dick) can join the growing brigade of non-Freds.

During a rehearsal Mary broke up the cast when "Kat" landed on her, claws first. "Is he rabid?" Mary screamed.

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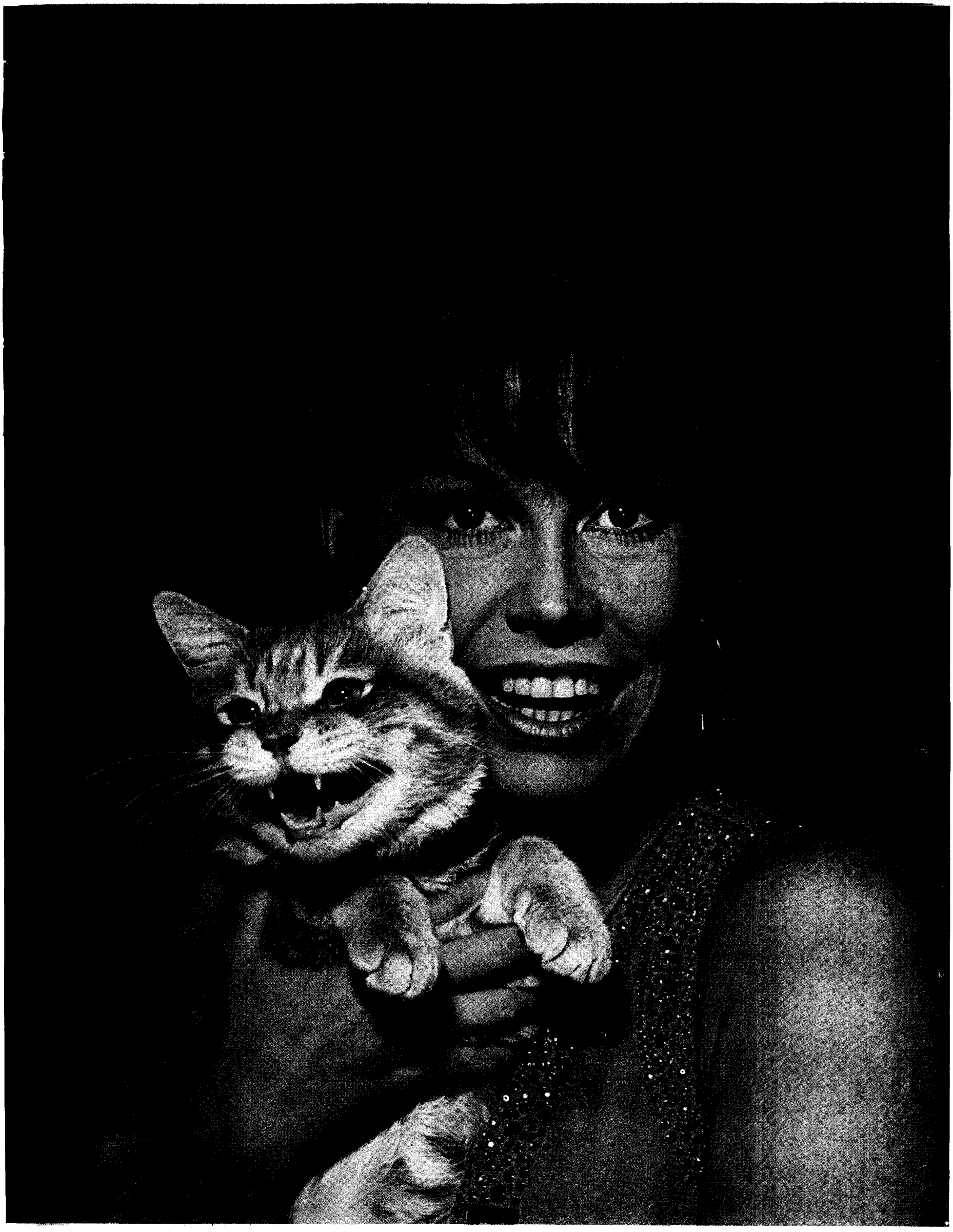

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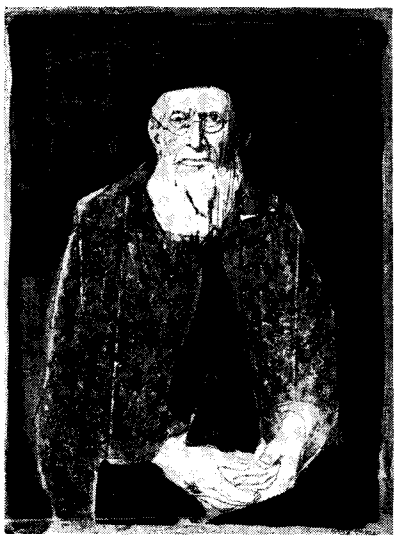
Editorial



Visions of God

At the same time came the disciples unto Jesus, saying, Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven? And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them, and said, Verily I say unto you. . . . Whosoever . . . shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven. . . . But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.

—Matthew XVIII

It is not easy to see God nowadays. Perhaps it never was. It is not easy to see God in a world that worships machinery, shining computers that predict our future and bulldozers that destroy our past. "Here were decent godless people," said T. S. Eliot of our mercantile society, "their only monument the asphalt road and a thousand lost golf balls." It is not easy to see God in the rivers and lakes that stink of dead fish, or in the neon lights that blink progress through the smog. It is not easy to see God in the hunger and poverty on which we turn our backs, in the children we condemn to a lifetime of hatred. It is not easy to see God in our mastery of warfare, in our skill at slaughter and conflagration.

Our blindness has led some voguish young theologians to argue that God is dead, but the arguments over His death have been largely semantic. For those who need faith, there are two easier answers that enable us not to see that we do not see. The first is the answer of the Pharisees who sit in the executive offices of great cathedrals, and of the Philistines who preach before vast audiences on television. They promise absolution, by remote control, in exchange for a pledge of proper behavior, or money for good works, or devout attendance at "the church of your choice." God, they imply, is rather like an absentee landlord, providing service in exchange for the rent, invisible but not unfair. The second easy answer is that of the faithless and frivolous who profess to see God lurking in the city slums, waving a placard or playing a hot saxophone. They also promise absolution, also by remote control, for all who join in the communion of civil rights, of picket lines and pop art. God, they imply, is not a landlord but a social worker with high ideals. If you cannot see God, says the first group, it is because you are unworthy of Him; if you cannot see God, says the second, it is because He is unworthy of you.

In this issue, we present two wholly different groups of people, with a wholly different vision of God. The first, on page 38, are the Jews of Russia, a community of three million that has lived in fear and harassment for years beyond numbering. Their God is not a fund raiser or a builder of cathedrals or a street demonstrator, but neither is he a stranger. As one of Sholom Aleichem's characters once remarked to God, "I'm not really complaining—after all, with Your help, I'm starving to death." For to Sholom Aleichem, and to the people he knew and loved, God too was a reality to be known and loved, to be addressed with awe but not too much solemnity. And today, as God is greeted not just with prayers but with songs and dances, one of the Hasidim of Leningrad cries out: "I say just because we cannot raise our heads we must utter song with all our being! You have heard me, my masters? If there is no joy, let us create it from nothing, and bestow it as a holiday gift upon our Lord!"

The other group speaks for itself on page 30 and it speaks with remarkable candor. To children under the age of 10, God is still a very real figure, rather imposing but not at all frightening. He has a fine house, known as the church, and there are special songs for Him, known as hymns, and a book of stories called the Bible. At the age of five or six, they have not yet learned that God can be addressed only on certain days and only in certain ways, that He makes sanctimonious distinctions between the reputable and the disreputable, the godly and the ungodly. To them, He is much simpler than that He is quite naturally the source of all knowledge and all power, and He reads all mail addressed to "Dear God," and he might even be Chinese.

These are, indeed, "the greatest in the kingdom of heaven."

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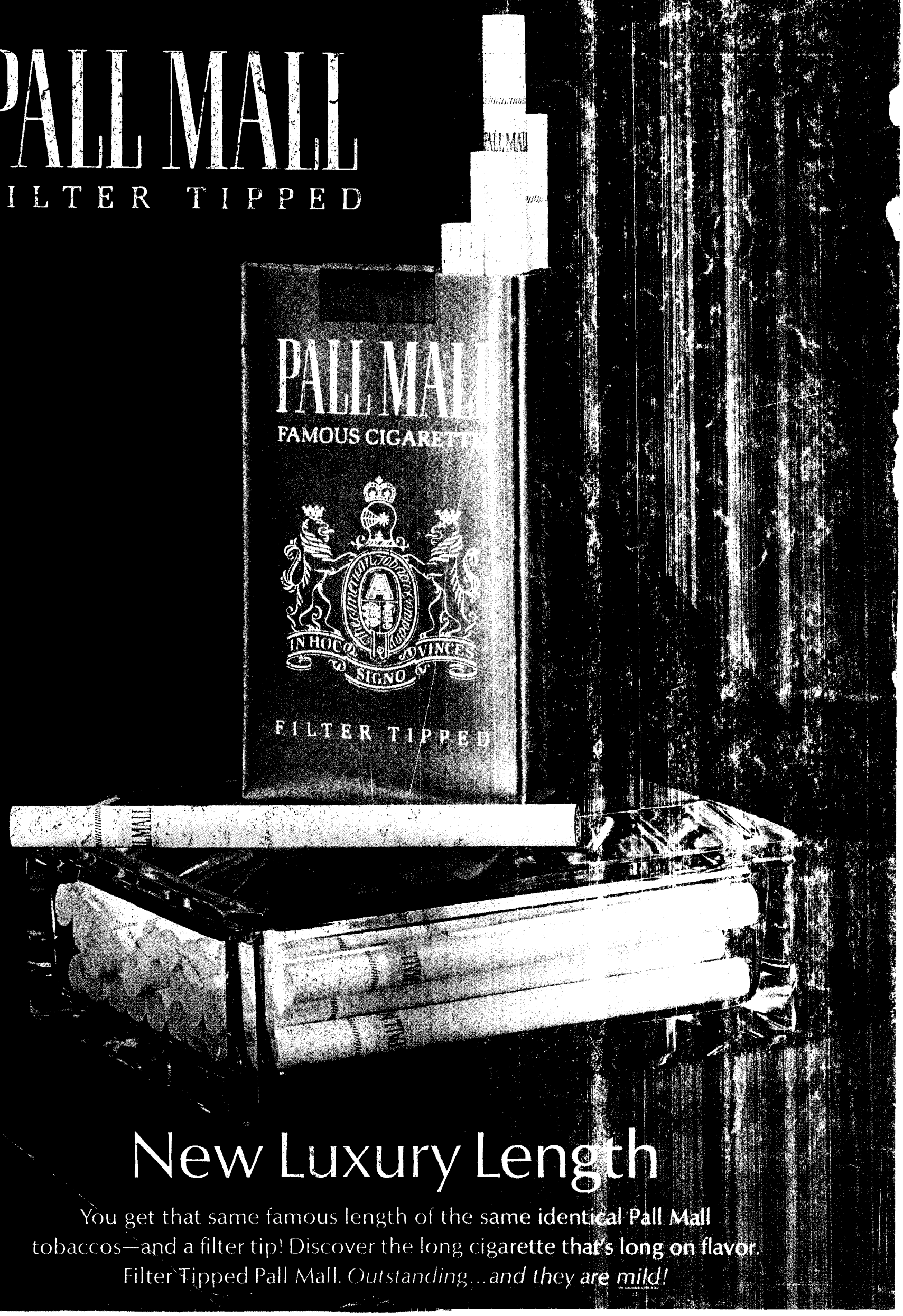

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